

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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PERILS OF AN INSANE FOURTH

The dangerous fire cracker and the deadly toy pistol
get in their destructive work on the innocents.

COMFORT

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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Recognized honesty is the surest of all oaths.
The mother's heart is the child's school-room.

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.

Tears are the best brine a maiden can preserve her grief in.

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history.

Between two evils choose neither; between two goods choose both.

We are solemnly obliged to the children of those who have loved us.

All nobility in its beginnings was somebody's natural superiority.

Hope is a leaf joy which may be beaten out to a great extension like gold.

He is the free man whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides.

An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude.

The ancients tell us what is best; we learn from the moderns what is fittest.

Objects imperfectly discerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder.

It is a constant fault and inseparable evil of ambition that it never looks behind it.

Honey, by some sweet mystery of the dew, is born of air, in bosoms of the flowers.

Clap an extinguisher on your sarcasm if unhappily you are cursed with a vein of it.

Do not ask if a man has been through college. Ask if college has been through him.

Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings and the only certainty is the grave.

We must always think our opinions are right, but not think our opinions are right always.

Some men are ashamed to requite an obligation because it is a confession that they have received one.

God made man to go by motives and he will not go without them any more than a bird can fly without wings.

He praiseth God best that serveth and obeyeth Him most; the life of thankfulness consists in the thankfulness of the life.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is dissatisfied. The shell without a kernel is not fit for store.

If all the world should, in a fit of temperance, feed on hay, drink only water, and wear nothing but straw, the All Giver would be unthanked and unpraised.

A Substitute and an Angel

By Arthur Wallace Peach

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JUST as the big car turned the corner, an old man stepped out to cross the street; there was no warning from the horn; swiftly like some great shadow speeding through the night, the dark machine caught the old man, whirled him into the air, and vanished.

Redmond, out for his evening stroll, saw the brief sweep of the car and its ending, and hurried across the street. A crowd had gathered about the old man, and willing hands were bearing him, a limp and fragile figure, into a nearby store. Policemen arrived, and the curious crowd were driven back.

Redmond pressed forward. The policeman at the door of the little side room refused him entrance, but when he mentioned his name, and the blue-coat recognized him as the actor whose name was being flaunted on every billboard in the city, he offered no objection.

Because Redmond had a big heart, he had gotten into many difficulties in the course of his brilliant though brief career—difficulties which had given his managers trouble; and here, again, he was entering into what might prove anything but a pleasant position for him.

He found the old man conscious, but in pain that drew his gray features into distorted lines; a doctor was busy feeling him over for signs of fracture. Redmond leaned over him in his friendly gentle way; something in the old man's face held him—not the lines of pain, but there seemed to be something else there; to Redmond's quick sympathy, the expression appealed.

"Anything I can do—for you? Any message to be sent?" he asked.

The old man groaned. "Yes," he said in a hoarse whisper, "yes—but it won't do—any good—but send word to the Square Theater—that I can't come—it means I lose my job—an' God knows I need it—for her—". His face showed the strain, and Redmond read in it, that on that job hinged everything that was precious to the old man, even—"her"—whoever she might be. Redmond was touched by the old man's grief.

"Can't we send a substitute?" he asked. The gray head was shaken slowly. "No, Sanson said the first time I didn't show up—I was through—I do a monologue—Irish—I—the face set in lines of agony.

Redmond thought. The Square was a low theater, and Sanson a villain, but—

"I think we can fix up a substitute—I will get a mighty good man—".

A light burned in the other's faded eyes. "Do you think you could fix it?" he begged. At Redmond's nod, he leaned back. "Will you—do something else for me? Take word to her for—me—".

At Redmond's swift assent, he gave him the address, a place in the lower, common side of the city. Redmond left the old man with a firm reassuring shake of the hand as they were taking him out to the ambulance. Then he turned up toward the Square.

"Well," he muttered to himself as he went on, "this is going to be rich; Redmond is going back to monologue; how that would make the gentlemen of my management gasp; but I'll save the old man his job—or know the reason why."

At the theater Sanson turned with a curse upon him, when he announced that he had come as a substitute for the old man. "So old Specs has gone up, eh? Well, he won't be missed much—you can take it to him from me, that he needn't come around."

Redmond spoke quietly, and the usual friendly light was gone from his eyes. "Wait a moment, I can put on a stunt there that'll be the hit, and I'll put the bet on it now. Here's one hundred to back it."

Something in the offer, something in the quiet voice held Sanson; his thin face with its squint-

ing eyes steadied. He tried to see just who his visitor was, but Redmond had his face shadowed under the slouch hat.

"Well, you leave your hundred and go ahead; if you make good, there's more coming to you; this blasted show has been going to the bum right along." And trailing off with a few more remarks of like nature, Sanson walked off, leaving Redmond to look out for himself.

He made ready, dressing up as nearly as he could in the rig of the old man. He waited for his turn with many mixed feelings; once he had done his turn, but that was long ago; now he was doing it again. Some of the old feeling came back to him, the old fear of that low audience, but swiftly came back the sense of mastery that comes from continued success; he knew he could play—now, with that crowd as if they were under some spell.

And he did, calling into play all the skill he knew, he threw them into convulsions of laughter, he silenced them to painful breathing; and when he slipped back from the front recall after recall drew him back with a still funnier bit. Higher and sharper rose the whistles, feet took up a steady drumming, and he went back again and again. Sanson stood with open mouth.

Swiftly he made ready leave after it was over. Sanson came with his hundred and a big offer. Redmond remembered his message, and he was brief. "No, you can't get me for my weight in gold, I—". Then he caught one of the men near starting at him, and saw that he was in danger of being recognized. He hurried out, but as he went he heard a swift sharp whisper—

"That's Redmond," and caught Sanson's startled gasp of surprise.

It was long in the darker hours when he reached the number where he was to deliver his message. As he knocked on the door of the dingy flat apartment, there was a rush of feet, the door swung open, and a slim girl with dark eyes alight started forward with open arms, then turned with a little cry of fear at the tall figure looming up before her.

With a word he begged her pardon and went on: "Your father wished me to leave a message for you—".

"Come in, do," she said, but her hands drew together in anxious fear. "From father? O, is it—". He had been so afraid he would, somehow, get—tell me?

He seated himself, and motioned her to sit, then in his gentle cheery way he went on to tell her, relieving her fear as much as he could, about the accident, saying that he still had his position.

"How could that be?" she asked swiftly, her eyes full of wonder.

"Oh, I found a substitute."

"Why should you do all that for him?"

"We won't talk about that—are you ready? I will go to the hospital with you if you wish."

She looked up into his face, and assented with a little breathless nod. Redmond smiled.

As they started out to where he might secure a cab, he glanced down at her, but all he could see was the curve of her cheek; once as she glanced up under the light he noted that her eyes were open and frank, that it was a face of character and beauty mingled. Some way he found the pressure of her little hand on his sleeve meaning more than any other pressure ever had.

Once in the cab, she turned to him impulsively. "But why do you do this for us? I don't even know your name?"

"Nor I yours," he rejoined, the slow smile coming again.

"It's good of you," she went on in a girlish way, "and father"—her voice quivered—"will thank you so much." She went on to tell him of their life together, and Redmond urged her on for he knew that, sometimes, speech is the little brook through which flows the agony of

The Glorious Fourth

By Charles Noel Douglas

Dear George Washington, I'm writing these few lines to you.

To tell you when the Fourth arrives, we'll proper honor do.

To you, our country's father, now George dear, please don't smile.

For Independence Day we're going to celebrate in style. I'll send you word by wireless, when the Glorious Fourth arrives.

So that you'll know we're having just the best time of our lives.

There's me, Jim Brown, Pat Riot, he's a riot, and there's Gus.

We've crackers by the bushel, and you're going to hear from us.

July 4th, 9 A. M.

Dear George, we're doing dandy, did you hear the crackers, size?

Wun Lung, the Chinik who lives next door, say he's been getting his.

A rocket's 'neath his bloomers, and he's soaring now sky high.

P. S. Feel cheap at present for I've only lost an eye.

10 A. M.

Thought George I'd better let you know, we're doing just sublime.

We've got a bunch of hospitals all working overtime, Pat Riot's blown to pieces, strange it caused some slight alarm.

P. S. Don't be disgusted George, I've only lost an arm.

Noon

George dear, we're doing splendid, things are going with a whoop!

We threw six giant crackers into Uncle Billy's soup. They shook up Uncle Billy, and prostrated Sister Peg.

P. S. Excuse me George, for I've only lost a leg.

2 P. M.

Say things are getting busy George; the hospital's got Gus.

They picked him up in sections, my! he looked a funny cuss.

He showed his patriotism, and we gave old Gus a cheer.

P. S. Since wiring last I've lost eight fingers and an ear.

4 P. M.

Having piles of fun, dear George, the town is painted red.

Jim Brown is in the ambulance, he kind of lost his head.

Doc says they can sew it on, they'll fix him by and by, P. S. Just lost the other leg, likewise an arm and eye.

6 P. M.

I've proved my patriotism George, I'm blown to pieces too.

And all that's now left of me, Ma is sending on to you.

We've had a Glorious Fourth dear George, Now Yankee Doodle hum.

Ma's got me labeled "Willie" so you'll know me when I come.

suspense, even as tears flowing relieve the agony of the heart.

She told him that her father was an old actor whose ambitions were greater than his gift; that her mother was dead; that she was studying music in the city, and for that purpose of helping her, her father was working when his days of toil should be over. Here her voice wavered and broke under the stress of her thought, but he broke in with a careful hint of other things, and she gripped herself bravely.

At the Hospital, they were refused permission to see the old man, for he was a charity patient, on the city. She turned a white strained face up to Redmond at the words, and her feelings gave way. As she swayed, Redmond with one arm across her shoulder drew her to him, and she buried her face on his shoulder.

"Well," in Redmond's eyes a little steel stuck through; he said, carefully choosing his words, to the careless surgeon: "We'll make him something else then! Give him a private room!"

The surgeon hesitated; then at a whispered word from Redmond, he went away sharply.

A moment later, from among the white sheets, the old man half raised himself with a low quivering cry of joy. Redmond stood by as she bent over him, and kissed the thin pain-drawn lips; long they clung to each other in the great joy of their love. Suddenly, the old man looked up with his dim eyes, and motioned to him. Redmond drew a chair near; as he did so, he saw that the old man's active days were over.

The wrinkled hands drew his together. "You have been mighty good to me and her," the old man whispered slowly. "She says I have my job still—but—the doctor—said—I won't move—the drawn lips quivered—"walk again."

Redmond's strong hands steadied the trembling ones. "Well, there are other things," he said, but he knew in his heart how futile was that effort to comfort.

She had been watching his face across the bed, then looking at her father; at her father's, last words, she laid her face close to his, but its beautiful, full curves made the pathos more poignant to Redmond.

"I know—little—one, but—" the old man answered.

And Redmond knew the tragedy after the "but."

Then, as if realizing that he was not doing something that he ought to do, he looked at Redmond. "But we must thank you for this, yet—we—don't—know—"

Redmond smiled gently. "My name is Redmond," he said simply.

"Not—Richard Redmond! the eastern actor!" the old man's head turned on his pillow, sharply. She at the same time turned to him swiftly.

Redmond nodded. Just then one of the house surgeons came up with a respectful salute to Redmond with word that perhaps it would be wise to let the old man rest.

As Redmond left, he bent over the gray figure in the white cot, and said something very softly. The old man had whispered convulsively in answer, his voice and attitude full of the greatest joy.

When the driver after many attempts had brought the taxi to the door of the flat, Redmond paid him and went in with her. She was shy and hesitating, now that she found herself in the presence of the city's idol. But his very simplicity disarmed her.

In the dusk of the doorway, as he was pausing, she asked hurriedly: "Mr. Redmond, what did you say that made father look so happy?"

Redmond was silent in thought. "If I should tell you? Well, sometimes, a man may find in an hour what he has been hunting years to find," he said, quietly.

"Why, what do—"

"This; that the good angel of my life led me here tonight, just to find—you!" In his voice was the little tenderness that heard in the voice of strong men, grips the heart.

She wavered a little. "I—hardly—"

"No, I do, not ask, more than this—in time will you—"

Something in her attitude held him. He leaned over her, and then drew her close to him with one swift motion, putting both arms around her. She was crying very softly.

"My little weary girl, this is a big, big world now—for you and your father; I want to help—may I?"

For answer she buried herself deeper in his arms. "I do want, so much, someone to protect me, and father; someone—someone—to love—me—someone I can—love," she whispered.

"I hope I shall do," he said, his lips touching her cheek.

She reached up and one arm went around his neck. "I really think you are the good angel," she said, tenderly.

Redmond laughed. "An actor a good angel! what would people say of that?"

But her answer was not in words.

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8. A DELIGHTFUL INDIAN STORY, by COMFORT'S Chickasaw Cousin, Oleta Littleheart, whose interesting letters printed in earlier numbers of COMFORT attracted so much attention. This talented Indian maiden has evinced marked literary ability as author of "The Lure of the Indian Country" and "Count Henri De Ferres and Juanita Lightfoot," two books which she has since published. Her story, which will appear in August COMFORT, has the unique charm of an Indian romance told in the romantic style of an Indian.

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Mid-Summer Short-Story COMFORT for August

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July, 1910.

A Few Words by the Editor

WE hope our readers will enjoy every minute of the Glorious Fourth as a holiday; but it should be something more than a holiday.

It is hardly worth celebrating if it does not remind us that we are responsible for the preservation of that liberty which the fathers bought with their blood and handed down to us as the priceless heritage of the free American people.

No longer will it be glorious when it ceases to arouse the American people to resolute action in defence of their liberties.

Let us remember that our liberties were never so much in danger as at the present time; that they are beginning to slip away from us silently; that they are being stolen so stealthily by a set of sly knaves that it is to be feared their loss will not be noticed until too late, although the heel of the tyrant is already pressing hard on the necks of the people.

To God, our country and posterity we owe a sacred duty to hand down to the next generation no less of liberty than the heroic founders of the republic established at so great a sacrifice.

Who threatens the independence of the United States which the old liberty bell sounded to the world on July fourth, 1776? That is what the stand-pat enemies of the people say to lull us into a false sense of security and to blind our eyes to the danger. It is not national independence, but popular liberty that is threatened. We are far too powerful to be subjugated by any foreign foe, but it requires something more than armies and navies to safeguard our liberties from the attacks of corrupt politicians and the criminal trusts that own them. The people must rise in their might or the battle that is now on for liberty is lost.

If the people fail to distinguish and to appreciate the vital difference between independence and liberty the future of America is hopeless. It is this distinction which we shall make the subject of our Fourth of July discourse.

A people may have liberty without independence, or independence without liberty. The world is full of illustrations of this truth.

No people on earth enjoy more perfect liberty than the Canadians, and yet Canada is a dependency of the British crown; while in many independent republics,—notably San Domingo, Hayti and Nicaragua,—liberty is unknown except in name, and the very word has become meaningless to the wretched people of these countries long accustomed to the tyranny of the corrupt officials that openly, shamelessly and systematically rob them and persecute them in every conceivable manner.

The form of government matters little in comparison with the spirit of the people and the kind of men that are permitted to govern them.

Remember that the fathers of the republic commenced the Revolutionary War and fought the first fifteen months of it for liberty without independence. What they demanded, and all they wanted, was liberty under the British crown such as Englishmen in England even then had and Canadians in Canada now enjoy. It was not until after fifteen months of war had convinced them that England was determined not to grant the rights of Englishmen to her American colonists that they decided to proclaim their independence of the mother country as a last resort in their struggle for liberty.

What does our dearly-bought and much boasted independence profit us? What does our republican form of govern-

ment amount to in these days? England and Canada are really self-governing, allied republics, in which, though under the form of a monarchy, the people actually govern, and govern well. They have better laws and better enforcement than we have; life, liberty and property are better protected there than here; they have less crime and far less unpunished crime than we have. They are neither trust-ridden nor trust-governed. The people of England, through their government, long ago added the postal savings bank, the parcels post and the telegraph service to their post-office establishment.

At an English post office you can send a telegram or a cable message to any part of the world, and can deposit your money with the government, and can send an express package by mail,—a good big one, not limited to four pounds as in the United States,—not only to any part of the British dominions, but to foreign countries for a small part of what the express companies charge and even at a much lower rate than Uncle Sam charges for transporting four pound merchandise packages by mail.

Not only that, but England has persuaded Uncle Sam to agree by treaty to carry parcels post packages going from England to America, or America to England, at the British foreign postage rates, which are less than our domestic rates.

If you doubt this statement ask your postmaster what the merchandise rate (4th class postage) is in the United States, and what the foreign parcels post rate is from your town to London or any other part of England.

He will tell you that it will cost you one cent an ounce, sixteen cents a pound, to mail a package to any part of the United States, and that the limit of weight is four pounds; he will also tell you that you can mail a package of any weight up to eleven pounds from any part of the United States to any part of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland for only twelve cents a pound. This is the British foreign rate; their domestic rate is much less.

Isn't that a disgrace,—for Uncle Sam to give the foreigner so much better rate than he does his own people? That ought to be put the other way,—Isn't it a disgrace for Uncle Sam not to give his own folks as good facilities and as favorable rate as he gives the foreigner? Why does our government charge a third more to carry a package from one town to another in this country than to carry it from San Francisco to London?

The influence which the express companies exercise in Washington, in Congress, is the reason, the cause, the explanation why the American people cannot have the parcels post like England and the rest of the civilized world.

We ought to have the parcels post in this country to carry packages up to fifty pounds at two or three cents a pound profitably to the government and the people.

The almost daily exposure of some new betrayal of trust, some fresh discovery of wholesale graft on the part of public officials, city, county, state or federal, from members of the Pittsburg city government who sold their votes as low as \$81.10 each to New York State Senators whose price was up in the thousands, illustrates how the American people are systematically robbed; how those who are chosen or appointed to serve them have become their masters and are selling them into bondage to the criminal trusts.

But what can you expect so long as the United States Senate remains a millionaire club?

Was anybody surprised at the recent charges that Senator Lorimer from Illinois had bought his seat in the United States Senate?

Does anybody expect that the Senate will expel him on that account? Have you ever known of such action on the part of the Senate even when rank bribery has been proved conclusively?

Shameful as it is, we can hardly believe that it is so bad as claimed by former U. S. Senator William E. Mason who says, that "50 per cent. of the seats in the United States Senate have been practically purchased." But the situation has become so intolerable that the American "House of Lords," like its British prototype, must be reformed or abolished.

The movement now on foot to change the United States Constitution so that United States Senators shall be elected by the people instead of by the legislatures of the states is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, and should have the active support of every citizen that believes in honest government and pure elections.

Another hopeful feature is the prompt indictment and prosecution by the State of Illinois of five or more members of its legislature who are charged with corruption in connection with Senator Lorimer's election.

If the United States Senate cares to retain any share of the confidence and respect of the people, it will immediately investigate the charge against Senator Lorimer, and, if found to be true, which seems probable on the evidence thus far disclosed, should promptly expel him.

It is time for the American people to declare their independence of their political bosses; to realize that the honesty and ability of the candidates for office are of far more consequence than party affiliations; that there is no political issue before the people so important as that of honest government and pure elections.

In parts of our country we have already reached a condition of official corruption and political degradation equalled only in the half-civilized black republics of Hayti and San Domingo. The evil is spreading rapidly and will enslave the entire people unless all honest citizens volunteer to stand guard like the minute-men of the Revolution.

Remember that all the money stolen by your public officers or paid to them as bribes by the trusts for the privilege of exploiting the public has to be repaid many times over by the people. You are feeling the direct effects of it now in the high taxes and the high cost of living.

How do you like it? Are you going to let it run on in the same old rut? No; from one end of the land to the other the people are waking up to the necessity of asserting their independence in politics, of dethroning the political boss and electing only honest, competent and reliable men to office.

A new declaration of independence by the American people, of independence in politics, is the only salvation of popular liberty in America.

Highly resolve today to do your duty as a citizen in the cause of liberty by joining the army of independent voters in which you can perform a service of more exalted and effective patriotism than in the regular army or navy.

Comfort's Editor.

AN UNWILLING BRIDE

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Captain Henry Rock, a man of ungovernable temper, after a wild life, with many adventures, returns to his old home Elmslea. At fifty he marries his cousin, Martha Morley, to whom he is betrothed many years before. He presents to his friends Dr. Dolor and wishes his niece, Amy Lane, to marry him. She marries Lieutenant Walles Brook against her uncle's wishes and he refuses to see her at Elmslea again. He invites his niece, Mrs. Lambert, and her daughter Elva to live with him. Mischief lurks in every movement and Elva will not try to cut Amy out. Her mother warns her she will spoil her fortune. Captain Rock resolves to keep a strict watch over Elva. Six months pass and Mrs. Rock receives a letter with a strange signature—Clemence Moore—Amy is very ill and Mrs. Rock hastens to see her. She is left a widow—her husband is killed in a duel. He leaves his wife with his sister by marriage, Walles Brook's father marries Clemence Moore's mother. Amy and Clemence return to England. Mrs. Rock promises a better home for Amy. Going home she finds her husband in a rage, and he refuses to assist Amy. If this scene is ever repeated she declares her intention to separate. She provides for Amy and settles an annuity upon her. The Captain's reform makes life at Elmslea more comfortable.

A little girl is born to Amy Brook; she is named Isa. In the absence of Captain and Mrs. Rock Elva has Tom the "odd" boy load up the cart with the furnishings of Amy's room and drive to Beach Cottage. She meets her cousin, Augustus Simmons, and Tom goes back with his horse. Clemence meets them as they drive up. Amy is pleased. After dinner Gusti proposes they go home. Elva wants the worth of a scolding and refuses to go. Clemence meets Elva's eyes and experiences an unpleasant sensation. Elva insists upon seeing the baby's clothes and the chamber furnishings and then they ride home. The house is locked and dark. Mrs. Rock cautiously opens the door. The captain is frightfully angry. Elva is sentenced to a month's imprisonment, which is commuted to one day, and Gusti is sent to sea. The affection between the youth of sixteen and the girl of ten gives Captain Rock uneasiness.

Five years later Clemence Moore, standing in front of Beach Cottage, is startled by the appearance of a young woman, head bare and feet bare and bleeding. Clemence tries to get the poor creature to go in. She will not, and begs Clemence not to weep for her but herself and implores her never to love. Amy recognizes in her an old schoolmate Nanny Larcum, the bride of Lemuel Norris. Her father and husband are murdered and her home burned before her eyes, and reason flees. Nanny is released from an asylum and becomes the care of her cousin, Ernest Brent, lately returned from Germany. Miss Peggy Long, the village post-mistress arrives, and gives them the news of the month. That night the old mansion is burned. Elva rescues her uncle. Nothing is saved. Elva suffers a long and serious illness. The physician recommends a change of air and they all go to Scotland. A tournament is held and Elva dressed in silver armor, in the guise of Prince Ariel, from the Court of Fairy, is victor of the day. She reveals her identity when she unmask. Her uncle is furious and threatens to marry her to Dolor. Her mother objects—she is too young to marry. Captain Rock explains his plans to Dolor, to send her to a nunnery. Dolor cannot consent to lose her society. The tournament ends with a masked ball. Elva escapes the vigilance of her uncle and attends. Her uncle makes arrangements to put her in a nunnery. She begs of her mother not to fret. She will be back in a week. Elva enters the nunnery and admits her first hours are happy. She

smuggles a full dress uniform of Gusti's to the sleeping apartment. Putting it on with the gold lace cap, she goes to the bed of Sister Mary, and bending over kisses her. Waking suddenly she sees the little midshipman and giving one shriek arouses all. Elva glides back to her bed and feigns sleep. Sister Ignatia scolds vigorously and declares Sister Mary is dreaming, and orders the girls back to their beds. Waiting until all is quiet Elva goes to the bed of Sister Ignatia and kisses her. The uproar produced brings the Mother Superior, who demands an explanation. Sister Ignatia declares there is a man in the room and a thorough search is made and no proof found. The next morning Elva's suit is discovered and she is summoned to the dormitory. She returns home in disgrace. Her uncle is determined she marry Dolor at Christmas. After repeated protests Elva consents and pledges her word to marry him. Gusti unexpectedly returns and Elva falls in a faint.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Elva recovered her senses, she found herself lying upon her own white-draped bed. A dim fire was burning on the little hearth.

"What—what is all this about, aunty? Is anything the matter?"

asked Elva, in a faint, uncertain voice.

"Nothing but a little fainting-fit you've had. They're not dangerous."

"Oh! I know—I know now," said Elva, as memory slowly returned.

"Aunty, will you go and send mother to me?"

"I would rather not, my dear. She doesn't know that you fainted."

"Don't tell her, then. Only say I'm tired and have gone to bed, and ask her to come."

"I would much rather not, my dear. I want to see you all to myself tonight, and then to talk to you."

"Oh! no, don't talk to me, aunty. They've all talked to me too much; my head can't bear it, I believe."

"Darling! about Gusti?"

"Oh! don't—I know!—oh! never again," she said, incoherently, and beginning to tremble.

Mrs. Rock bathed her forehead and temples.

"That will do—thank you,—ask mother to come."

Mrs. Rock got up unwillingly, and left the room, to do as she was requested. And presently the door opened, and Mrs. Lambert came in. Elva's eyes were wide open, and seemed to shine like phosphorus.

"Are you sick, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lambert, sitting down by her side.

"No, mother, I don't know why I am lying here—oh, yes, I did what you told me—and—where was I?"

"What makes you tremble so, child? You mentioned the purchase of Upton to your uncle; what did he say?"

"Oh, yes! he will do it mother! and I will pay the price—ha! ha! ha! Oh, strange!"

"What is strange, Elva? You really frightened me!"

"Mother, I am afraid I'm not in my right mind—everything looks strange and grotesque to me; and serious things provoke laughter, and nothing looks real. Mother, am I mad?"

"You are hysterical, I am afraid, child. But that is nothing, you will soon get over it."

"Mother! Gusti has come. His ship is at Portsmouth, and he will be here soon."

"Well, my dear—what of that?"

"Oh, I don't know. My head is very weak—very weak. I am not half good enough for dear-est Gusti."

"What do you want to talk about Augustus Summers for? What has he to do with the subject on hand?"

"Oh! I don't know, I'm sure; if I ever did, it has gone from my mind now."

"Try to compose yourself, my dear, and go to sleep."

"Sleep? I'm not sleepy! You are going to be independent, mother, and I'm going to be whirled away like a leaf on a stream, no matter where?"

Mrs. Lambert thought it now best to keep silence, so she sat watching Elva, and said to herself:

"This is only hysterical; this is the worst pass, the crisis; let us be firm here—let her be pushed through this, and all the rest will be smooth. Only one thing is certain, Gusti must not be permitted to come home to this house, and I must see my uncle about that directly."

And while the poor girl lay only half conscious, her mother sought the captain, and gave him the warning.

"Oh, I know," he said. "Whom do you think a fool? I wrote to him this very night to stay away."

The very hour that saw it start from the post-office at Brighton, saw Gusti leave Portsmouth for home.

The next day Elva was lying in bed, too weak to rise, when she heard a little bustle down-stairs—rising on her elbow, she listened eagerly. Yes, it was Gusti's voice, and she heard him ask eagerly:

"Where is Elva?"

"Here! here! dear Gusti! Run up here! Quick! quick, Gusti," she cried. And she heard his impatient step upon the stairs, and he ran up, and hurried in to her bedside, exclaiming:

"Sick, Elva?"

But she rose up and threw herself upon his bosom, even as she used to do in infancy, and clasped her arms around his neck, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Elva, my child, you must not do so! What will Dr. Dolor say? And your uncle?"

But Elva clung and wept, and felt Gusti's heart swelling, throbbing against her own.

"What—what is the matter?" asked Gusti, in great perplexity and trouble.

"Why she's engaged to be married to Dr. Dolor tomorrow morning!" said Mrs. Lambert.

Gusti grew very pale, and tried to unclasp Elva's arms. But she clung and wept; crying between her sobs:

"Oh, Gusti! let me! let me! only this once! and then, never come again, Gusti. Good by! Good by forever!" and her hands released their hold, and she sank back. And without a word Gusti left the room, and walked down-stairs, and without saying good by to a single soul, left the house.

Elva wildly stretched her arms towards her mother.

"Oh, mother, mother! it was for your sake I did it! mother, hold me, to keep my heart from breaking."

Mrs. Lambert sat down by her, telling her that she was a good, dutiful child, that she had acted nobly and that God would bless and prosper her. But Elva shook her head.

"No, mother, no; what you say is not so. I have not done well; God will not bless me. But oh, mother, love me, love me a great deal, or my heart will break; What will Gusti do—poor fellow, who has no mother?"

"Who, child, Dolor?"

"Dolor! ha, ha, ha! no; had Dolor ever a mother?"

"How you act, child. Here, take your prayer-book and read your prayers, it will compose your mind—"

And so—sometimes weeping, sometimes rambling—Elva passed the day and night.

"This is the worst; push her through this crisis and she will then calm down and be resigned; people can't be happy in this sad world, but let them learn contentment as soon as they can," said Mrs. Lambert to herself. And—

"Only let her be once married to Dolor, and I don't care," said the captain to himself.

The struggle was over, yet nothing like the quietude of despair fell upon her.

The marriage was appointed to take place before morning service, at nine o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, in the parish church.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was bitterly cold, and a snow-storm was raging.

Both Augustus Summers and Ernest Brent occupied apartments at the Crescent Hotel.

Ernest was the sole occupant of the coffee-room. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and someone came, followed by the driving wind and snow, into the hall.

Ernest at threw aside his paper, started up, and went out. What was his surprise to see Gusti standing there, with a face so haggard, that, in alarm, he exclaimed:

"Good Heavens, Gusti! What is the matter? Has anything happened at home?"

"Home! What home? I have no home now, and never shall have!" he exclaimed distractedly.

"What is it now? A difficulty with the captain?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)

MADDY'S TEMPTATION

Or, A Heroic Sacrifice

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Madeline Clyde, a young girl, not fifteen, anxious to help pay the mortgage on her grandfather Markham's farm applies for a school. Dr. Holbrook, a native of Boston, and lately settled in Devonshire, is appointed inspector of schools. Guy Remington, engaged to Lucy Atherton, his stepmother Agnes, in love with Dr. Holbrook, and her daughter Jessie, drive from Aikenside. In a spirit of fun Dr. Holbrook asks Guy Remington to examine Maddy. If she is competent Dr. Holbrook will write the certificate. Grandpa Markham leaves Maddy at Dr. Holbrook's office and drives to Aikenside to ask Guy Remington for the loan of three hundred dollars.

Guy Remington asks questions beyond Maddy's understanding and she fails. She overhears Guy when he tells Dr. Holbrook she may be good as the average. The doctor attempts to write the certificate. Maddy confronts them and refuses to accept what would be a lie. She faints dead away. Jessie Remington finds her and calls her brother and Dr. Holbrook, who applies restoratives. They leave her with Jessie and she tells her the disappointment in not being paid the mortgage. Guy is not at home, and Mrs. Noah, who knows his business gives Grandpa Markham no encouragement. Driving home he sees Guy Remington's carriage. He raises his hand for the driver to stop and reins his horse a little too near, and there is a collision. Guy seizes the driver by the collar and rebuffs him from the seat. Grandpa makes his request. Guy is about to make repairs on Aikenside and partially promises to loan money to Mr. Silas Slocum on good security. It's Grandpa Markham's homestead. Guy changes his mind and will not loan to Slocum. Three days later Maddy Clyde is sick with a raging fever. Dr. Holbrook is called. He hears Maddy talk of the examination, of the mortgage and foreclosure and that Beauty must be sold. He regrets his mistake. Guy and Jessie, with the doctor, drive to Maddy's home. The latter sits by her side as she returns to partial consciousness. Guy promises Grandpa Markham money to pay the mortgage and then he tells Guy how he saved his father's life and shows the long white scar on his forehead. Dr. Holbrook rides back to Aikenside with Guy. The doctor's presence prevents Mrs. Remington from a passion when told Jessie is exposed to a fever. Dr. Holbrook will be answerable for any disease caught at Mr. Markham's. At the mention of this name Mrs. Remington glances at Guy. She imagines a peculiar expression in his face. Jessie asks to visit Maddy. Mrs. Remington refuses. The doctor wonders what he can take Maddy. Guy enters with an exquisite bouquet. Dr. Holbrook takes it to Maddy—a gift from Guy Remington. Maddy takes Maddy for a drive; they met Mrs. Agnes Remington. Maddy is fascinated by her beauty and the glitter of a gold bracelet. She asks the doctor if he is a Christian. He ought to be he is so old—only ten years older than Maddy. Agnes' husband was twenty years older. Maddy insists she cannot marry a man more than five years older. The doctor requests to remember to Maddy. Maddy repeats the conversation to her grandmother, who tells her the ruin wrought by a young girl, who fancies herself in love with Maddy's great uncle Joseph and who leaves him for wealth and position.

Agnes Remington proposes a trip to Saratoga. Meanwhile a governess must be procured for Jessie. Dr. Holbrook calls and recommends Maddy. Rather than have Jessie associate with a country girl she will stay at home. She has her choice. The following morning she relents and writes a letter to Maddy Clyde. Reading it to Guy he substitutes companion for "waiting maid" and pays three dollars per week instead of one. Dr. Holbrook brings Maddy to Aikenside. She is disappointed not to meet Guy who starts that day for Saratoga with Agnes. Maddy is bewildered when Jessie asks her what dress she will wear to dinner, can she carve, and does she like green turtle soup? The doctor passing her room, hears the sound of weeping, and going to Maddy, she declares she can never do as they do. He draws Jessie aside and softly tells her the cause of the tears. Maddy is introduced to Mrs. Noah, who makes her welcome.

They return from Saratoga. Mrs. Agnes listens to Jessie's exaggerated account of the number of times the doctor has been there and in her jealousy informs Maddy the duties required of her in her future position in the home. In her bewilderment Maddy goes to the garden where Guy finds her in tears. Unconscious it is Guy she opens her heart to him. Maddy learns he is master of Aikenside and Mrs. Agnes is made to understand it. Mrs. Noah calls Maddy to breakfast and Guy requests she preside at the table. Again Maddy tells Guy she cannot stay home from her grandfather's. They need her at home and she tells Guy she cannot stay. Guy makes it right with her grandfather. Uncle Joseph comes home to Honedale and Agnes listens intently as Maddy tells Jessie about him. Agnes decides to return to Boston for the winter, leaving Jessie and Maddy with Guy. The neighbors busy themselves and Agnes writes Guy. He summons Mrs. Noah and reads Agnes' letter. Mrs. Noah explains the danger, he is going to teach Maddy to love him. He understands. Mrs. Noah suggests he send Jessie and Maddy to boarding-school. Guy explains to Maddy his plans for her and Jessie. He shows her Lucy Atherton's picture. He wishes they may like each other. Guy writes Lucy and she requests Maddy's picture. Maddy gives the artist two sittings. One is finished for Lucy and Guy has the other. The doctor tries to secure one, and fails. He obtains permission from Guy, who has assumed the position of guardian, to offer her his love. Guy gives a large party. Maddy is surprised by beautiful presents from Guy—a blue silk dress, heavily wrought chain and cross, and elegant bracelets. The latter does not give the pleasure she anticipated and she asks the doctor, shall she give them back? They are becoming and he will tell her later. The party is a success and Maddy sings at Guy's request. She refuses to dance with Guy, complying with Grandpa Markham's wishes. Playing the piano for the entertainment of others Maddy becomes tired, there is a blur before her eyes—a crash and Guy and the doctor remove Maddy in a faint. Dr. Holbrook proposes to Maddy, she cannot say yes when her heart says no. The doctor goes to Enderby and Maddy and Jessie return to their school. Two years later Grandpa Markham dies and Maddy takes up the burden, against Guy's wishes, of caring for her grandfather and Uncle Joseph.

CHAPTER XIX.

MADDY'S TRIALS.

IT was arranged that Flora should for the present at least remain at the cottage and Maddy accepted the kindness gratefully. She had become so much accustomed to being cared for by Guy that she almost looked upon it as a matter of course, and did not think of what others might possibly say, but when, in a delicate manner as possible, Guy suggested the cottage in a better style, even proposing to modernize it entirely in the spring, Maddy objected at once. They were already indebted to him for more than they could ever pay, she said, and she would not suffer it. So Guy submitted, though it grated upon him to see Maddy amid so humble surroundings. Twice a week, and sometimes oftener, he rode down to Honedale, and Maddy felt without these visits life would hardly have been endurable.

During the vacation Jessie spent a part of the time with her, but Agnes resisted all Guy's entreaties that she would at least call once on Maddy, who had expressed a wish to see her, and who, on account of her grandfather's health, and the childishness with which Uncle Joseph clung to her, could not well come up to Aikenside. Agnes would not go down, neither would she give other reason for her obstinacy than the apparently foolish one that she did not wish to see the crazy man. Still she did not object to Jessie's going as often as she liked, and she sent by her many little delicacies, some from Grandpa, but most for Uncle Joseph, who prized highly everything coming from "the madam," and sent back to her more than one strangely worded message which made the proud woman's eyes overflow, when sure that no one could see her. But this kind of intercourse came to an end at last. The vacation was over, Jessie had gone back to school, and Maddy began to sobber earnest the new life before her. Flora, it is true, relieved her of all household drudgery, but no one could share the burden of care and

anxiety pressing so heavily upon her, anxiety for her grandfather, whose health seemed failing so fast, and care for the imbecile Joseph who clung to her as a puny child clings to its mother, refusing of her more than her strength could endure for a good length of time. She it was who amused him through the day, and then, after he was in bed at night, often sat by his side, singing to him old songs, or telling Bible stories until he fell away to sleep.

Those were dark, wearisome days to Maddy, and when the long, cold winter was gone, and the early buds of spring were coming up by the cottage door the neighbors began to talk of the change which had come over the young girl, once so full of life and health, but now so languid and pale. Still Maddy was not unhappy, nor was the discipline too severe, for by it she learned to take her troubles and cares to One who helped her bear them so cheerfully that those who pitied her most never dreamed how heavy was her burden, so patiently and sweetly she bore it. Occasionally there came to her letters from the doctor, but latterly they gave her less pleasure than pain, for as sure as she read one of his kind, friendly messages of sympathy and remembrance, the Tempter whispered to her that though she did love him as she ought to love a husband, yet a life with him was far preferable to the life she was living, and the receipt of one of his letters always gave her a pang which lasted until Guy came down to see her, when it usually disappeared. Agnes was now at Aikenside, and thus Maddy frequently had Jessie at the cottage, but Agnes never came, and Maddy little guessed how often the proud woman cried herself to sleep after listening to Jessie's recital of all Maddy had to do for the crazy man, and how patiently she did it. He had taken a fancy that Maddy must tell him stories of Sarah, describing her as she was now, not as she used to be when he knew her, but now.

"What is she now? How does she look? What does she wear? Tell me, tell me!" he would plead, until Maddy, forced to tell him something, and having distinctly in her mind but one fashionable woman such as she fancied Sarah might be, told him of Agnes Remington, and Uncle Joseph, listening with parted lips and hushed breath, would whisper softly, "Yes, that's Sarah, beautiful Sarah; but tell me, does she ever think of me, or of that time in the orchard when I wove the apple blossoms in her hair, where the diamonds are now?" She loved me then, she told me so. Does she know how sick, and sorry, and foolish I am?—how the aching in my poor simple brain is all for her, and how you, Maddy, are doing for me what it is her place to do? Had I a voice, the crazy man now grew excited, "had I a voice to reach her, I'd shame on her, I'd tell you do her work, let you wear your young life and fresh, bright beauty all away for me, whom she ruined."

The voice he craved, or the echo of it, did reach her, for Jessie had been present when the fancy first seized him to hear of Sarah, and in the shadowy twilight she told her mother all, dwelling most on the touching sadness of his face when he said, "Does she know how sick and sorry I am?"

The pillow which Agnes pressed that night was wet with tears, while in her heart was planted a seed of gratitude and respect for the young girl doing her work for her. All that she could do for Maddy without going directly to her, she did, devising many articles of comfort, sending her fruit and flowers, the last new book, or whatever else she thought might please her, and always finding a willing messenger in Guy. He was miserable, and managed when at home to make others so around him. The sight of Maddy bearing the burden so uncomplainingly almost maddened him. Had she fretted or complained he could bear it better, he said, but he did not see the necessity for her to lose all her spirit or interest in everything and everybody. Once when he had hated as much to Maddy, he had been awed into silence by the subdued expression on her face as she told him in part what it was which helped her to bear and made the rough places so smooth. He had seen something like this in Lucy, when paroxysms of pain were racking her delicate frame, but he could not understand it; he only knew it was something he could not touch—something against which his arguments beat helplessly, and so, with an added respect for Maddy Clyde, he smothered his impatience, and determining to help her all he could, rode down to Honedale every day, instead of twice a week, as he had done before.

Attentions so marked could not fail to be commented upon; and while poor, unsuspecting Maddy was deriving so much comfort from his daily visits, the Honedale gossips were busy with her affairs.

"It did not look well for a girl like Maddy Clyde to have so much to do with that young Remington who, everybody knew was engaged to a somebody in England."

"Yes, and would have been married long ago, if it wasn't for this foolin' with Maddy," chimed in Mrs. Joel Spike, throwing the chalk across the quilt to her sister, Trepheny Marvel, who wondered if Maddy thought he'd ever have her.

"Of course he wouldn't. He knew what he was about. He was not green enough to marry Grandpa Markham's granddaughter; and if she didn't look out she'd get herself into a pretty scrape. It didn't look well, anyhow, for her to be putting on airs, as she had done ever since the big folks took her up, and she guessed she wouldn't be beholden to nobody for her larin'."

All this and much more was discussed and by the time the patchwork thing was done, there remained but little to be said either for or against Guy Remington and Maddy Clyde which had not been said by either friend or foe.

Among the invited guests at that quilting was the wife of Farmer Green, Maddy's warmest friend in Honedale, and the one who did her best to defend her against the attacks of those whose remarks she well knew were caused more by envy than any personal dislike to Maddy, who used to be so much of a pet until her superior advantages separated her in a measure from them. Good Mrs. Green was sorely tried. With-out in the least blaming Maddy she, too, had been troubled at the frequency of Guy's visits to the cottage. It was not friendship alone which took him there, she was sure; and knowing that he was engaged, she feared for Maddy's happiness at first, and afterward when people began to talk, she feared for her good name. Something must be done, and though she dreaded it greatly, she was the one to do it. Accordingly, next day she started for the cottage, which Guy had just left, and this in her opinion, accounted for the bright color in Maddy's cheeks and the sparkle in her eye. Guy had been there, bringing and leaving a world of sunshine, but, alas! his chances for coming ever again as he had done were fearfully small, when, at the close of Mrs. Green's well-meant visit, Maddy lay on her bed, her white, frightened face buried in the pillows, and herself half wishing she had died before the last hour had come, with the terrible awakening it brought; awakening to the fact that of all living beings, Guy Remington was the one she loved the best—the one without whose presence it seemed to her she could not live, but without which she now knew she must.

With the best of intentions Mrs. Green had made a bungle of the whole affair, but had suc-

ceeded in giving Maddy a general impression that folks were talking awfully about Guy's coming there, and doing for her so much like an accepted lover, when everybody knew he was engaged and wouldn't be likely to marry a poor girl if he wasn't; that unless she wanted to be ruined financially, and lose all her friends she must contrive to stop his visits, and not see him so much.

"Yes, I'll do anything, only please leave me now," Maddy gasped, her face as white as ashes, and her eyes fixed pleadingly upon Mrs. Green, who having been young herself, guessed the truth, and, as she arose to go, laid her motherly hand on Maddy's head, saying kindly: "Poor child, it's hard to bear now, but you'll get over it in time."

"Get over it," Maddy moaned, as she shut and bolted the door after Mrs. Green, and then threw herself upon the bed, "I never shall till I die."

She almost felt that she was dying then, so desolate and so dreary the future looked to her. What was life worth without Guy, and why had she been thrown so much in his way, why permitted to love him as she knew she did, if she must lose him now? Maddy could not cry, there was a tightness about her eyes, and a keen-cutting pain about her heart as she tried to pray for strength to do what was right—strength to cast Guy Remington from her heart, where it was a sin for him to be; and then she asked to be forgiven for the wrong she had unwittingly done to Lucy Atherton, who trusted her implicitly, and who in her last letter, had said: "If I had not so much faith in Guy I should be jealous of one who has so many opportunities for stealing his heart from me, but I trust you, Maddy Clyde. You would not do a thing to harm me, I am sure, and to lose Guy now, after these years of cruel waiting would kill me."

Lucy's cause was safe in Maddy's hands, although for a few brief moments Maddy abandoned herself to the bliss of fancying what it would be to be loved by Guy Remington, even as she loved him. And as she thought there crept into her heart the certainty that in some degree he did love her; that his friendship was more than a mere liking for the girl to whom he was essential to his happiness, and that was why he sought her society so much, more particularly the thought that had passed, but more particularly the incidents of that memorable night ride to Honedale with all that had followed since, she could not doubt it, and softly to herself she whispered, "He loves me, he loves me," while little throbs of joy beat all over her heart; but only for an instant, and then the note of joy was changed to sorrow as she thought how she must henceforth seek to kill that love, both for her own sake and Lucy's. Guy must not come there any more. She could not bear it now, even if the neighbors had ever meddled with her. She could not see him as she had done, and not betray her real feelings toward him. He had been there that day; he would come again tomorrow. She could see him now just as he would look coming up the walk, easy and self-possessed, confident of all reception, his handsome face beaming all over with kind thoughtfulness for her, and his voice full of tender concern as he asked how she was, and bade Flora see that she did not overtax herself—and all this must cease! She had seen it, heard it for the last time. No wonder Maddy's heart fainted within her, as she thought how desolate would be the days when Guy no longer came. But the victory was gained at last, and at last impetus for the task she had to do.

Going to the table she opened her portfolio, the gift of Guy, and with a gold pen, also his gift, wrote to him what the neighbors were saying, and that he must come there no more; at least only once in a great while, because if he did, she could not see him. Then, when this was written, she went down to Uncle Joseph, beginning to call for her, and sat by him as usual, singing to him the songs he loved so well, and which this night pleased him especially, because the voice which sang them was so plaintive, so full of woe. Would he never go to sleep, or the hand which held hers so firmly relax its hold? Never, it seemed to Maddy, who sat and sang, while a night-bird on a distant tree, awakened by the low song, uttered a responsive note, and the hours crept on to midnight. Human nature could endure no more, and when the crazy man said to her, "Now sing of Him who died on Calvary," Maddy's answer was a gasping cry as she fell fainting on the pillow.

"It was only a nervous headache," she said to the frightened Flora, who came at Uncle Joseph's call, and helped her young mistress up to bed. "She would be better in the morning and she would rather be alone."

So Flora left her there, but went often to her door, until assured by the low breathing sound that Maddy was sleeping at last. It was a heavy sleep, and when Maddy awakened from it the pain in her temples was there still; she could not rise, and half-glad that she could not, inasmuch as her illness would be a reason why she could not see Guy if he came.

"I can't see him, Flora," Maddy said, when the latter came up with the message that Mr. Remington was there with his buggy, and asked if a little ride would not do her good. "I can't see him, but give him this," and she placed in Flora's hand the note, baptized with so many tears and prayers, and the contents of which made Guy furious, hot at her, but at the neighbors, who had dared to talk of him, or breathe a suspicious word against Maddy Clyde. He would see; he would make them sorry for it; they should take back every word; and they should beg Maddy's forgiveness for the pain they had caused.

All this and much more Guy thought, as with Maddy's note in his hand he walked up and down the sitting-room, raging like a young lion and threatening vengeance upon everybody. This was not the first intimation Guy had received of the people's gossip, for only that morning Mrs. Noah had hinted that that morning Mrs. Green had hinted that his course was not at all had repeated to him some things she had heard touching the frequency of his visits to Honedale, but these were nothing to the calmly worded message which banished him effectually from Maddy's presence. He knew Maddy, and he knew she meant what she wrote, but he could not have it so. He must see her; and so for the next half hour Flora was the bearer of written messages to and from Maddy's room; messages of earnest entreaty on the one hand, and of firm denial on the other. At last Maddy wrote:

"If you care for me in the least, or for my respect, leave me, and do not come again until I send for you. I am not insensible to your kindness. I feel it all; but the world is nearer right than you suppose. It does not look well for you to come here so much, and I prefer that you should not. Justice to Lucy requires that you stay away."

That ended it. That roused up Guy's pride and writing back:

"You shall be obeyed. Good by," he sprang into his buggy, and Maddy, listening, with head and heart throbbing alike, heard him as he drove furiously away.

Those were long, dreary days which followed, and but for her grandfather's increasing feebleness Maddy would almost have died. Anxiety for him, however, kept her from dwelling too

much upon herself, but the excitement and the care wore upon her sadly, robbing her eye of its luster and her cheek of its remaining bloom, making even Mrs. Noah cry when she came one day with Jessie to see how they were getting on. She had heard from Guy of his banishment, and now that he stayed away, she was ready to step in; so she came laden with sympathy and more substantial comforts from the Aikenside larder.

Maddy was glad to see her, and for a time cried softly on her bosom while Mrs. Noah's tears kept company with hers. Not a word was said of Guy, except when Jessie told her he was in Boston, and it was stupid at home without him.

With more than her ordinary discretion, Flora kept to herself what had passed when Guy was last there, so Mrs. Noah knew nothing except what he had told her, and what she read in Maddy's white, suffering face. This last was enough to excite all her pity, and she treated the young girl with the most motherly kindness, staying all night, and herself taking care of grandpa, who was now too ill to sit up. There seemed to be no disease preying upon him, nothing save old age, and the loss of one who for more than forty years had shared all his joys and sorrows. He could not live without her, and one night, three weeks after Guy's dismissal, he said to Maddy, as she was about to leave him:

"Sit with me, darling, for a little while, if you are not too tired. Your grandmother seems near to me tonight, and so does Alice, your mother. Maybe I'll be with them before another day. I hope I may if God is willing, and there's much I would say to you," and she listened with a breaking heart while her grandfather almost home told her of the peace, the joy that shone around his pathway to the tomb, and of the everlasting arm of his gently over Jordan. Then he talked of herself, blessing her for all she had been to him, telling her how happy she had made his life since she came home to stay, and how for a time he had ached so with fear lest she should choose to go back and leave him to a stranger. "But my darling stayed with her old grandpa. She'll never be sorry for it, never. I've tried you sometimes, I know, for old folks ain't like young; but Maddy, and you'll forget it when I'm gone, my darling, precious child;" and the trembling hand rested caressingly on her bowed head as grandpa went on to speak of his affairs, his little property which was hers after the mortgage to Mr. Guy was paid. "I've kept up the interest," he said, "but I could never get him to take any of the principal. I don't know why he is so good to me. Tell him, Maddy, how I thanked and blessed him just before I died; tell him how I used to pray for him every day that he might choose the better part. And he will. I'm sure he will, some day. He hasn't been here of late, and though my old eyes are dim, I can see that your step has got slow, and your face whiter by many shades, since he stayed away. Maddy, child, the dead tell no secrets, and I shall soon be dead. Tell me, then, what it is between you two. Does my girl love Mr. Guy?"

"Oh, grandpa! grandpa!" Maddy moaned, laying her head beside his own on the pillow. "It would be a relief to talk to someone of that terrible pain, which grows worse every day, of that intense longing just for one sight of the beloved one; of Guy, still absent from Aikenside, wandering, nobody knew where; and so Maddy told the whole story, while the dying man listened to her, and smoothing her silken hair, tried to comfort her.

"The worst is not over yet," he said. "Guy will offer to make you his wife, sacrificing Lucy for you, and if he does, what will you do?" Maddy's heart leaped up into her throat, and for a moment prevented her from answering, for the thought of Guy's really offering to make her his wife, to shield her from evil, to enfold her in his tender love, made her giddy with joy. But it could not be; she answered through her tears:

"I shall tell him, no."

"God bless my Maddy! She will tell him no for Lucy's sake, and God will bring it right at last," the old man whispered. His voice growing very faint and tremulous. "She will tell him no," he kept repeating, until, rousing up to greater consciousness, he spoke of Uncle Joseph, and asked what Maddy would do with him; would she send him back to the asylum, or care for him there? "He will be happier here," he said, "but it is asking too much of a young girl like you. He may live for years."

"I do not know, grandpa. I hope I may be right. I think I shall keep Uncle Joseph with me," Maddy replied, a shudder creeping over her as she thought of living out all her youth and possibly middle age with a lunatic.

But her grandfather's whispered blessings brought comfort with them, and a calm quiet fell upon her, as she sat there listening to the words of prayer, and catching now and then her own name and that of Guy's.

"I am drowsy, Maddy. Watch while I sleep. Perhaps I'll never wake again," grandpa said, and clasping Maddy's hands he fell away to sleep, while Maddy kept her watch beside him, herself falling into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by a hand pressing on her forehead, and Uncle Joseph's voice, which said: "Wake, my child. There's been a guest here while you slumbered," and he pointed to the rigid features of the newly dead.

CHAPTER XX.

MADDY'S ORDEAL.

OF the days which followed, Maddy had no distinct consciousness. She only knew that other hands than hers cared for the dead, that in the little parlor a stiff, white figure lay, that neighboring women stole in, treading on tiptoe, and speaking in hushed voices as they consulted not her, but Mrs. Noah, who had come at once, and cared for her and hers so kindly. That she lay all day in her own room, where the summer breeze blew softly through the window, bringing the perfume of summer flowers, the sound of a tolling bell, of grinding wheels, the notes of a low, sad hymn, sung in faltering tones and of many feet moving from the door. Then friendly faces looked in upon her, asking how she felt, and whispering ominously to each other as she answered:

"Very well; is grandpa getting better?"

Then Mrs. Noah, sat with her for a time, fanning her with a palm-leaf fan and brushing the flies away. Then Flora came up with a man whom they called "Doctor," and who gave her sundry pills and powders dissolved in water, after which they all went out and left her there with Jessie, who had been crying, and whose soft little hands felt so cool on her hot head, and whose kisses on her lips made her tears start, and brought a thought of Guy, making her ask, "if he were at the funeral?"

"No," Jessie said; "mother wanted to write and tell him, but we don't know where he is."

And this was all Maddy could recall of the days succeeding the night of her last watch at her grandfather's side, until one balmy August afternoon, when on the Honedale hills there lay that smoky haze so like the autumn time hurrying on apace, and when through her open window stole the fragrance of the later summer flowers. Then, as if waking from an ordinary sleep, she woke suddenly to consciousness, and staring about the room, wondered if it were as late as the western sun would indicate, and how she came to sleep so long. For a while she lay thinking, and as she thought, a sad scene came back to her a night when her hot hands had been enfolding those of the dead, and that dead her grandfather. Was it true or was she laboring under some hallucination of the brain? If true, was that white, placid face still to be seen in the room below, or had they buried him from her sight? She would know, and with a strange

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together; * indicates a repetition.

Old-Fashioned Work Bag

THE writer recently had the opportunity of seeing the original of the bag here illustrated, which was made over fifty years ago, in the days before bags and all other manner of fancy work was planned and stamped with designs, by the wholesale. Such work though well done does not allow much scope for one's own ingenuity or individuality.

The bag referred to was decorated with a most unique design worked out in a variety of stitches and unusual combination of colors on brown linen. All of the vine was done with a chain stitch of light blue silk worked over with dark blue, this made the stems quite heavy and raised. The three leaf pattern in the bottom center was worked by cat stitching the two upper leaves with dark blue, the center leaf worked solidly with orange, barred off with light blue and outlined with briar stitching of dark blue.

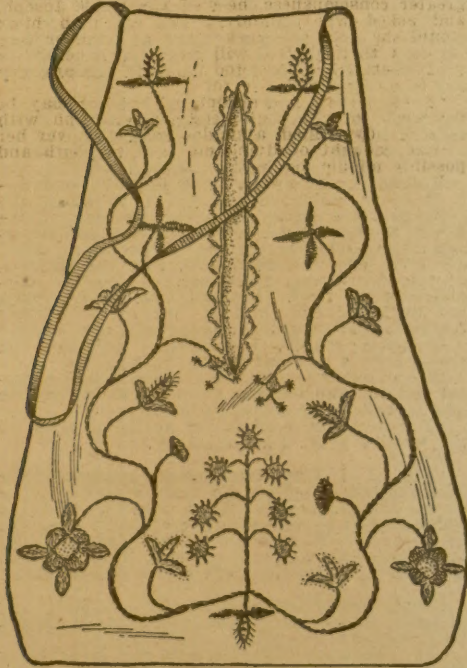
The two similar designs following were worked out with orange centers and dark blue outlining and French knots, while the center design with the seven burrs was of light blue, finished with dark blue briar stitching.

Next, the flower-like patterns on either side at the bottom were most attractive and striking in appearance, the center being thickly filled with dark blue French knots, surrounded solidly with orange silk outlined with dark blue. The four remaining loops being of dark blue outlined with light blue.

The next figure on the other side of the vine is of dark blue and orange. The next just above has the center loop of orange crossed and cat stitched with dark blue, and the other two loops of light blue outlined with the dark.

The next sort of flower has the two centers of orange, outside loops of light blue and outlining and French knots of dark blue, then just above the four leaves are cat stitched in dark blue, followed by figure with two leaves of light blue and one of orange all outlined with dark blue, while the last figure is a replica of that in the center at the bottom, both in form and coloring. This design is novel and the color combination, though original is very attractive if the right shades are selected.

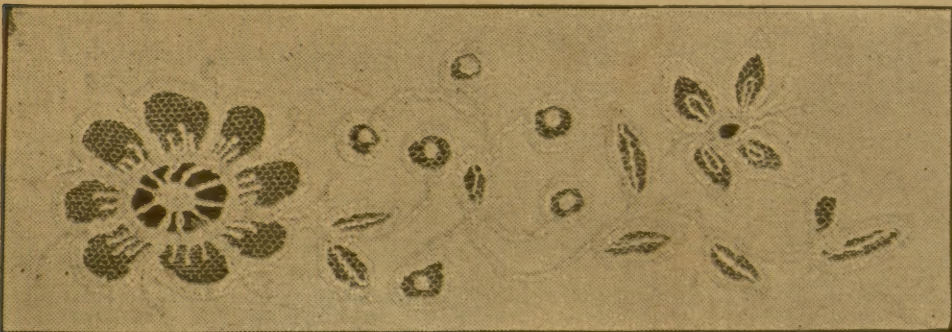
The bag was designed to hold unfinished work and the strap made of the same material,



OLD-FASHIONED WORK BAG.

attached to the upper corners is to slip over the head and rest on the right shoulder while the bag hangs on the left side.

In size it measures eight inches across the top, twelve across the bottom, fourteen in its widest part and eighteen inches in length, while in the center of the front is a ten inch slit, corded all around and stitched with the orange silk.

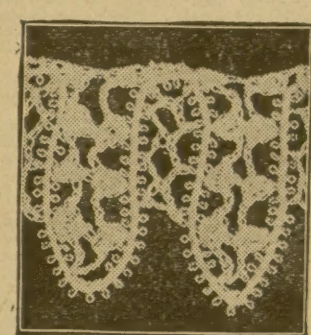


NET UNDER LAID EMBROIDERY.

For genuine handiness and usefulness it would be hard to improve on this bag of our grandmothers' time.

Feather Edge Braid Lace

Ch. 2, 4 d. c. in loop of braid * ch. 4, 4 d. c., in 4th loop of braid * repeat from * to * twice, ch. 4 draw thread through 4th and 5th loops, repeat from * to * 4 times,



catching the second d. c. of each group to second d. c. of opposite group, ch. 8, 1 s. c. in loop opposite loop containing group of 4 d. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c. in loop opposite next group, ch. 4, 1 s. c. as before, ch. 2, 1 s. c. in 18th loop of braid, counting from loop ch. 8 is worked in, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in 4th loop, repeat twice, ch. 8, cross the braid, 1 d. c. in loop on opposite side, 1 d. c. in 4th d. c. of last group, 4 d. c., ch. 4, 4 d. c. in next loop, this begins the second scallop. Repeat from * to * and continue as before. M. F. PHILLIPS.

Tea Cloth in Cutwork

Every lover of beautiful and durable needlework must rejoice at the increasing popularity of the class of embroidery familiarly known as Cutwork. The name tells just what the work is. The cloth here illustrated is 30x30 inches, and most of the stitches used are very simple, such as are used for filling corners in drawnwork, except the scrolls which are done in Raleigh or buttonhole bars. Put in first all the filling stitches, letting them nearly cover the design so that the edges will be



TEA CLOTH IN CUT WORK.

securely caught in the finishing buttonholing. After all the spaces have been filled the buttonholing of the outlines may be done, and on this depends much of the beauty of the work. It must be perfectly even, smooth and regular to show desired results. After the work is completed, the portions beneath the drawnwork stitches and Raleigh bars are cut away with sharp scissors, the cutting being done on the wrong side with utmost care so none of the stitches are clipped. Then place your work face down on a soft surface, cover with a damp cloth and press with a hot iron.

MRS. G. R. D.

Net Under Laid Embroidery

For stocks, collars, shirt-waists, sofa pillows, covers, etc., the illustrated manner of working out designs is attractive and gives variety. It

cut away, then cut very carefully just inside the line with small, sharp scissors, do not snip the net. When this is done buttonhole all edges, working through the material and net after which it can be trimmed off neatly on the wrong side, or left as one prefers.

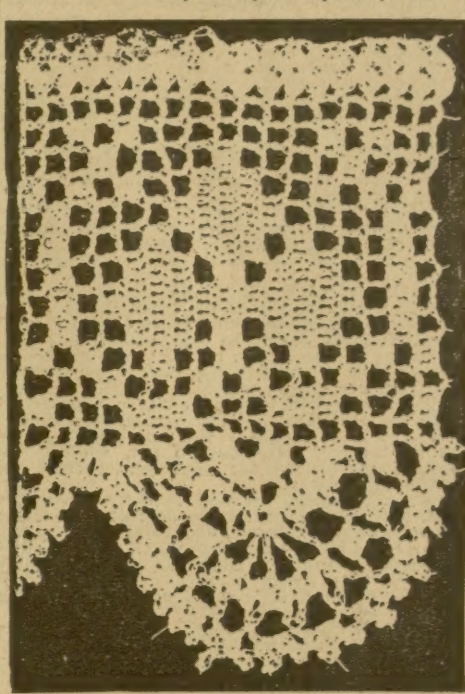
A handsome sofa pillow can be made in this way by placing ecru net over gold satin, dark blue over this to be cut away and the buttonholing done in red.

The ends of sideboard or bureau covers and also pillow shams are very pretty made of white linen and net. MRS. W. G. WILSON.

Ivy Leaf Lace

Chain thirty-seven, turn.

1st row.—Miss 3, shell (3 tr. c., ch. 1, 3 tr. c.)



IVY LEAF LACE.

in next st., miss 2, 1 tr. c. in next (ch. 2, miss 1, 1 tr. c. in next) 4 times, 1 tr. c. in each of

twice, ch. 4 (2 tr. c., ch. 4, 2 tr. c.) under each of next 4 ch. 4, ch. 4 (4 tr. c. under next ch. 4) 3 times, finish like 2nd row.

15th row.—Like 1st row to scallop (ch. 5, s. c. in middle of next 4 ch.) all around s. c. in end of 1st. row, ch. 2, s. c. in end of foundation, ch., turn.

16th row.—2 tr. c., ch. 3, catch back in top of tr. c., last made) twice, in each ch. 5, all around scallop, finish row with 3 sps., 1 blk., 5 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., shell, tr. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, turn.

17th row.—Shell in shell, 2 sps., 1 blk., 4 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 4, turn.

18th row.—1 tr. c. (which forms space) 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., 1 blk., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., shell, 1 tr. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2, turn.

19th row.—Shell in shell, 5 sps., 5 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 1 sp., ch. 4, turn.

20th row.—1 tr. c., 1 blk., 2 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 4 sps., shell, tr. c. in ch. 2, ch. 2.

21st row.—Shell in shell, 3 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 4, turn.

22nd row.—3 sps., 8 blks., 2 sps., 4 shell, 1 tr. c. under ch. 2, ch. 2, turn.

23rd row.—Shell in shell, 3 sps., 3 blks., 1 sp., 1 blk., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 5, fasten in end of 21st row, ch. 2, fasten in end of 20th row, turn.

24th row.—12 tr. c. under ch. 5, ch. 2, remainder of row like 20th row.

25th row.—Like 19th row, except work scallop like 11th row.

26th row.—Work scallop like 12th row, finish like 18th row.

27th row.—Like 17th row, work scallop like 13th row.

28th row.—Scallop like 14th row, finish like 16th row.

29th row.—Like 1st row, work scallop like 15th row.

30th row.—Scallop like 16th row, finish like 2nd row.

Repeat from 3rd row to length desired.

MRS. A. N. OAKES.

Doris Lace

Chain fifty stitches, turn.

1st row.—1 tr. in 3rd st., 1 tr. in each of next 3 sts., * ch. 2, skip 2, 1 tr., repeat from * 3 times, ch. 10, 1 s. c. in 11th st., ch. 10, 1 s. c. in 11th st., * ch. 2, skip 2, 1 tr., repeat from * twice, ch. 2, 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.

2nd row.—4 tr. on tr., ch. 2, 4 tr. under ch. 2, 4 tr. under next ch. 2, ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 5th st., ch. 10, ch. 10, 1 s. c. in 5th st., ch. 10, ch. 5, 1 tr., ch. 2, 4 tr. under ch. 2, 4 tr. under ch. 2, ch. 2, 4 tr. on tr., ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—4 tr. on tr., ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 2, 4 tr., ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 10, 1 s. c. in 5th st., ch. 10, ch. 10, 1 s. c. in 5th st., ch. 10, ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 2, 4 tr. under ch. 2, 1 tr., ch. 4 tr., ch. 5, turn.

4th row.—4 tr., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 10, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.

5th row.—4 tr., 4 sps., ch. 10, 1 s. c., ch. 10, 4 sps., 4 trs., * ch. 3, 1 tr. under ch. 5 of last row, repeat from * 5 times, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in tr. last row, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in tr. of 2nd row, 3 tr. under ch. 3, * 4 tr. under next ch. 3, repeat from * 5 times.

6th row.—4 tr., 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 10, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 sp., 2 blks., 1 sp., 4 tr., ch. 3, turn.

7th row.—4 tr., 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., ch. 10, 1 s. c., ch. 10, 2 sps., 1 blk., 2 sps., 4 trs., * ch. 5, 1 tr. between groups of 4 trs., repeat from * 5 times, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in tr. in first row, ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—1 tr., ch. 5, repeat, making 6 trs. under each ch. 5 of previous row all around scallop and continue as before.

MRS. GEO. BATTEN.

Cat Track Lace

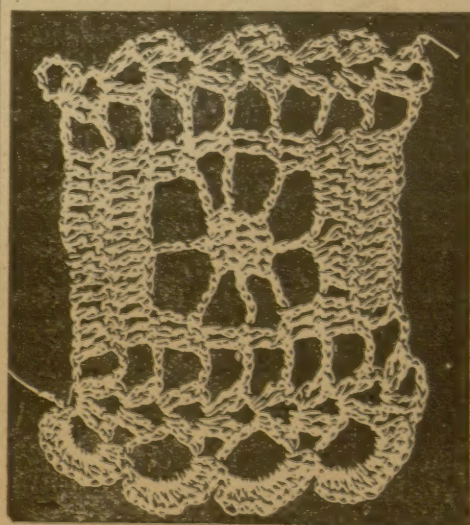
1st row.—Ch. 30, skip 5, shell of 2, tr. ch. 3, 2 tr. in next st., ch. 3, skip 3, 15 tr., ch. 3, skip 3, shell in next, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in same st. as shell, ch. 2, turn.

2nd row.—12 d. c. under ch. 6, ch. 2, shell on shell, ch. 3, 15 tr., ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 5, turn.

3rd row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 3 tr., ch. 6, skip 4, 1 tr. in 7th, ch. 6, skip 4, 3 tr., ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in first of 12 d. c., ch. 2, turn.

4th row.—12 d. c. under ch. 6, ch. 2, shell on shell, ch. 3, 2 tr., ch. 5, 2 d. c. under chain, 1 d. c. and 2 d. c. under chain, ch. 5, skip 1 tr., 2 tr. on next two, ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 5, turn.

5th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 2 tr., ch. 5, 5 d. c. on those of previous row, ch. 5, 2 tr. on trebles, ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in first of 12 d. c., ch. 2.



CAT TRACK LACE.

6th row.—12 d. c., ch. 2, shell on shell, ch. 2, 2 tr. on treble and 1 tr. under ch., ch. 6, 1 tr. in 3rd d. c., ch. 6, 1 tr. under ch., 2 tr., ch. 3, shell on shell, ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—Shell on shell, ch. 3, 3 tr. on tr., 4 tr. under ch., 1 on tr., 4 tr. under ch. and finish same as 5th row.

Repeat pattern from 2nd row.

WM. G. OGMORE.

AN UNWILLING BRIDE

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"God's judgment light upon him!" cried Gusti, pushing past and hurrying up the stairs.

"Yes! I would not have cursed him so," said Ernest, as he returned to the coffee-room, threw himself down upon the settee, and took up his newspaper.

But he could not resume his former composure, and leaving his room, he went up-stairs, and paused before the boy's door. By the clicking, metallic sounds within, he suspected him to be engaged in loading a pistol. Not an instant was to be risked in rapping or questioning.

With one vigorous blow Ernest burst open the door and springing to ard dashed the weapon from his hand, exclaiming:

"Good Heaven, Gusti! What does this mean?"

Gusti looked at him wildly, and when Ernest repeated the question, he answered with a hollow laugh:

"That I am crazy, I believe! I don't you think so?"

"My dear fellow, we have been like brothers all our lives; won't you tell me what troubles you so much? Perhaps I can aid you. What is it?"

"And you really don't know what it is? Don't you know that there is a wedding on hand?"

"A wedding! They are going to marry Elva, to old Dolor?"

"Oh, yes, I know that; but, my dear boy, what of it? Surely you were never in love with little Birdie?"

"In love with her! No, not as you understand it. No! I am not in love with her unless I could be in love with myself—for Elva was my other self. You little know that strength of attachment from two hearts have grown together from childhood."

"It is like a brother's and a sister's."

"Never! Brothers and sisters cannot love so. What brother ever loved a sister as I have loved Elva! What brother ever would have come and suffered as much for his sister as I have for Elva?"

"As you have done and suffered for Elva," said Ernest, beginning to think he was really mad.

"Yes! how many faults as a boy I have shielded her from! How many floggings I have taken! How many names I have borne for her, which she never knew! Yes! faults that in a little tiny girl were almost excusable, but in a boy were mean and dishonorable, I have a thousand times allowed to be laid to my charge, and borne the pain and the shame of the punishment, rather than have her so much as slightly blamed; and she never knew it. How I loved her—even in our schooldays. And since the schooldays, all my thoughts, all my dreams, all my ambitions have been for her. For years I have been saving up all my money to buy a pretty cottage for her and her mother that she loves so well. I pleased myself with fancying how she would rest in peace in our home—with me and Elva. I have saved so much that I am richer than anyone knows, and I meant to have accomplished all that this very time of coming home. I hurried home. I reached the house. I found that they had driven her into an engagement with that wretch Dolor. It was a horrid, horrid crime, that has no name, because there is none heinous enough for it! Ernest! I acted like a very brute! Heaven help me, I was both stunned and maddened, as it seems to me now. For I could not speak. I tore her little, clinging arms from off my neck, and thrust her from me. And here I am."

"Were you engaged?"

"Engaged? Yes! that is to say, I thought we were! but it appears that I was engaged, and she was not!"

"You engaged, and she not?"

"It was a funny engagement! I daresay you never heard of such a one in your life," exclaimed Gusti, laughing in a wild, insane manner. "The proposal came from the other party—curious, wasn't it?"

Ernest regarded him with painful sympathy.

Gusti related the scene that had occurred on the eve of his first going to sea in which Elva had made him pledge himself never to fall in love with, or marry anyone but herself.

"There! that was our engagement! Don't ask me how I loved her! I have no words to tell you!"

On her wedding morning Elva arose at eight, and suffered her mother to dress her in bridal array to set the wreath of orange-flowers on her golden ringlets, to arrange the lace veil, to draw on her tiny white gloves, all in silence.

"You don't speak a word to me, Elva."

"Because I'm so tired, mother. Do you remember the man who swore he wouldn't get up and be hanged because he hadn't had his nap out? Well, now, if I had not to get up and be married, I had rather lie down and go to rest again."

"You talk such nonsense, child! You haven't even asked who were to be your bridesmaids."

"I had forgotten such attendants were necessary, mother."

"Yes, I suppose if I had been as thoughtless as you there would have been none provided. However, they are down-stairs, waiting to attend you to the altar. Come, my child. You are ready now, I believe, and the carriage is waiting—shall we go down?"

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Lambert opened the door, but Elva lingered.

"Come, my dear, come, what are you waiting for?"

"Mother, not one blessing—not one 'God-speed' to me before I go. Even the ghastly old judge says, 'God have mercy on your soul' to the felon he sends out to be executed, though I never knew anyone to thrive after such a benediction! But, mother, I have great need of blessing!"

"You are a little goose, Elva! of course I mean—the 'Lord bless you,' certainly I do. You might have known it without my saying it."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, mother, I accept it!" said the bride, passing out and descending the stairs.

Dr. Dolor was waiting to speak to her in the hall, looking well, if he ever looked well in his life. He was dressed in a suit of dark blue broad-cloth, with a white vest and white kid gloves;—his tall, straight figure, and Roman profile, standing him in good stead for dignity.

As soon as she reached the foot of the stairs, he took her hand, and pressing it, whispered:

"Sweet girl, forgive me this perseverance!"

"May God never forgive me if I do!" she fiercely exclaimed, transfixing him with a flashing glance.

"But that is impious. I love you so much, Elva. I will do anything on earth to make you happy."

"Will you, though?"

"Only try me, dearest."

"Give me up, then! Tell uncle that you will not marry me. Reject me at the very church!"

"You have set a snare for me—I meant to say that after we are married—when you are my own, then I will devote my life to your happiness!"

"You are sure?"

"Certain, my angel!"

"Very well, I accept the offering of your life in atonement for this wrong—and immediately after the marriage ceremony, I request that you go out and shoot or drown yourself—it does not matter which, so that it is done quickly!"

"Shall I never be able to win your heart?"

"The Evil One shall win my soul sooner!"

Never lover uttered a deeper sigh than that which Dr. Dolor heaved, as he bowed and resigned her to the charge of her friends.

Elva went in the carriage with her bridesmaids and her uncle. Mrs. Rock, true to her word, refused to be present at the iniquitous marriage.

Dr. Dolor went in a second carriage, attended by his best man.

When the wedding-party arrived at the church, they were the cynosure of many hundred eyes as they passed up the aisle and stood before the altar.

Elva kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her lips firmly compressed.

The ceremony proceeded and only once, when the usual question was put, whether anyone there present knew any cause why these two should not be joined in holy wedlock, the bride slowly raised her head, and looked fixedly in succession upon each member of her party, as wondering how, in God's awful presence, they dared to meet and disregard that solemn adjuration.

The ceremony proceeded. But not one response, either verbally or mentally, did Elva make.

The rites were finished, and friends and acquaintances crowded around with congratulations.

Among the foremost was Ernest Brent, whose stately courtesy, and words, so pleased Captain Rock that he invited and urged him to return and partake of the sumptuous wedding-breakfast.

Dr. Dolor led his fair bride to the carriage, handed her in and took the place beside her.

"Now then, fairest and dearest, you are at last indeed my own!" he said, seeking her eyes.

"Thank Heaven, I am not; I never opened my lips, or formed a vow in my head. I never promised you anything," said Elva, turning away.

"Your love will be very hard to win; but I shall not distress you. Come, now, turn around and give me a smile—I will not even ask you for a kiss just now—but do not, while I am forming resolutions for your peace, treat me as if I were Satan."

"I don't," replied she, with ineffable scorn, "for I am sure that I have some sort of respect for Satan, whereas I have none whatever for you. To marry a girl against her will! Oh! shame!"

His cheek suddenly blanched, when suddenly he spoke in a husky tone:

"Elva, take care! It would not be well or wise to make an enemy of me!"

"And what do you suppose I care if you are an enemy? Be as wicked as you please! Then, maybe, I shall have a chance to go to Heaven, for I don't want to go where you go when I die!"

"Are you insane?"

"I don't know—maybe; but while I have some memory and understanding left I wish to remind you that I only consented to be married in accordance with a bargain made with uncle, of this kind—uncle wished to leave you Elmslea, he could only confer it upon you through your wife—therefore, to endow you with Elmslea, I consented to a form of marriage, on condition that uncle should buy Upton, and make it over to my mother. All this has been done this day. Early in the spring, Elmslea will be ready for the reception of the family. Aunt and uncle, and yourself, as their successor, will remove thither. My mother will be left in possession of her farm at Upton; and I shall remain with my mother. And in the mean time, Dr. Dolor, you will please to leave me alone!"

"Have you the least idea that I shall agree to it?"

"Yes! because my uncle promised in your name."

Dr. Dolor drew in his breath for a moment, and said:

"He promised that, and you believed him?"

"Why, certainly I did, as I said before."

"And you really think that I shall consent to this nominal marriage?"

"Yes, I do—because this marriage will answer your purpose: it is formal, legal; and when uncle gives me Elmslea, the law will give you a life possession of the estate—of which nothing can deprive you—and my mother has the deeds of Upton Hall of which nothing can deprive her. Thus all the conditions are fulfilled. I promised nothing more either to uncle, to you, or to God in the church!"

"And you thought me base enough to consent to such a marriage for such a purpose?"

"Yes. When you wished to marry me, whether I would or no, I thought you base enough for anything."

"Take care, girl!"

"Take care of what? I'm not afraid of you, Dr. Dolor. Now that my mother is independent of the world, I am not afraid of anything!"

"I am your husband, however, which gives me some power, did I please to use it!"

"You are not! You never shall be," she said, with flashing eyes, "while there remains an escape for me by death."

"I have noticed that those who make such deadly threats never put them in execution. You would suffer a great deal before you would dare to die! And you are not called upon to suffer at all. I wish to love you, if you will let me!"

"That was not in the bond!"

"We shall see! But, here we are, at home, Elva. And here are the good folks all waiting to greet the happy pair," he said, with a sardonic smile, as he pulled the chain string, sprang from the carriage, and offered his hand to assist her to alight.

She tossed her head and rely touched his hand as she sprang down and passed on. He overtook her, drew her reluctant arm in his, and led her into the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It should have been an enchanting home to which Ernest Brent returned after his long sojourn on the Continent. In its palmy days the grounds of Mount Pleasant had been beautifully laid out and adorned, and carefully kept up.

But since coming into the hands of the present proprietor, Barnabas Brent, everything not strictly useful in making or in saving money had been permitted to fall to decay, rather than preserved at the expense of a few hundred pounds.

Yet old Mr. Brent was not a miser in the most repulsive sense of the word; he was only an excessively parsimonious utilitarian.

Time, money, and labor, were the trinity he believed in, his hands, gradually assumed the most mournful and inharmonious of all aspects, that of prematurely ruined beauty.

Mr. Brent had inherited money, married a half-sister of Captain Rock for money, and made money—until now, at the age of ninety-five, he was the master of incalculable riches.

He had outlived his wife and their three children; and his nearest of kin were Ernest Brent, the son of his son; Augustus Summers, the son of his eldest daughter; and poor Nanny Norris, the child of his youngest daughter.

Ernest and Nannie had each inherited a small property, independent of their grandfather's.

But poor Gusti had been left an orphan in the worst sense of the word—destitute and dependent on the "cold charity of the world," or the colder and bitterer aims of unloving rich relatives.

The oldest and nearest kinsman and natural guardian of the boys—old Mr. Brent—had of course received them into his house to be reared and educated; but no education would he afford the lads beyond that dispensed by the village schoolmaster.

To Ernest, who was his favorite, probably because he bore the family name and inherited some independent property, Mr. Brent would, however, have afforded a more liberal and gentlemanly education, could he have done so, and at the same time have decently abstained from going to some expense in giving his penniless grandson, Gusti, the same privilege. As it was, he

sought to veil his parsimony by conservative principle.

It was a great humiliation to the boys to see that, while all the youths of their own rank and neighborhood were entering pupils at the local college, they two alone were taken from the little day-school to be made the overseers of agricultural labor—a thing unprecedented in that locality at that time.

When this matter was brought to the knowledge of Captain Rock, he swore furiously that his grandnephews should not be brought up like clodhoppers.

And he ordered his carriage and rode over to Herschel College, where he entered the names of his two young relatives as pupils at his own expense.

This done, he ordered his coachman to take the road to Mount Pleasant, where he had an interview with Mr. Brent.

And as he met little opposition from the old man, he sought out the youths, whom he found in the field, and bade them prepare themselves to go to college and get educated, as befitting the grandnephews of a gentleman.

The lads were very much delighted and very grateful for the opening for education thus made for them.

They boarded at the college and lived together in the same room; but their vacations were spent apart—Ernest spending his at Mount Pleasant, and Gusti his at Elmslea, until Captain Rock sent him to sea.

In the mean time, old Mr. Brent was very gradually sinking into the imbecility natural to his advanced age; and his fascinating grandson was gaining some ascendancy over his mind.

Now that Gusti was provided for and off his hands, he lent a more willing ear to the petition of Ernest to be permitted to continue his education by a course of studies at a German university, and afterwards by a tour of the Continent.

Ernest's absence was prolonged much beyond the original intention—he spent two years at the university, two in travel, and nearly two in the city of Paris.

His grandfather would certainly never have consented to this prolonged absence had he been at his own cost; but the expenses were met by advances upon Ernest's own small patrimony.

And in fact, when at last the young gentleman returned to his native country, it was because his property was nearly exhausted, and his remittances were small, few and far between, grudgingly sent, and about to be stopped.

He had reached his legal majority just before leaving Paris; and soon after his arrival at home he was appointed trustee of poor Nanny Norris's property.

His first act was to visit Nanny in the distant asylum in which she was confined, and ascertain her real condition. And having heard her pronounced incurable, though perfectly harmless, he determined to release her from the confinement of the asylum, and to bring her home to her native country, where his own care might avail her.

Old Mr. Brent, far from offering opposition to this plan, actually favored it—though from the less worthy motive of economy. And he calculated that every shilling they could save of her income would be so much added to the inheritance when Ernest should come into it.

Very soon after Ernest's return home his grandfather gave him to understand the conditions upon which he intended to make him his heir—they were two in number—viz., first, that Ernest should never leave him again while he lived; and secondly, that he should never marry without his consent.

"For I don't wish to be left alone in my old age, my dear boy—for do I wish to see you throw yourself away upon any young lady whose fortune is less than the estate I intend to bequeath entire to yourself."

CHAPTER XIX.

It was not fortunate for old Mr. Brent's plans that his grandson should have met Clemence Moore; for, on the morning of Ernest's first meeting with the charming girl, "a haunting shape and image gay" attended him.

At first this "image fair" was almost unthought of. And when the revelation dawned upon his intellect, he smiled to himself, and wondered if, for the first time, he was falling in love; and he grew grave, and tried to banish the dangerous thought.

But when, day after day, amid all the business and the pleasure of his life, the "haunting shape" still pursued him, instead of getting angry with it or growing weary of it, he opened his heart and took it in, and made it at home, and set it upon a throne, where it reigned supreme, diffusing delight over all his nature.

But soon, too soon, this bosom's sovereign became the despot, and stung, goaded, and urged him to seek again its life-breath, glowing, most beautiful original! To seek her, for what? He did not even try to answer the question.

Thus passed one week.

And then, had he been disposed to forget the beautiful girl, he could not have done so. For wherever the business of his grandfather took him, around among the neighboring farmhouses or villages, he heard of Clemence, and frequently he saw her, though at a distance, or under circumstances that made it impossible for him, without rudeness, to a dress her. He both saw and heard of her, also, in scenes and society where he could hardly have expected to find a young girl of her insignificant position.

And Ernest marvelled that one of such humble fortunes should have gained such an influence, and moved in such enterprises.

When Ernest heard her spoken of, it was not with the mere admiration bestowed upon a beautiful girl, but with a certain esteem, deference, or enthusiastic eulogy, according to the age or temperament of the speakers.

He was but twenty-two years of age, yet in the last three or four years had refused more eligible offers of marriage than any heiress in the country. The least notable among the rejected was Ned Long, the nephew of Miss Kitty, who, unknown to his aunt, who had kept him tied to her apron-string, had made the offer of his heart, hand, and professional prospects to the portionless girl. And the most important among them was the sheriff of the county, a grave, handsome man of middle age and considerable property, who sought to win the beautiful Clemence through what he mis-judged to be her ruling passions—the love of power, for the sake of patronage. He urged upon her the argument of how widely the sphere of her influence and usefulness would be increased when she should become the wife of a man of property and extensive connection. But:

"No," was Clemence's laughing rejoinder; "I have observed that when a woman becomes the sole property of one man, she loses her influence with all the rest."

"Then," said the suitor, "for the sake of general usefulness, you propose to live a single life?"

"Well, yes, I think so," answered Clemence, "though I have taken no vows."

Sound virgin heart of hers, that had never been trifled with, never breathed upon by man's love—all declarations and protestations of the sort reached no farther than her ear.

And Ernest knew that this rich, large heart, though often wooed, was still unwon, and he was glad to know that her heart was untouched, and he longed to see once more this lovely girl.

The opportunity was not long in presenting itself.

Clemence was a regular attendant of the parish church, where she taught in the Sunday-school; and before the afternoon service, she received a class of ragged children.

And Ernest, who had been a very careless and desultory attendant, now became a very regular frequenter of the latter place of worship. In the churchyard he sometimes tried to catch her eye and bow to her—but was always completely baffled in his aspirations after a nearer communion.

The more he was baffled and perplexed, the

more eager became his desire to cultivate her acquaintance. It happened one afternoon in October, that he saw Clemence take leave of her venerable escort, Major Oaks, at the churchyard gate, and gaily and alone turn into the wood road that led to her own home. He immediately tore himself into his saddle and followed her, with the assumed air of an indifferent gentleman pursuing his own path. He overtook her near one of those gates that frequently intersect the road. Bowing, he passed her, opened the gate, and held it open for her passage. Clemence smiled and nodded with a pleasant:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Brent," as she rode through.

Ernest closed the gate, and rode on after her. "This is glorious weather, Miss Moore."

"Glorious, indeed!" replied Clemence.

"And the country, too, is perfectly beautiful at this season. I never could sympathize with the poets who call autumnal days 'the melancholy days—the saddest of the year.'"

"Nor I," said Clemence; "for to me, autumn, with changing woods and rich harvest and its prospect of Christmas cheer and wintry repose has ever seemed a gay and festive season. The year's great work is done, the harvest is gathered and repose at hand."

"In the world of society," said Ernest, "it is in the evening, after the labor or the business of the day is over, that the gayest scenes of festivity occur, just preceding the repose of sleep. So I receive your thought of the autumn—the evening of the year, preceding the rest of winter. Nature's year's work is done—she puts on her most gorgeous robes, and holds a festival before she sinks to her winter's sleep."

Clemence smiled brightly upon him.

"Yes! my meaning, I believe, only more pointedly expressed."

But something in his eyes caused Clemence's glances to fall, and the rosy clouds to spread over her cheeks and brow.

Then Ernest governed his countenance, and when he spoke again, his manner and words were more deferential.

"We spoke of the world of nature, Miss Moore, but how is it with the world of man? To many, nay to most of the human race, autumn is the herald of a season, not of festivity and repose, but of continued labor, and increased want and privation and suffering."

That is because society is not in harmony with man as man has wandered as far from nature as from God," said Clemence.

"And as much needs a Saviour to lead him back to the one as to the other," replied Ernest.

"You know that—you feel it," said Clemence, turning upon him one of her soul-thrilling glances.

Guarding his eyes, lest again they should frighten away her inspiring glances, he answered, fervently:

"I know and feel it most profoundly."

And Ernest thought he spoke the truth; had never thought or felt anything about the subject until now that Clemence poured her life-giving spirit into his soul.

She spoke again, earnestly, ardently.

"You know and feel it most profoundly! That deep knowledge and that deep feeling—is the Christian that has animated you a messenger and a laborer in the cause of humanity. Called and anointed, be thou faithful. There are many inspired, many anointed, but few are faithful!"

"Thou, then, art the high priestess that has poured the consecrated oil on my head. I will be faithful!"

He spoke with such sudden enthusiasm, that it had the effect of bringing Clemence back to the moderation and reserve of her usual manner. When he spoke again it was composedly:

"You speak as the preachers and teachers preach and teach—in general terms; be explicit. Only indicate my work, and never knight served liege lady as I will serve you!"

Clemence smiled.

"Ah, women can more readily set tasks to men than instruct them in the execution of the work. Yet, it seems to me that I can at least point out the scene of your labors."

"And that is—"

"Here!"

"Here?"

"Aye, here, in your native place. No spot needs you so much as this, to which you were given."

"Pardon me, Miss Moore," he said, smiling, "but this place is so dead, so hopeless!"

"Why should that be? The earth here, as elsewhere, looks today as young, as fresh, and as vigorous as if just turned from the hand of its Creator—finished, perfect. And, in truth, every day is a new creation!"

"Yes! in the world of nature! but how is it in the world of man? grovelling, weariness, sloth, torpor! Hopeless materials to work upon!"

"Yet, in the world of man, here, as elsewhere, there is an ever-springing fountain of new life and promise, and an ever new day of creation. It is so in childhood and youth, to whom the earth is all alive as upon the morning of the Divine birth, who are ever susceptible to new inspirations and new truths. Children, at least, are alive and impressionable, and the children of this generation, remember, will be the lawgivers of the next. I would have all reformers not to forget the children, but to bring their truths to bear upon them as the seed of promise."

Clemence ceased, and Ernest remained in thought for a few minutes; then he said:

"I confess that, when I have dreamed of a useful and honorable career, the scene of my visions has never been this obscure neighborhood."

"You dreamed, perhaps, of acting in some of the world's great thoroughfares?"

"Yes."

"And why? Our Divine Master commenced his labors in His birthplace, an obscure province. The Great Messiah appeared in remote, deadened Galilee. His humble follower of today need not go to the world's great platforms. Let him light his lamp in his native place, and, if the light be the true light, its rays will spread—never doubt it."



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

DEAR SISTERS AND CO-WORKERS:

That I can announce to you that we have won the wheel chair for Mrs. Anna Mallory is indeed a pleasure, mingled with gratitude. You have responded so promptly and generously, and so many letters have been received with a word of encouragement and hope that we succeed in getting the chair by July first, that I know this announcement will be hailed with sincere joy.

We can picture our COMFORT sister and friend reaping the reward of our individual work, and were it possible I am sure with every subscription would be sent a message of loving sympathy.

Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON.

Will the sister who signed herself "A Subscriber," please write again, giving name and address?—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I have had many letters asking for information of this city and surrounding country. For the benefit of all I will give some information on the subject.

But let me say there is a vast difference in Eastern and Western Washington. The Cascade mountains divide the state and on one side are ice and snow and climatic conditions much as they are in the East, while on the other or Western side where I am, the average temperature in winter is forty degrees above zero, and in summer sixty-five to seventy. Although we get some warm days as soon as the sun sets it is very cool and one always needs a wrap of some kind in the evening. Prices, as well as wages, are very high. Seattle has a population of over three hundred thousand and is constantly growing. Beside being on Puget Sound where some of the largest seagoing vessels dock, we have three fresh water lakes within the city, and there are many parks, driveways, theaters, and other places of amusement much the same as in any large city.

Lydia F. Bell. I agree with you in regard to pleasures in the home; as John Wolcott says:

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

These few hints may be helpful to others:

Cold water, a tablespoonful of ammonia and soap, will remove machine grease where other means would not answer on account of colors running, etc.

To preserve your broom, dip in boiling suds once a week. It makes them tough and pliable.

A spoonful of grated horseradish in a pan of milk will keep it sweet for days.

To remove ink, wine or fruit stains, saturate thoroughly in tomato juice; it is excellent for stains on the hands.

To remove paint from window glass, rub with hot, sharp vinegar.

Mrs. GEORGE M. STEWART, 2575 9th Ave. W. Seattle, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

If this letter is printed it will be in July, so I will give a few hints for that month:

Those who have no cool place in which to keep milk during the summer will find by putting the pitcher or jar in which it is kept into a pan of cold water and setting it in a shady place where there is a good circulation of air, that it will keep fresh much longer.

Clean burlap or "gunny sacks" ripped and neatly sewed together and put on a long smooth stick make fine shades for porches. Hammocks can be made of them by using large barrel staves that have had the hangers by the ropes. Let the burlap hang two feet over the edges and unravel for a fringe.

A kind of long flat bladed grass grows here called "bear grass" that is used in filling straw ticks, sofa pillows, etc. It never gets brittle, breaks up or wears out. There are some people here that have had the grass in their ticks for fifteen and twenty years, and it is as good as new; they take it out and dust it when necessary. We have also a kind of grass which has a bulb at the root called carnias; (this prairie was named after it) and the bogs get fat on it. I must say that the longer I take COMFORT the better I like it. It is a wonder from start to finish. With love and best wishes to you all.

Mrs. MARY J. HAYES, Grangeville, Gilbert Ranch, Idaho.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have so enjoyed reading your letters each month, that I am determined to write one myself to show my appreciation, though by no means am I sure that it will be worthy of a place in our corner. However, "Nothing venture, nothing have."

I am the wife of a physician, who is pretty well always on the go; but you know that a doctor's wife has to make up her mind to the fact that her husband belongs to the public and try not to murmur when he is absent from her constantly, on his noble mission of easing pain and suffering. I have had three boys, and one girl; but one of my boys, who was my first child, also, left us for his Heavenly home when only seventeen months old, my girl is eighteen years old, and my two boys are sixteen and thirteen years; so they are nearing the time when they will start out in life for themselves. Oh, that I may be enabled to train them so that they may live to the honor and glory of God.

I want to tell you a little about my home town, Summerville. It is a beautiful and considered quite a health resort, with about thirty-five hundred inhabitants. We are very proud of our hotel, the Pine Forest Inn which is large, and handsome and modern in every respect; it has a basement, four stories and a tower, and over two hundred bedrooms; it also has a very large sun-parlor, where those who are not strong can enjoy the luxury of a thorough sun-bath, indoors, the walls being of glass, this hotel has its own electric plant and its own bakery; also a printing outfit, where it prints its menu cards for daily use; it also runs an elevator for the comfort of its guests. We boast of the possession of a large tea farm, the only one in America where tea is cultivated for sale; the grade of tea is very fine, and the crop is always sold before it is gathered.

The pine trees add greatly to the sanitary value

of the town, and no one is permitted to cut down a pine unless it is diseased or the tree is so rotten that it is a danger to the town. It is his own property, he cannot cut it down unless he needs space for building, and he has to ask to be allowed to do so; if he removes it without permission, he is liable to be fined fifty dollars or more.

We are allowed to plant as large a flower garden as we wish; but one eighth of an acre is the extent of the vegetable plot which is permitted by law. This section is wonderful in its beneficial effects on delicate infants and children. I have seen an infant brought here as a last hope for its life, and after being here twenty-four hours, it seemed as if new life had been poured into its veins. It is wonderfully curative in its effects on tuberculosis and all throat troubles, so we always have a large number of these poor sufferers in our midst. There is one thing about this place that is rather unusual; it is intensely hot in the summer, but no matter how hot the day, at about five o'clock a coolness begins to steal over the atmosphere, and by bedtime it is delightfully cool, often so cool as to make a coverlet and sometimes a blanket very comfortable; this enables tired, weary people to sleep refreshingly, and they awake in the morning invigorated and ready for the day's work.

I want to pass on to the sisters a simple way to prevent the thread from knotting when sewing for it has helped me so much. Cut off your strand and run the end next to the spool through the eye of the needle; then take the strand and little by little, pull it gently until the entire length has been stretched, so to speak.

Were I not afraid of being too lengthy, I would tell of a certain cure for corns and painful or tender feet and which I have used in my family for years. If I win a place in the corner this time, I will come again, and then give the corn remedy.

Your friend and sister,

Mrs. HENRY B. LEE, Summerville, Box 145, S. C.

Mrs. Lee. Many I am sure have heard of the famous pines in Summerville, and all will be interested in what you write about the unusual attractions of your town. We certainly want you to "come again," and shall hold you to your promise—to give the remedy for sensitive feet, something a great many people suffer from. I am sorry I could not print your letter last month.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I am a farmer's wife, I would like to say a few words.

We have been receiving COMFORT about three years and could hardly keep house without it. I intend to help Mrs. Annie Mallory get a wheel chair, that is all the way I have to help those less fortunate than I am.

As all know who have been reared on the farm it is necessary for "all hands and the cook" to work if we shall reap, but I am thankful that I have health and strength to perform farmwork, for there are many who are not strong and yet have to toil for the necessities of life.

I am very much interested in how to train children. I have had six, three living and three dead. I lost my baby, a little three-months-old, blue-eyed boy last December, and have one boy, three years old, and two bright-eyed little girls aged six and ten years. They help me with my work and also help their papa in the field. My little boy will do anything for me or his papa that he can, and we always thank him and he has learned to say, "not at all."

I believe in teaching children not to be afraid. When my husband is called away from home, he tells our little boy to take care of mamma while he is away and he thinks he can protect me. I don't think we can teach the little boys a better or nobler lesson than to protect, serve and defend womanhood.

Have any of the sisters tried green sage leaves for worms in children? Prepare by mashing the leaves in cold water, strain through a thin cloth and sweeten when it is ready for use. Six drops of spirits of camphor is also good.

For sore eyes or inflamed lids, try a salt poultice.

For sick headache, take a teaspoonful each of salts and soda in a glass of water, and drink without stirring. If first dose does not relieve in half an hour, take the second.

I have used all the above remedies in my family and found them just right.

If there are any of the sisters who have my maiden name, I would be glad to hear from them.

Mrs. JOSIE E. STRICKLAND (nee LOVE), Phil Campbell, R. R. 3, Ala.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent admirer of COMFORT for eight years and have found many helpful hints in its columns and perhaps it has been selfish to take all these good things and never give anything in return. I live on a ranch near Clovis in Fresno Co., on which we raise the principal part of our living. Ours is an alfalfa ranch with a few acres devoted to fruit and truck farming. We have a fine country; fruit, grapes and alfalfa being the principal crops.

The ladies that care to earn their pin money can do so by packing table grapes in the summer and fall, as there are ten packing sheds within four miles of Clovis which furnish employment to hundreds of women every year at two dollars a day.

The San Joaquin valley is also noted for its raisins and there is no food more nutritious and one can prepare them in so many ways for the table.

My husband and I with our four small children came to this state in 1884 from Arkansas, our native state. We have reared five noble sons and two daughters, and let me tell you sisters a few things about rearing children, especially boys, that I learned by experience. My two oldest were girls, and the boys were made to feel that they were as much a part of the home as the girls, and felt that everything was for the to enjoy but not destroy. They were given to know that in their rooms they could arrange things to suit themselves, only that it must be kept neat, and they saved us many steps by taking a pride in looking after their own rooms, and the girls were not allowed to move a picture or anything from where they thought it looked best.

Ten years ago my daughters married and the boys were my only help and their early training made them good help. Music and games have been the principal attraction in our home and I was never too tired after the work was done to join them in a game of crokinole or flinch. Gambling cards were never allowed in our home. The children are all musicians and are members of the Methodist church.

We now feel that we can enjoy the balance of our lives, feeling that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

I send you a yearly subscriber to be credited toward a wheel chair for Mrs. Mallory, if only one hundred and ninety-nine more of the sisters will do even this much, our dear sister will get her wish.

Mrs. TENNIS LOGAN HARWELL, Clovis, Fresno Co., Cal.

DEAR EDITOR:

I wonder if the readers of our corner would care to hear about some rugs I have just made. For the first one, I washed and raveled all the old yarn I had, doubled it to make it coarser, and used a large wooden crochet hook and crocheted plain treble stitches, made the rug oblong, starting with a chain eighteen inches long and worked around it. At each corner I worked two trebles, two chain, two trebles to make the turn. My rug when done was forty inches wide by fifty-eight inches long. I lined it with burlap. One may stripe it as they like, and you would be surprised at what a nice rug it makes.

The other one I crocheted of rags sewed like carpet rags, crocheting back and forth lengthwise until I had it as wide as I wanted the rug, then crocheted a border across each end, using a different color and lined it with burlap. One can make these rugs match the other furnishings of the room. They are very quickly made and last a long time.

I think our paper is grand. I wonder if the readers of this corner would care to hear how I care for and raise hardy flowers from seed?

Mrs. B. JEWELL, Stanchfield, Minn.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have just been reading the May number of our dear old COMFORT, especially the sisters' letters, and could not resist the desire to once slip inside that great loving hand.

Now for a description of myself. I am twenty years old, five feet, four inches in height and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, so you see I'm pretty substantial. Have yellow curly hair and blue eyes. I have been married nearly two years, and have the dearest brown-eyed man in the world. Need I to add that we are still sweethearts in the best and truest sense of the word. Oh, sisters, whatever you do, keep the love of your husband. It makes me my heart ache for pity and occasionally stirs my temper to see some homes I know, slowly going to ruin because of a husband or wife forgetting that golden rule of "bear and forbear." But perhaps some of you think I'm too young to preach on such a subject, so I will give a few helpful hints.

How many of the light-haired sisters know that a pinch of borax and common soda in the rinse water after a shampoo, will give a brighter, clearer tint to the hair?

So

whether you buy
Uneda Biscuit at
your own grocer's or
at an unknown shop a
thousand miles away
—you know the con-
tents of the package
are just as they left
the oven—fresh, crisp,
untainted, unsullied.

You always know

Uneda Biscuit

5¢ (Never Sold in Bulk)

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

A little ammonia in the bath will keep the skin healthy, firm and fresh looking. Also that placing the feet in as hot water as can be borne will often cure a severe headache.

I wish sisters that you could see me in my cozy work corner, that the March number of COMFORT helped me to plan. Beside a bright, sunny window, my large easy rocker is placed where, when I am seated sewing I receive full benefit of the cool breeze, laden with the perfume of my roses and music of my pet warbler. By my side and within easy reach are my "sawhorse work-basket" and "cheese-box work-stand." Around my chair is placed the "handy work-screen" which with the "Gude man's" assistance is made so handy I don't see how I ever got along without it. For the cloth material I used silkoline with a dark green ground, overruled with pink roses, with pink ribbon bows at corners. Can't you picture me in my corner?

Well, where is my old sunbonnet? I've made such a lengthy stay that I hear a murmur of protest. So just one more little word: I should be glad to hear from the sisters and will surely answer all letters received. I am fond of flowers, all kinds of needlework and music, and can play the guitar, banjo and violin, also a little on the organ, but have never taken any lessons on the latter.

With love and best wishes I am a true friend,

Mrs. W. E. McGEE, Brown Station, R. R. 1, Mo.

Mrs. McGee. What you tell us of your home sounds so attractive that I want to congratulate you and add a wish that the coming years may bring many blessings to you and your family. I can picture you in your corner and am so pleased that COMFORT helped you to attain these conveniences. The work on the 1911 March Household number is well underway and I am hoping a good many more of the sisters will contribute the description of some useful device, or write of their methods of doing various kinds of work.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for several years and having received many helpful hints I want to send some in return, and so will give the sisters a little advice for the sick room.

Try and make the sick room as attractive as possible; giving the invalid the best room in the house, and one as far from the noise of the household machinery as possible. Have no gloomy pictures about, and if possible put the invalid in a room where the walls are covered with plain paper, for a nervous patient is often driven almost frantic by counting the roses or patterns on the wall. Keep the room well ventilated, and never dust with a feather duster, it merely raises the dust to the annoyance and danger of the patient. Avoid disagreeable topics of conversation, and tell no depressing news in the hearing of the patient. Always try and have a good bed; make it carefully by drawing the sheets tight and smooth, and pinning at the corners with safety pins, which will prevent the sheets from wrinkling. Never place the bed so the light will fall in the eyes of the patient. Have plenty of pillows to tuck under the back and shoulders. Before serving food bathe the patient's hands and face and have the tray and food fixed attractively. Avoid arguments and always be patient and firm. I am, with best wishes to all.

Miss MINNIE ENGELBRECHT, Cleves, Ohio.

Miss Engelbrecht. Your letter will prove of value to many sisters who have to care for the invalid. Perhaps you have some good recipes for preparing easily digested food for the sick and convalescing, and if so, I am sure they would be greatly appreciated.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a long time, and I think the paper certainly deserves the name COMFORT, as it has been a great comfort to me.

We have a beautiful home in the town of Mt. Carroll, which has a population of two thousand. I have never lived anywhere else and think this is good enough. We raise good crops, including most all kinds of fruit. March was exceptionally warm, but April and May, so far, have been cold, freezing some nights. Fruit is damaged to some extent, but we will have half a crop any way.

My husband, a carpenter by trade, is a contractor and builder, and has put up some of the best buildings in town, including a Carnegie library and the large academy building.

We have a girls' school here which is known far and wide, and four handsome buildings add to the beautiful grounds. Here we have girls from most every state in the union including one Japanese girl. We also have six churches, an old ladies' home, and as Mt. Carroll is the county seat of Carroll Co., of course we have the Court House with a smaller building for county officers located in the same park near the large building. Here the park is adorned by a beautiful fountain as well as by a large soldiers' monu-

ment which is sixty feet high. Two years ago we built a handsome new public school building.

We have a new automobile, the Kissel-Kar make, which we greatly enjoy.

I have been married nineteen years, and four dear children, three girls and one boy have blessed our home, but the Lord saw fit to take my darling boy four years ago, and last winter my infant girl. With all my heart I can certainly sympathize with the mothers who have lost their dear little ones, but God's ways are not our ways, and some day we will understand, and I feel if we want to live right we must be submissive to His will at all times, for He doeth all things for the best, and when He takes our dear children from us, they are safe in His arms and have a better home than we can give them, and we know where they are and that if we live right we can see them again. Oh! how sweet to trust in Jesus. I am a Methodist and trying to live so I can meet my loved ones in heaven. I feel so sorry for the shut-ins and wish I could help every one of them.

Would be glad for little ones, especially from mothers who are sorrowing and sad, who have vacant places in their hearts as I have. I will try to answer all.

Mrs. MARY SNOOK, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Mrs. Snooks. I should like to go sightseeing with you in your new Kissel-Kar automobile and see your beautiful, wide-awake town. And do you know it occurred to me as I read your letter that it would really be interesting to know how many of the sisters enjoy the luxury of an automobile, or expect to at some future date. From Maine to California they are coming into greater use, both for pleasure and in a business way when economy of time is the chief object. May the summer months bring you many pleasures.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I have lately subscribed for COMFORT, more to help a little neighbor boy earn a watch than for anything else, but I am well pleased with the paper and especially with the schoolhouse and for that reason I let them right by the schoolhouse and for that reason I let them go. But I don't think little children ought to be sent from one to two and one half miles to school. We are poor people and live here and there and all around, wherever my husband can get work, and so may not always live near a schoolhouse, and in such a case I will teach them myself.

I hope all those troubled with rheumatism, will try my remedy. Two years ago I couldn't move, and began taking a piece of saltpeter the size of a rice kernel every other day and a dose of physic about three times a week, and in a short time I noticed a decided change. That was two years ago and now I scarcely ever have a touch of it.

This summer I am interested in raising chickens and in a garden. I saved a large amount of flower seeds last year and to each one that sends me a self-addressed stamped envelope, I will send them some seeds. I have none to sell, but I dearly love flowers and knowing that there are many people like myself that would raise them if they had the seed, but too poor (also like myself) to buy many. I thought it would cost me nothing but the work of packing them and they would be getting several kinds for just one half what one store package would cost. I raise a number of kinds of beans, for that is a hobby of mine. I like to get as many kinds as possible. Try it sisters and see if it isn't interesting. I have an old stump out in our front yard and my little daughter filled it full of earth and set wild cucumber plants in it. You are all invited to come in August and see how pretty it is. I wonder how many of the sisters have every little scrap of dry goods for quilts. I piece crazy quilts on paper and they keep their shape better. I am also saving a piece of every dress or colored clothing each of my little ones ever wore for a quilt for each of them when they are older.

We live in Otter Trail Co., on the west line of Minnesota. We have long cold winters with the thermometer often at 45 degrees below zero and with several feet of snow. Our spring work begins about the 7th of April. We plant our garden in May and vines in June. From a friend,

Mrs. EDITH W. MELLIS, Deer Creek, Minn.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of our dear old COMFORT for many years, and could not get along without it now, for I like it better than any other paper.

I am the mother of seven little ones, four boys and three girls; the oldest is eleven years and the youngest one year old and he's a very cute baby. I am thirty-three years old, and have been married twelve

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

years. We live on my uncle's farm which we are renting. Sometimes we have thought of moving to town, but we like farming so well that I think we would rather keep right on. There is considerable to do at times, taking care of chickens, calves and pigs and milking the cows, but then the butter, eggs and cream bring a good price, and we have plenty for our own use, while if we lived in town and had to buy nearly everything it would be quite different, and in the summer time it is so nice in the country. We are within a few rods of the schoolhouse so it is convenient for the children as they can come home to dinner. We have had a very good teacher for many terms, and that has meant much for the children, and they all like her.

And now dear sisters, never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds; all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

And now I wish COMFORT and its many readers good luck and good by.

Mrs. KUNDT MOEN, Farwell, R. R. 2, Minn.

DEAR SISTERS:

For a long, long time I have been a reader of COMFORT and think it one of the grandest papers published. I am just a young housekeeper; only been married two years. I have been helped by the Sisters' Corner. When anything is the matter with my darling baby girl, I think of something I read in the Sisters' Corner and it most always helps me out of my difficulty. I am so proud that we are able to have such a good paper and it does help one so much in rearing their children to walk in the right way, and I think all mothers should begin very early in teaching their children the way they should go.

I have spent most of my life in this grand old state of Florida, although I was born in Georgia.

How many of the sisters know that a little salt sprinkled over the whites of eggs just before beating will insure better results?

Sisters, your birthday will soon be here and I would like so much to receive quilt squares from each one of you, measuring twelve by twelve inches, as I am anxious to make me a COMFORT quilt. I get very few quilt pieces and would appreciate the kindness.

Next time I will tell you all about our "Land of Flowers."

Mrs. Y. M. SIKES, Fort White, Fla.

Mrs. Sikes. So many sisters have asked for letters describing climate, crops, people, occupation, etc., in the state of Florida, that a letter from you telling of some familiar locality would be read with much interest. I am pleased that COMFORT is so helpful to you.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Is there room for me in your Sisters' Corner? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for about five months and consider it a splendid paper. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and find much of value in them.

I have been married nine years and even now consider myself quite young in housekeeping. I have three little girls living; one six years, one four and one eleven months old. I like to read the letters from older sisters on the training of the little ones that God has trusted to our care. Two of my little ones were called away in death, and their sweet little faces and prattling tongues are missed with keen regret. Their spirits have gone on ahead to the God who gave them; so, let us not grieve for them more, but try to meet them where we will not press their cold lips in death again.

I live at the foot of Cumberland mountain. This country is rough, although we have some good bottom land, very rich. We are blessed with plenty of pure water and plenty of good wood for fuel.

Mrs. Ella M. Taylor. If you will write to Mrs. Nannie Davis at Eastland, Tenn., you will probably learn something of the whereabouts of your cousin, John Donaldson.

Mrs. BERTIE DODSON, Dodson, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I don't know how many years since I commenced to take COMFORT, but it would go a long way into the teens.

I think if any mother will follow the teachings of our paper and the suggestions in the letters, and above all her own heart, or perhaps I should say her sense, her children will grow up as good as one can expect. We mothers expect too much, perhaps, of our children, forgetting not only their natures but that of their ancestors, for several generations go to make up our children's dispositions. From the cradle to the grave they are influenced more or less by all they come in contact with and often to the outside influence will more than counterbalance that of the parents. It is our duty to warn them of the dangers of life, both morally and physically, to try and teach them self control; to look up, not down; forward, not backward; that in short "the Kingdom of Heaven is within themselves," that to wrong themselves, or others, is to suffer; to be kind to all created things, bird, beast, or insect; that no one has the right to destroy the work of our Creator.

I believe good novels elevating, and much better than some so-called religious reading, but I also would advise parents to first read all papers and books before letting growing children have them. If you do not know what your children read, as well as who they associate with, they will learn much you wouldn't approve of and grow away from you. If possible get a good magnifying glass, set them to studying flowers, insects, etc., they will then see how wonderful the tiniest thing is made, and adore the Creator more.

Like Mrs. Madden, I am on the fence about women voting now. I do not think them advanced enough yet, they are still influenced too much by others (the same can be said of men), to give an intelligent vote. Yet I think the day will come when her power will be felt at the poles. Let us study the needs of our nation and learn to govern ourselves and children as a step toward greater achievements. The poet Longfellow wrote:

"Life is real; life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Mrs. M. FISKE, Tuckerton, N. J.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader and admirer of COMFORT for many years. Now, if you will admit a Colorado sister in this helpful corner, I shall feel and stand up for our "Right of Women Suffrage." In reading over the sisters' letters, one sees a great deal of criticism of women voters. I can find but one reason why they should do so. They do not understand the exact meaning of women's rights. It is the duty of every voter to study the interest of their country, and to vote for the measure that in their opinion will best promote the "general welfare." We do not necessarily need to be a crowd of hotheaded, political-wrangling women to do so, either. I have voted the past four years, having resided in Colorado, where rights are granted alike to men and women. Are we not interested in our Anglo-Saxon race? On an average, I take notice that a woman is more careful in voting for the character, instead of a candidate's politics, and will vote for whom she considers the best qualified, regardless of party.

Through this misunderstanding some think we must slight our home and family duties for politics. I have a home, husband and two children and do I neglect them for politics? Not so much that I have ever gotten desperate over any neglected household duties. He is like all other noble-minded men, is anxious to have wife go vote.

If with my vote, I can help to make laws which do away with the many forms of vice, which have so long oppressed us, I shall feel well repaid for all the interest I have taken in politics. Where a husband and wife are both interested they can discuss political issues in the privacy of their own home, instead of the men having to congregate in groups on street corners, in saloons, hotel lobbies, etc., besides it is a pleasure to most wives to be able to so spend spare hours, and neither of them consider them wasted.

It would be a hard matter to find a place where husband and wife are close comrades and they are here. I write from experience, having lived in Washington, Kansas and Florida, previous to coming to Colorado. I wager that were you to come here to live, you would do as all others do. You would vote

at the first election possible and feel that you had but done your duty. And that the husband, father and brothers would be proud that they had interesting, political companions at home.

With best wishes to COMFORT and to you all, I remain,
Mrs. CARROLL HUDGINS, Tabernacle, Va.

Now sisters, don't think me a pessimist on this subject for I am not. Am just a home woman, working for the welfare of home and family. I live on the prairies of eastern Colorado. This is one of the homestead sections, which is being settled rapidly. There is no such climate as in sunny Colorado. Should like to hear from sisters.

Mrs. MINNIE E. WADE, Stratton, R. R. 2, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

It was certainly kind of you to print my letter and I thank you and will try to repay you by getting some new subscribers to COMFORT. Also many thanks to you dear sisters for the cards, letters and papers; have had almost one hundred. I have not answered all yet, but patience, my dears, you will all hear from me.

"A COMFORT friend" and the one that wrote nothing at all. I also thank you.

What do you think of the "Endless chain prayer?" I have received three of them, one now, and two three years ago. But, as for me, I do not send it any further. No doubt I would get (as the writers say), "a great blessing when the ninth letter was sent." If it is according to the Lord's wish. But this: "A great calamity will come to them that break the chain." I do not believe such a thing. God is love; He does not treat His loved ones that way. See, Hebr. 12: 6, 7. And it is all just to draw us nearer to Him. It says in those letters, not to sign your name. Do you think that is what Jesus wanted us to do? You can read, St. Matt. Ch. 10: 32.

Mrs. Dora Conley. Your fireless cooker is just the same as we used at the school kitchen in Norway, 1894; they were just invented then. We girls thought it great fun to start the soup, pudding, etc., the one morning, and the other party eat it the next day.

I have seen many cures for warts in COMFORT, but none as easy as this: Take a feather, dip in carbolic acid once or twice each day for a few days, and the wart will soon be gone.

Mr. Gannett is very good to us to print the letters so soon. I wish him all possible success. With my love to all, I ask to remain, your COMFORT sister,

Mrs. HERMINI HANSEN, 184 Wakelee Ave, Ansonia, Conn.

Mrs. Hansen. Occasionally I have heard of the "Endless Chain Prayer," and I think the sisters will agree with you, that it is not according to the scriptures. To me, such claims sound blasphemous, for who could "deliver" to any one who chooses not to forward a prayer, or to promise to "deliver from all calamity" those who do?—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you open a place in your corner and let a down East friend come in for a chat?

I am a second wife and stepmother to three big girls; all nice, smart girls. The oldest is eighteen, and the two youngest who are in school are fourteen and eleven years of age. I am only twenty-five years old, while my husband is forty-three and goes on the sea.

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and think Uncle Charlie is doing a wonderful work and as a Christian I want to sympathize with him, for I believe he is one of the Lord's chosen.

Will the sisters remember me with letters and worsted pieces (if they have them to spare) for my quilt.

Wishing every COMFORT reader success, I am your sister,

Mrs. ELIA M. PATTERSON, Lubec, Maine.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I can remember how long I have been a reader and a subscriber for our dear COMFORT.

I was eighteen years old May 5th and have been married sixteen months, during which time I have had sorrow as well as joy, for on the 30th of Nov. God gave us a baby son, and Feb. 27th He took him back to Heaven. When I put him to bed he seemed as well as usual, but when we awoke he had been dead for sometime. The doctor said some sudden pain seized him, for he did not look as if he had ever moved.

We are so lonely we wish to get a little girl between two and three years old, one we can love and care for as our own. I feel sure (there are so many homeless orphans) for who could be so kind as to where I can get one, and I hope to hear from some of you soon. I was a teacher when married, but am a farmer's wife now. We live two miles in the country. I have to stay by myself a great deal and of course get lonesome, but as I have my garden, flowers, chickens and many other things to do, I am most always busy.

I am trying to be a Christian. I have been a member of the church since I was eleven years old. I try to do my best and feel as if even that is too poor service for our Saviour. I have never seen a letter from this part of Oklahoma and if anyone wishing to know about the country will write me and inclose stamp, I will be glad to answer. Will close with love and best wishes.

Mrs. MAYME STEWART, Quinton, Okla.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will you make room for a sister from New Mexico? I live all alone in a little shack on the unsurveyed land in Chavis Co., N. M., and am sixty-two years old. Have been here over a year on my claim of three hundred and twenty acres. I did not raise much last year, but hope to do better this year. It is very dry here but we are hoping for rain soon. All my neighbors and most of the people in the county are from Texas, and I find them enterprising people.

I came here from Nebraska, where I have lived most of my life and am trying to make a home for myself, but I have so little means it is a big undertaking. I thought I would try to do without COMFORT but I miss it so much I will have to read it. I would like to see letters and post cards from the sisters but am too poor to answer many.

Last year after I came here I had a hard spell of sickness and on my birthday, Oct. 12th, my friends in Nebraska sent me a shower of post cards that cheered me beyond anything.

If anyone wishes to know about this country and this is published, I will write again describing this section of the great American desert. Success to COMFORT—the best paper for the money that anyone ever read.

Mrs. M. A. McNITT, Nobe, New Mexico.

Mrs. McNitt. You certainly have the spirit and push of the thrifty American woman to undertake at the age of sixty-two years such an extensive enterprise. I extend to you my best wishes that health, wealth and prosperity may be yours. I sincerely hope you will find time to write us the promised letter, telling about the country in which you have made your new home.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes an old subscriber from Tidewater, Va. I think COMFORT the grandest paper in the world and read every word from cover to cover, and the ideas suggested in the April COMFORT that the letters are to be printed earlier is a splendid one, for it is much more interesting to read new ones than those several months old.

I am twenty-four years old and have a bright little boy of three and one half years, and to control and bring him up as I desire, I find the most difficult thing my brain has ever conceived of. I sometimes think children are always a trouble to their parents, and that no one but a mother knows the heartaches and anxious moments spent in trying to rear them to become noble men and women.

I can truly sympathize with those who have lost loved ones, for I have a father and a sweet sixteen-year-old sister sleeping in the village cemetery. How hard it is to become accustomed to missing their familiar faces around the old home, and any one who have passed through the same can understand. What sweet, sad memories linger around our childhood homes; how familiar each little nook and corner appears when we walk around the place, where we spent our happy childhood hours. Oh! those were happy days when we were all at the old home, children together, but now scattered some in one town, some in another, and others are sleeping their last sleep, while the summer breezes sing a requiem around their graves.

I wonder if all the sisters like housekeeping as well as I do. I think it splendid, although I have only been doing it two years, and to be a sweet Christian mother and have a nice, tidy, happy home the greatest blessing that God could bestow on any woman.

Now don't think dear sisters that I am not in favor of having children in the home, for what is a home without the little ones? We can have nothing without trouble and I sometimes ask myself, is he worth it? And what is the answer? Yes, a thousand times yes, for what wealth could we win the clasp of our boy's dimpled arms around my neck and the buried whisper, "dear mamma, sweet mamma."

Isn't Uncle Charlie the most noble, self-sacrificing man you ever heard of? Surely there ought to be

inscribed on his tombstone, "He has done what he could," and certainly none of us could wish for anything more to be said of us than that.

With best wishes to COMFORT and to you all, I remain,
Mrs. CARROLL HUDGINS, Tabernacle, Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT ever since I could read, and it grows better month by month and year by year.

I am five feet ten inches tall, weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds. I have brown hair and eyes and light complexion. I have been married six years and no children have blessed our home. We (my husband and I) love children dearly. Can any of COMFORT's readers tell me where I can get a little child to adopt?

Mrs. Lackey. I can send you the "Drunkard's Dream," if you desire it.

Sisters will please remember July 17, and send my dear aunt, who is a shut-in a post card on that date? Her address is Mrs. M. C. Sowers, care W. B. Young, Elgin, R. R. 1, Texas. My aunt is forbidden to either read or write at present, if she ever expects to get well.

Mrs. S. S. FULMER, Elgin, R. R. 1, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a new sister to your Corner?

We moved to this part of Nebraska last spring and live about thirty-five miles from a railroad station and about ten miles from the little station of Grandy. It is a lovely country and we are but a few rods from the Loup river.

I am eighteen years old and have been married nearly three years to one of the best of husbands. We have a beautiful boy fifteen months old.

How many of the sisters know that a good remedy for cholera infantum is made by peeling and slicing raw onions and laying on the child's stomach and bowels and leaving until they look wilted or green and then change. Another is to take a young chicken, kill and cut open, and without dressing put the child's feet in it. These are old remedies, handed down from our grandmothers. I think a child should wear flannel or wool undershirts in summer as well as winter until its eye and stomach teeth are cut. This clothing protects them and they will have less trouble while teething.

How many know that a half teaspoonful of common baking soda dissolved in water and given about four o'clock in the afternoon will prevent croup?

For burns, bandage and keep wet with strong alum water. Use freely as the bandage becomes warm.

Now I am going to make a request. Will the sisters send me pieces of worsted eight inches square with fruit or flowers worked in center as I want to make a COMFORT spread. Wishing you all success, I remain,

Mrs. JAMES SHARP, Gandy, Nebr.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a Tennesseean into your circle? I am twenty-four years old and married to a devoted "John". We have three children, two girls and a boy.

Mrs. Voorhees. Yours was a sweet letter; please read this to your children as I am sure they will enjoy it.

Playing School

"Through the half-open nursery door,
What does mamma say?
The funniest thing—her darlings four
Perfectly wild with glee.
The little urchins are playing school
And having a world of fun,
Madge stands up with a big ferule
And Roy has a dunc cap on."

"Silence!" she hears the teacher call,
"Class in geography."
"What's a cape?" "I know," cries Paul,
A rollicking rogue of three,
As he clutches his dimpled fingers tight
Into his tumbled curls;

"I think I've got the answer right,
It is somefin' wear'd by girls."

"Oh! oh! oh! What a laugh and short,
It startles the baby Vic,
Who is sucking her thumb till school is out,
She's the class in arithmetic."

But as 'two times two' is beyond her kin,
Her standing of course she misses,
So mamma runs to the rescue, then,
And gives the answer in kisses."

Sisters, I have a request to make and truly hope it will be granted. I have only five chapters of "St. Elmo" and desire so much to read it, so will some sister more fortunate than I, send the numbers containing the whole of it direct to me?

I do enjoy the letters from the many good writers, and I would be pleased to hear from you all, especially I do so, my birthday, Sept. 27th.

I did not mean to stay so long, but you know the fallings of women, and with a promise that it "shan't" happen again, I will close with thanks for all the benefit I have received from your letters. May God's richest blessings rest upon you all is the wish of your friend,
Mrs. MATTIE DAVIDSON, Pulaski, R. R. 4, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I had a request in the lost relative department of the May number. There was a mistake in the address and if any of the sisters have written to me I will not receive their letters. I asked for information of my sister, Lizzie Truett, who was married to a man named Stillwell. She is now called Libbie Stillwell, age twenty-four years. I will give my address in full at the end of my letter.

COMFORT is my favorite paper. I am very much interested in the sisters' and cousins' departments. Uncle Charlie is doing a great work and the seed he is sowing is bound to bring forth an abundant yield.

Now sisters, as to women's rights, I am ready to use my vote and I am trying to be a Christian and believe every Christian should read the Bible and pray, but faith without works is dead and if we cannot rule by love and kindness, we should use force. We all know there is many a mother, wife and sisters praying for loved ones, and we shed the bitterest tears of our life, yet the saloon is still here, whiskey is still made, and our loved ones are dragged down, down, almost beyond redemption. If we cannot keep our loved ones from evil, we can destroy the evil. When women vote, there will be no whiskey made. If your loved ones don't drink, and you have all that your hearts call for, thank God for it, but remember there are others.

Mrs. Pearl Lackey. Do adopt a child; you will not be sorry for I know by experience.

If the teething baby vomits and will not retain its medicine, give it an enema of warm soap suds. This will relieve the vomiting at once. Sometime I will come again and tell you of this country twenty years ago.

Mrs. NORA TRUSTEE JONES, Sapulpa, Box 331, Okla.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:

I enjoy the letters of our COMFORT sisters so well I am here pleading with our patient Mrs. Wilkinson for a little space to speak with them. As I have been well trained in the school of affliction I feel perhaps I might add some helpful suggestions to those not so well experienced as I by wading down deep in the river of sorrow where the waves threaten to cover me. I find that by considering our remaining blessings that we yet possess, we may be able to praise the Lord, especially when we hush our own thoughts to our own complaints and consider those who are worse off than we are. Then we can take a lesson in the school of patience. Dear sisters, I pray you may learn to let the precious sunshine burst upon your souls by considering how rich we all are. We are all millionaires, did you know this? Just consider for a moment how many blessings we possess, the five senses, touch, taste, sight, hearing and smelling. I believe nearly everybody possesses some of these, many possess all, and neither one of these would we dispose of for wealth.

I wish to speak to all fond and loving parents. I often see a mistake made in the first steps of teaching little ones. They are often taught little acts such as whip mamma or sister, or shake their little fist at such a one, or spit on them. Of course being so young it looks cute and funny when such acts are attempted and the love which covers this little one hides from our view the real wrong which will present itself later on when the child must be punished. And then, oh, how wrong to punish the child for the habit it was taught to take up.

I often observe that the most important principle which under parents from the power to control their children and make them obedient, is breaking their promises. Parents will threaten to do this or that, only to break these threats until there is no virtue in them. But oh, the beauty we see in an obedient child! How much we love them when we chance to visit a home where we notice so plainly such a one dwells there.

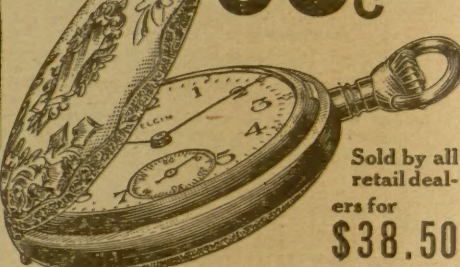
I would be glad to hear the sisters discuss this subject. Is it the fault of the parents that children of this period are so much more disobedient than they were many years ago when our forefathers were

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growing up, or is it in the children why they cannot be controlled?

I for one am not prepared to say because I have not had this experience, but from what I observe, think it is much the fault of the parents and that many are like myself, when the child wants its way we are not strong enough to be firm and have them do as we wish them to. I can already see that I would be unprepared in controlling a child when one is left in my care. I cannot deny their wishes being granted unless I positively realize their wish should never under any circumstances be allowed, and I believe this is the disposition of so many parents. But if we will notice, we scarcely ever find anyone who condemns their parents for being too strict and chastising them in their youth.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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—can have a steady income—and without devoting extra time—by representing us in their localities. As a sample offering we will ship direct from the factory freight allowed, our five-year guaranteed "CROWN LEATHER" COUCH at our wholesale price, \$19.75 (value \$35.00) on 10 day free trial—no payment down. If satisfactory after delivery, pay 50c weekly until paid—otherwise return at our expense. Write to-day for our plan, "Making Friends and Making Money" and picturing handsome things for the home at 50c weekly. Don't let your friends spend a cent on House Furnishings until you hear from us.

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LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.

NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

WELL, here's another "Glorious Fourth." There is always a tinge of sadness in the coming of July to me, as it reminds me that half the year is gone, another half milestone passed on the highway of life. It always grieves me to think that by the laws of nature I shall not be privileged to see a Fourth of July that is truly worthy of the name of glorious. If letting off firecrackers, making an infernal racket, and the killing and maiming of several hundred children constitutes a Glorious Fourth, we have certainly had a full measure of such.

Now, I have got my own ideas about Independence Day. I don't believe in making an infernal noise, and having a cannon cracker blow off three of my legs, four eyes and half a dozen of my ears, unless there is some reasonable excuse for it. If we had real independence (something we have not got), well, I would not mind going out in the back yard and making a human sky-rocket of myself.

It was a capital idea and only right that folks in the olden days should celebrate the anniversary of the day on which we threw off the yoke of England. Kingly tyranny was something we could not stand for, and we got rid of it, because it was that kind of tyranny and wrong that carried a sword, dressed up in a red coat, and that even a blind man could see. Now behold the great American nation, which goes wild about its independence once a year, bound hand and foot, chained body and limb, not by foreign tyrants, but tyrants of our own creation. In place of one king, doddering old King George, we have more kings now than we could count with an adding machine.

Here are a few of the present royal family of America: King Monopoly, King Oil, King Steel, King Privilege, King Coal, King Sugar, King Railroad, King Express Trust, King Telegraph, King Graft, Kings Aldrich and Cannon, and other political bosses of the usual type. Now there are a few of our American monarchs, and a nice sweet-scented bunch they are. Anyone of the crowd would make poor old imbecile George the Third look like a common four flusher, an ordinary everyday piker.

These are the kings that control our glorious country and own it body and soul. These are the kings who put their representatives in the Senate, our House of Lords, and make the laws under which the criminal trusts flourish in their robbery of the people by raising the prices of all the necessities of life. One morning you will wake up and find our monopolistic kings have bottled all the air, and you will have to pay ten dollars a bottle for it, or choke to death, and that is no pipe dream either.

Now, suppose instead of killing off three or four hundred children, sacrificing them on the altar of imbecility and madness (for not one child in fifty thousand regards Independence Day as anything else than a Heaven-sent opportunity for making a hideous noise), we just take a peep into history, and draw into our trust-ridden carcasses, a little of the spirit of 1776, and then solemnly resolve that our American kings shall receive the same kind of treatment we handed to George of England. No sword need be drawn, no gore need be shed in this bloodless revolution. We want ballots not bullets, and the ballots will not do any good if we allow a bunch of machine politicians to go into the back room of a saloon and over cocktails and wine bottles (which you pay for), decide on the apology for men that you free-born American citizens will be allowed to elect. There must be brains behind the ballot or the ballot is useless. A goat could vote, but what good will his vote do if he only votes to enslave himself? If the voters of this country have not learned who are their friends and their enemies then they deserve to be enslaved, for every country gets the kind of government it deserves and no better.

Thank Heaven all over the country, healthful signs are evident that the people are awakening, and that they are determined that this is to be a government of the people, for the people, by the people, instead of a government of corporations, for corporations, by corporations.

What you voters want to do is to vote for principles, not parties, and most of all for men of principle, and not politicians; and when you have elected a man keep your eye on him, and if he does not do what you appointed him to do, fire him. If you have a hired man who neglects his work, and is not worth his salt you fire him quick. If you elect a public servant, a senator or a congressman and he does not work for your interests fire him, too. Would you engage a hired man for six years (the term of a U. S. Senator) and tell him he was to hold his job for that period whether he robbed you or not? Of course you would not. Apply the same kind of sense that you show in hiring private servants to electing public servants. There is no difference between public and private business—it's just business, that's all.

Not until the people have the right of recalling political representatives who are faithless to their trust will the power of government ever return into their own hands. The politician who knows he must serve the people or lose his job will think twice before he sells himself to a corporation. The men you elect care little for the tolling masses. They are sleek, well-fed and prosperous and their pockets are well lined. The wolf of want and poverty has never dogged their footsteps. What sympathy can a government, largely composed of corporation lackeys have for men who live by the sweat of their brow? This country should be a paradise for plain people, ordinary every-day workers, and not a little heaven for the privileged few. England, a monarchical country sends over fifty working

men, right from machine shop and plow to Parliament. America a working man's country (and if it is not that it has no right to exist), has not a single man in Congress, wearing a Union button. Who is to blame? You who vote, you who do not put brains behind your ballots. You who vote the way Father did, unmindful of the fact that the conditions which made your father a member of this or that party have wholly changed. Think, read, study, ally yourself with every movement that makes for progress. Sweep the stand patter out of office. There is no standing still in this life, you either go backward or forward. Sweep those legislators, regardless of party, into outer darkness who for years have sat in Congress and opposed every effort to give you parcel's post, post-office savings banks, a voice in the election of U. S. Senators, a decent tariff, and other reform measures, which foreign countries have enjoyed for fifty years. Drive out those who have given away billions of dollars' worth of government coal, mineral and timber lands and water powers.

Do not be deceived by party promises made to win votes. We have had some beautiful examples of this time and again. What good are party platforms if the party candidates are friends of the big interests, and make promises which they have no intention of keeping?

On Independence Day then make this resolution. The United States (God's last effort on behalf of the human race), the grandest country in the world, capable of supporting a thousand millions of people in comfort and happiness, must be independent of monopoly; must be independent of machine-made, graft-gathering, peanut politicians; independent of that special brand of industrial slavery which turns grown men into idlers, and makes machine slaves of women and children in factory and mine and consumptives of both; independent of all organized trusts that exploit us and put fictitious values upon every article that we consume. Independent of those conditions which make a square deal and equal rights for all a pitiful farce; independent of that particular brand of wage slavery which dooms millions of noble American citizens to live, educate and raise families on the pitiful sums of eight or ten dollars a week, dooming the majority to early graves and the balance to the poorhouse; independent of those conditions which make a few billionaires on the one hand, and millions of wage slaves and tramps on the other; be independent of and fight everything that is un-American, unrighteous, un-Godlike and un-Christlike. We need no revolution to accomplish these results; these results can be brought about in a day if all men and women worthy of the name, will but put their shoulders to the wheel, and inform themselves thoroughly about the problems of the day instead of letting trust controlled newspapers, or trust owned politicians, do their thinking for them. Be alert and vigilant and we will have an Independence Day that will be worth while, and a happy, contented, healthy nation of noble, patriotic people to boot.

Nothing is accomplished without effort. Liberty is only the priceless possession of a people who are worthy of it and will fight for it, and fight not once in a hundred years, but every day of their lives. The people must govern, and the government must be run in the interests of all the people, and not for a privileged class. The battles our forefathers waged must be fought over again, and soon the cry of victory will resound as it did of old. Wrong will be vanquished and right and righteousness will prevail, and the people that Abe Lincoln loved will come into their own. Do this, and we'll have a "Fourth" worth celebrating, a new Independence Day that will make the old one look like thirty cents.

Do not forget to send in a birthday subscription for the wheel-chair club. You who want wheel chairs, and there are hundreds who need them and apply for them, must remember that of COMFORT's six million readers only a noble few will send in enough subscriptions in one month to earn one chair. If you are desperately in need of a chair you must either get up a club of two hundred subscribers yourself, or wait, possibly for years, until your name is reached on our list, and that list is long. Only those applicants for chairs who send references are placed on our list.

Thomas Sumler of Christiansburg, Va., the poor tortured boy who was suffering agonies for the want of bed springs and a proper mattress, has received two hundred and fifty dollars as the result of my appeal for him. Isn't that glorious. The poor fellow is fairly bursting with gratitude and happiness. God bless you dearies for your kindness to this poor soul. You are doing glorious work—Christ's work.

There are still nearly a million and a quarter of COMFORT homes without the only sure cure for the blues in the world, a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. A fifty cent bottle of medicine vanishes in a week and the chances are it does not do you any good, now here is the grandest body and mind tonic in the world, and it lasts forever and a day, a tonic you can secure without one cent of outlay, and yet not more than one in a thousand of COMFORT's readers possesses this unique and invaluable volume. For a club of only four fifteen-months subscriptions at twenty-five cents each, this, the greatest book of side-splitting verse in the world can be obtained, free, gratis and for nothing. With it go forty-eight glorious copies of COMFORT, and all for one dollar, and about a third of that goes to Uncle Sam for postage. If magazines and books fetched the same high prices provisions do, the offer that is now being made you would cost you not less than ten dollars. Uncle Charlie's Poems is a big, fat, substantial volume, weighing close on a pound, beautifully bound in silk ribbed, lilac cloth, printed on the best of paper, a perfect specimen of artistic book making. This book contains pictures of the author, one of which shows him doping out his monthly COMFORT talks to Maria. This book is an ideal gift for birthdays and other occasions. No home is complete without it. Get this magnificent premium. Work for it today!

Mrs. Nellie Furman, President of the International Sunshine Society of New York, writes: "Instead of being at work, where I belong, that blessed song book of yours has held me glued to the piano all the morning. The songs grow more attractive every time I play them over. My 'Queen of Dreams' has haunted me so for the last three days and nights, that it is fast driving me to the crazytarium." That is what they all say. "Queen of Dreams" will be the star song this season of Al. H. Wilson, the celebrated golden-voiced tenor, one of our leading theatrical stars. In the theaters where Mr. Wilson sings, this song

Hot Sun
Much Thirst

Now be careful.
Too much liquid
is bad—too little is
worse. Don't fill up
on ice water—anyway
the more you drink the
more you want.

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One glass satisfies. It has the wetness — a vim, dash and sparkle that delights parched palates and refreshes tired bodies and brains.

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in sheet music form, will cost twenty-five cents alone. By sending in a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, you get not only this beautiful song but twenty-seven others equally good, with full music for the voice and piano, all beautifully printed on the finest of music paper, a handsome folio, as big as a copy of COMFORT, and of course much heavier. On the front page of this superb book will be found four half-tone pictures of Uncle Charlie at various stages of his career. These summer

nights, when you congregate on the porch you will want something to sing. Here is your opportunity to provide yourself with splendid songs at no cost to yourself whatsoever. You get a book of songs, worth five dollars for a few minutes of easy work. Two subscriptions, fifty cents in all wins the book. This is the greatest bargain offer COMFORT ever made or ever will make. Send in a club of six and get both books. Now for the letters.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

No. 16 Lower Terrace, San Francisco, Cal.
My DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:
Here's a San Francisco girl to chat a while with you. I don't think there's a boy or girl from San Francisco that ever writes to you, is there? I just received the League pin last week and I'm not ashamed of it even if it is not made of gold. I wear it with my school pins. I have a grammar school and a college pin. I am going to business college. Ahem, I'll be a stenographer in less than a year.

Uncle, you're not the only person that ever has fog. I know that Augusta has some fierce fogs, but I'll bet you a nickel that the fog we had this morning was as thick as any of yours. I could not see half way across the street. I nearly got run over about sixty times. Wasn't that awful?

I suppose you'll want to know what kind of a nutty kid is taking up so much of your precious time. Oh, I'm a beauty. While I was in the country I cut some of my hair in front, right to the roots. Now they've grown out about an inch and a half, and stand up perfectly straight. My hair is straight as a poker. My eyes! Well, I hate to have to tell you all the colors in them. Some people call them gray, but I'd call them green because they are blue and yellow. My forehead is a great big thing and just like a mirror. It's so high that I have to keep pulling my hair down over it to hide it. I haven't got any dimples or any charming expressions, as I'd like to have. You certainly are missing something not seeing me. I'm fifteen years old, am five feet, four inches tall, and weigh about one hundred and eighteen pounds.

Say Uncle dear, don't you think girls are foolish to marry? I do. My chum (a girl of course) and I have sworn to be old maids. We're not going to be those cranky old things, but real nice old maids. We're going to live together and I'm going to support the house while she does the work in it. We'll be to the man who comes near it. We're going to have cats and parrots galore. Oh, you just see if we don't. Love and kisses to you, Uncle. I'd be simply delighted to hear from some of my cousins. Your dear niece,
LORINE CLARK.

Thanks, Lorine, for your jolly letter. So you think you are the only COMFORT cousin in San Francisco do you? You have another bunch of thinks coming. We have so many COMFORT cousins in Frisco that we have to have a president for that city as well as a state president. Call on Miss VanWile, 111 Collins St. She is a dear girl, and in very poor health just now. San Francisco fogs are rather thick, but if you want a real live fog, you want to hit London, England, when they have a pea souper on. The fogs in London are so thick that you have to go out on the street with an axe and cut chunks out of the atmosphere before you can get in the front door open. I know a man who was in bed in a London fog and the fog was so thick that he lost his way trying to get from one side of the bed to the other. Sorry you have had so much trouble with your hair. So have I. I've only got one hair but it gives me more trouble than if I had two or three millions. As long as I have got one hair, I'll never be entirely bald headed. I should like to have seen you digging up your hair by the roots. I should have been rooted to the spot, so great would have been my astonishment. I am sorry that you have not a charming expression. I have a great many charming expressions, and it would startle you to hear me using them sometimes. I should be glad to loan you one of my charming expressions, if you'll pay express charges and return it in good order. I guess Lorine we are missing a great deal by not seeing each other. I think matrimony is all right for a girl if she marries the right fellow, and does not marry more than three at once. I notice the people who try and marry more than one at once, generally land in jail, and that is a very good place for them. I am glad to know it's a girl chum of yours who has also sworn to be an old maid. It would have been terrible if a boy chum of yours had decided to be an old maid. You say you and your chum are going to live together and you are going to support the house while she is doing the work. Don't you think it's rather a big undertaking for a girl of your size and strength to attempt to support a house? If you are going to support a house, Lorine, I would not advise you to get one more than one story high, and even then it's no joke to support it. I don't think even Sandow the strong man could support a house, let alone a frail little girl like you. Why don't you let the walls and beams support the house; they are far more able to do the job than you are. I think after you had supported a house for ten minutes you'd get tired and let the roof fall on your cocoonant, and if the roof fell on your head, your hair would not be as stiff as a poker any more. You say you're going to the man who comes too near the house when you are supporting it. I suppose you'd let the house fall on him and break his neck, eh? You say you are going to have parrots "galore." You should have them galore, my dear; you're a "gal" aren't you? Thanks for your love and kisses, Lorine. There is nothing sweeter in the world than a California kiss. It's many years since I sampled them, but the taste still lingers and ever will while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe. P. S. Lorine, don't attempt to support a house while 'Frisco has one of its periodical earthquakes or you'll have your troubles all right.

COSMOPOLIS, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:
I received my membership card and button, and I think they are fine. Now I'll give you a short description of myself. I am five feet one inch tall and weigh one hundred and four pounds, have dark brown hair, brown eyes and dark complexion. I have three sisters and two brothers. One of my brothers is twenty-two years old, and the other is only five months old. My sisters are all younger than I am.

We live on a farm of one hundred and sixty-five acres, with papa and mama. On our farm we raise oats, potatoes, some vegetables and small fruits. The seasons are just about to raise large crops. Our principal crop last year was oats, nearly everything was a failure.

Uncle you should have been out here to see the high water. The water was all around the house, one side of the house was in water. We could not leave the house without a boat. My sister and I both know how to paddle the boat.

The country around here is very hilly and is covered with forests of fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock. The towns around here are noted for their manufacturing of lumber.

Cosmopolis, our nearest railroad station is seven miles from here and is on the Chehalis river. The largest ocean steamer that has ever ascended the Chehalis river, anchored at Cosmopolis and took a load of lumber to England.

I am going to school now and am in the eighth grade. The schoolhouse is just a little ways from home. I do all my own sewing, can cook and keep house, and play the organ in little, the only going to take music lessons after I get through school. If Billy the Goat does not devour this letter I will come again sometime. With best wishes for COMFORT, I am, your loving niece and cousin,
EMMA R. CARL. (No. 30,693.)

P. S. Inclosed find fifty cents for charitable purposes.

Emma, I am glad to hear from you. There is quite a disparity between the ages of your brothers. Twenty-two years is quite a gap in one family. I've a twin brother who is ten years older than I am, but then we're an extraordinary family anyway. I'm sorry to hear that your crops last year were a failure. Nothing is more exasperating after a man has toiled and labored for a whole year to see his work wasted. It requires a brave heart to bar up under such hard luck. It seems to me if there were a farmers' union that reached every section of the country, arrangements could be made so that a farmer could insure against crop losses. There are always enough good crops in the country to even up matters, and if we had some equitable system of production and distribution, those sections of the country which had been fortunate enough to have an abundance, would give of their abundance to those less fortunate. People nowadays insure against every form of loss and accident, and I don't see why crop losses should not be insured against. I suppose some loafers would not do a stroke of work so they could get

the insurance, just as some wretches set their houses on fire for the same purpose. Most men, however, are honest and want to do what's right, so my suggestion of crop insurance is given to the world free of charge. I am sorry to say, Emma, there is one crop that never misses a cog and always comes to full fruition, that crop is the trouble crop, and nearly all of us raise a crop of trouble year in and year out, and I regret to say it is impossible to insure against losses by crops of that kind. However, if we lead good, honest, upright lives, live up to the Golden Rule, and do the best we know how, our trouble crop will be greatly lessened, and sometimes entirely avoided. What with your crop losses and the deluge around your house Emma, you've been having a tough time. You say: "We could not leave the house without a boat." I wonder why that was. Why couldn't you leave the house without a hat? Were you afraid the poor house was going to drown, and left it a boat, so the house could get in the boat and row away as soon as the water got too high? That to me seems the only reason why you could not leave the house without a boat. I should like to see some of the rowing a boat. That certainly would be some fun. So you know how to paddle a boat do you? I've a great deal of sympathy for a boat that gets paddled, for the Lord knows when I was a small boy some thousands of years ago, Pop used to paddle me to beat the band. I should like to see a town manufacturing lumber. I thought it was the forests that manufactured all the lumber and not the towns. I think that steamer had an awful nerve, or at least its owners had, to come and take a cargo of lumber from Washington to England. What right have the English to be swiping our lumber anyway? Emma, the next time you see an English steamer carrying off American lumber send me a wire, and I'll acquaint Congress at once. Lumber is getting so high that we are paying a dollar apiece for toothpicks here, so why send any of it to England? In spite of trouble, flood and a bad crop, Emma sends me fifty cents for charitable purposes. That only bears out what I have frequently spoken of in my comments, the harder affliction strikes some people the more does it fill their hearts with pity and sympathy for others. God tries us all in the fires of affliction, and when we emerge from those fires we are chastened and purified—nobler and better men and women. Those who have not suffered have only half learned the lesson of life have only half learned how to live.

RHEA, R. R. 1, ARK.

HELLO UNCLE CHARLIE!

I guess you would love to hear from Arkansas it is the finest country I ever lived in, as I never lived in any other.

This is my second letter and I would love to see it in print. Hold Billie the goat while you read this, for it has been a long time since he ate my last letter, and I guess he is hungry by this time, unless other cousins have been feeding him. I will describe myself to you. I am nineteen years old, weigh one hundred and eighty pounds and am five feet seven inches tall, and of dark complexion.

Well, as you are wondering whether I work any or not, I will tell you what I can do, I can cook and iron clothes, wash starch and milk cows all the time.

We are having winter at present, and a hard one too, it has snowed two days, but I ought to be glad of that, for I can see the fire and read the letters from the cousins. Tell the cousins to write and I will answer them. Your loving niece and cousin,
MAUDE HUNTON.

Maude, I am so glad that you are entirely satisfied with your surroundings, and have such a high opinion of Arkansas. Stay at home then you will never have any cause to change your opinion. Some people are always moving about. They have an idea they will finally strike a spot where nature will hand them crops without toil, and will stand around and throw eggs at them without the trouble of buying incubators and hatching out the chicks, and that fruit trees will grow without planting. I have to change the addresses of some of the members of our League every few months. After years of wandering most of these people return to the place they started from and find that the old home was best after all. As Billy the Goat says, a rolling face gathers no whiskers, but it acquires lots of polish. Some people want to live on polish instead of hard work, but mighty few succeed, thank heaven, for the work in this world has got to be done by somebody. I have chained Billy the Goat up, Maude, so he can't eat your letter. Billy is suffering from letteritis of the liver, through eating so many of cousins' epistles. Maude, I am quite amazed at your accomplishments. You say you can cook and iron clothes. That's a new idea cooking clothes isn't it? I suppose the price of steak and other eatables that the Beef Trust has cornered, has gone so high that you were forced to chew up your wardrobe in an effort to keep life in your starving body. I have not seen the daily menu in your home, Maude, but I should imagine it runs something like this:

Breakfast.

Cereal. Chopped Straw Hats. Broiled Shirt-waists.

Dinner.

Soup, Cream of Socks. Entree, Fricassee Collar Buttons. Roast, Baked Pantaloon.

Dessert.

Undervest Pie, with Ice Creamed Overalls.

Supper.

Stewed Rubber Shoes with boiled Suspender Buttons for a chaser, the whole to be washed down by Hosiery Tea.

I should think a menu like that Maude, and no doubt you prepare a similar one daily, would soon put the beef trust out of business. Anyway I congratulate you on your determination to supply your family with a variegated diet. Variety is the spice of life, and I should imagine cooked clothes must be spicy eating. You also say that you can wash starch and milk cows all the time. I think you are very wise to give your cows a bath occasionally Maude, but don't put too much starch in the water. It would be pretty tough if you starched a cow's tail to such an extent that it became as rigid as iron, and thus prevented the poor animal from using it to flick the flies off its back, during the good old summer time. I hope you won't starch the milk as well as the cow, and please don't starch and milk the cow all the time. I should think if you conducted that operation morning and night it would be quite sufficient and I should imagine if you milked the cow all the time and starched her too that that cow would have good cause to kick, and if she did not kick it would be only because you'd starched her up to such an extent that she could not even move her legs. I am sorry you have been having a hard winter, Maude, maybe you have been starching that too. Even a winter will get hard if you put too much starch in it. I should advise you to sit by the fire, and not "set" by it. It's all very well for hens to set, but young ladies should arrange themselves in more graceful attitudes. I suppose you know the reason why the sun sets. Well, if it didn't set it could not hatch out the stars. Now that's my joke, and it's copyrighted. Maude you see Billy the Goat did not get your letter this time, did he? The Cousins have got it instead, and I trust they will enjoy it as much as I have.

PATTERSON, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I live on a farm, near the small village of Patterson. I have lived on the farm all of my life, and don't think I should like to live in the city. I have dark brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion, medium height, and am nineteen years of age. Now many

of the cousins like to draw? I do. I am taking lessons from a correspondence school, I think I have some talent for drawing, but I realize talent isn't genius. I am a great lover of nature, and should like to draw things as I see them, but am afraid I never shall. Uncle, I am one of a family of ten children. One of my brothers is in the navy. He is on the U. S. S. Montana. He has been to South America, or very near Cuba, Europe and Asia. He was in Palestine and afterwards sent us some pressed flowers from the Holy Land. He was at the Hudson & Fulton celebration, perhaps some of the cousins that were there saw his ship the U. S. S. Montana. Uncle Charlie, do you like to milk cows? I don't when they kick. In the summer when my sister and I milk, we dress the old cows up in all sorts of comical costumes. Uncle I know you would almost kill yourself laughing. If you were here, we would sit you up astride of old Fauns back, and if you didn't happen to be a good rider, she would "buck" you off. Uncle please don't let Billy the Goat make a supper of this. Your loving niece and cousin,
MILLIE HIXSON.

Thanks for your charmingly written letter, Millie. I am glad to find you have artistic tendencies, and as long as you are sensible enough to realize that talent is not genius, you'll be able to amuse yourself anyway, and possibly do some creditable work. Hundreds of people have written me that they are studying to be cartoonists and they invariably inclose samples of their work—generally a jig-a-boo bird flying across the heavens with a folding bed in his mouth. Then they ask me if I don't think they will be cartoonists some day. Oh, yes, they will be cartoonists some day all right. Talking of the cartoonist business, cartoonists are born, not made. There are very few cartoonists that are successful, and the profession is terribly overcrowded. For every cartoonist that makes a good living there are five hundred who do not make their salt. I know many brilliant fellows, men who have spent years in European art schools, who are hanging around New York, desperately hard up, looking for work which never comes. I know too, an artistic family, or rather a family that's got the art craze, an agricultural family by the way. Every member of the family determined to be an artist or a cartoonist someday. After two years' desperate effort, Pop has learned to draw a check. Mom has learned to draw a cork. Bill has learned to draw a gun, the baby's learned to draw its breath. Kate has learned to draw a duck, and they have even got the mule so it will draw a truck. When the bunch go to town they draw a crowd, when they eat mush they draw a blush, and draw a smile you bet, but not one of the crowd has learned to draw a picture yet. Millie, I hope you will have better success than the family I refer to. Glad your brother is having such a good time in the navy. If he will sail the battleship Montana into our back yard, Billy the Goat will deliver an address of welcome for the occasion which I will gladly compose. I'm not much in the milking line, Millie, but once a month I milk our good publisher for my salary, and he is good natured enough to stand still during the operation without kicking. The first time I tried to milk a cow she kicked me over the barn. She thought I was tickling her instead of milking her, and if she had not kicked me she said she would have laughed herself to death. The next time I tried to milk a cow I pumped for three hours, until her tail came off in my hands and then never got any results. Millie, as you are an artist it ought to be easy for you to draw milk. I advise you though, my dear, not to try to do it with a pencil. The results would not be very satisfactory.

CHARLESTON, BOX 158, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I like your song book very much. Dear Uncle Charlie you write like you were very much against poorhouses. I wish you could spend a few days in ours. My father is superintendent of the Mississippi County farm. We only get two dollars and fifty cents a week apiece for keeping the paupers. A man cannot feed one on that. We raise most everything we eat, but we pay fifty-two dollars a year for the farm rent. There are only eighteen acres in the farm. The paupers have scars where they have been beaten with sticks or clubs. We have been here ten months and my parents have never struck one of the paupers yet. The paupers are very anxious to please mother and father and there is never a harsh word or a threat used on either side.

Uncle Charlie, I am going to write a letter for a pauper here. You can print it if you have space and it is suitable. I will have the county doctor and a judge sign the letter. If I can't get a chair this way I'll have to wait till I can earn money.

I'll now tell you about a friend who is living at the poorhouse. Her name is Mrs. Mary Grider, she is deaf, dumb, and crippled with rheumatism and can't walk a step or stand on her feet. She is fifty-four years old and nearly blind. She can sew a little, enjoys reading large print. These are things that would brighten her dark, sad life. A wheel chair, Bible, reading glass and a post card shower.

Mrs. Grider is a Christian and could go to church if she had a wheel chair. I am a small boy, nine years old, am in the fifth grade and belong to the League of Cousins. I hope to see this in print soon, I remain, your loving nephew,
BERTRAM SHOWALTER.

Bertram, you are a dear good boy, and your Uncle Charlie loves you and is proud of you. I never received a letter in all the years I have conducted this department that has touched my heart more than yours. The sweet, manly, loving way you have written about poor Mrs. Grider, is beautiful. I know our readers will send more than enough money to that poor afflicted soul to buy her a wheel chair and the few other simple things that she needs. I wouldn't advise any of our readers to send Mrs. Grider a big print Bible, or even a magnifying glass, because an appeal of this kind would bring her two or three hundred Bibles, etc. Many people would spend money buying new ones, and one of the Good Books is all she needs. Send her the money and Bertram will buy her the things she needs, and what money is over will provide her with little comforts and luxuries, and brighten her dreary life for many a month. Another thing, if Bibles were sent, most of the people would only put a two cent stamp on them, and Mrs. Grider would have to pay the remaining ten or twenty cents for postage, as not one person in a hundred has any idea what it costs to mail anything but a letter. Scores of the cousins write me forty-page letters, put two cents instead of six on them, and COMFORT not knowing whether they contain subscriptions or not (and very few do) has to pay the extra postage. Nearly all our shut-ins at some time or other, get cruel, cold-blooded letters from flinty hearted people telling them that the poorhouse is the proper place for sick people who cannot afford to pay their way. Now here is a letter that gives you a pretty good idea of what life is in some of the poorhouses of the land. Thank God in this case the Showalters being kind-hearted, Christian people, are treating these unfortunate poor folks in a kindly, humane way. W at a blessing it must be to these poor souls to be treated as humans, instead of wild beasts and animals. Think of these unfortunates, with scars on their bodies from the clubbings and beatings they have received, and then people wonder why the sick do not want to go to such hell holes. People forget that sick people need attention. Their bodies must be rubbed with alcohol or bed sores will come, and a neglected bed sore in a month, will bring gangrene, and gangrene is death. A healthy man or woman can exist in such places, but the sick cannot, without proper attention and nursing, and that is seldom given. You see kindness is all that is necessary to make even a poorhouse habitable. I know a poor little cripple who used to be in a poorhouse in New York state, he was then a mere child, and he had a diseased hip. The people who ran this institution were kind, and they used to poultice the poor boy's wound, and at night the rats used to come and eat the poultices that were on his hip. I know that conditions are improving in many of these institutions, and in others conditions are getting worse. Sickness will come to all of us, and when sickness comes, money goes and not one of us knows where we will end our days. Don't wonder that I feel deeply upon this matter, for twice I have heard the

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wheels of the city ambulance (rumbling in the courtyard of a hospital) that was to take me to the poorhouse. Fortunately I escaped, but I saw four others dragged from their beds (they were all sick at the time) and carried off to the county institution, and in two weeks three of the four were dead. The snake up of the journey and the lack of proper care they had been in the habit of receiving in the hospital, soon put an end to their existence. Bertram, again let me thank you for bringing Mrs. Grider's case to my notice. Would that every living soul in America had your kindness and goodness of heart. If Mrs. Grider had been a heathen Chinese or a pious Hindoo, instead of an ordinary American, all the churches in Charleston, Mo. would have sent her enough money to buy her a wheel chair of gold, studded with diamonds. It's wonderful how excited people can get over

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Getting Ready for the Show Season

It is quite time to think about the fall fairs. It is good for business to exhibit birds, and now is the time to select the most promising and give them special attention. It is not possible to tell just how a bird will develop, so it is best to prepare several, even if you only contemplate entering two or three. Of course, there must be thoroughbred stock, to start with, but feeding and general care has much to do with success. The best blood won't take a prize if the bird is out of condition either in health or plumage. The selected birds should be confined in a special house and yard, and accustomed to handling. A little patience will soon get them so tame that they will eat out of your hand. Once used to being picked up and stroked, they will not be frightened when put up for public admiration, nor will they give the judge trouble when he has to examine them for points. But if birds are taken from large yards and sent off in small coops to be handled by strangers they invariably get sick, and show to such poor advantage that they fail to receive their due rating.

The Standard of Perfection instructs judges to deduct two points a pound for any deficit from standard, or one half point an ounce for any excess over the standard in bantams. In all varieties of turkeys, geese and ducks, having weight clauses, three points per pound are deducted for any deficit from standard. This short summary will prove the importance of weight.

Feeding and Care

First the frame of the bird must be the right size, so that sound, firm flesh will cause it to tip the scales at the right mark. Over-fattened birds lose shape and condition. Many birds of good size, shape and build fail to receive awards because of condition and plumage, more the result of feed and care than breeding. I have seen a bird take first prize at one show, and at another, later in the season, when out of condition, be passed over entirely.

From time of selection, feed good sound food three times a day—just the amount they will eat clean in ten minutes. Never throw down unlimited supplies, or they will get over fat and lazy. A quarter of the whole grain each day should be hemp or sunflower seed, to make the feathers bright and glossy. A good mash feed for the last few weeks is rice or wheat boiled in milk. If your birds are white or light-colored, shield them from the full rays of the sun, for it has a tendency to tan white feathers and impoverish the quality of the buff plumage.

The Bird's Toilet

The day before shipping, light-colored fowls of any sort should be washed. Don't gasp. It's not by any means a difficult undertaking, but must be done thoroughly, or the result will be anything but pleasing to behold. An ordinary wash-bowl makes a good bath, because of the oblong shape. Put enough warm water into it to cover the bird. Make a lather of good white soap. Stand the fowl in the water and soak for a few minutes. With a moderately soft brush, scrub down and across the feathers, but never upward. Go at it with a will—don't be afraid; and work as quickly as you can. When every spot is removed, hold up the bird and have some one empty and refill the bath with clean water; rinse, repeating the scrubbing downward, to remove the soap. Repeat this process with the third and fourth water. On the closing depends the success of this washing. When every vestige of soap has disappeared, stand the bird on a tray and dry with a soft towel. Next, brush downward with a fairly stiff, dry brush; then place in a drying cage. This is easily made of wire netting sides and top, with a wooden floor, and a perch across the center for the bird to roost on high enough to prevent its tail touching the floor. Cover the floor with three inches of sawdust, so that all droppings will immediately be absorbed. The cage should be placed in a warm corner out of all draft, and in a surprisingly short time the feathers will begin to web and fluff out.

Let me warn you—if the water is too warm,



WHITE WYANDOTTE HEN.

the fowl may faint. Don't be alarmed. No permanent harm will result. It will revive immediately if the head is well doused with cold water. Get all the dirt off the legs and feet; next morning rub just a touch of vaseline over the extremities to soften and brighten them.

The shipping coops should be large enough for the birds to stand upright in. As most shows are held in cold weather, cover the open parts with strong unbleached muslin. Personally, I think the exhibitors should accompany the birds, or send a trusty attendant to all shows. Such a course assures better care on the journey, and enables you to care for their health during the trying time of close confinement which competing for honors condemns the birds to. Your presence often procures better bench accommodations, insures coops which are free from dust,

clean drinking cups, and all the small details which help a good appearance.

Correspondence

J. O'D.—Could you please tell me through COMFORT (as I am a subscriber to it) what is the matter with my chickens? My hens, rather. They appear to be all right, and all of a sudden they become lame, and in the morning they are a little worse, but will try and eat their feed, but by the afternoon they will just lay around, and do not care if they eat or not. Still they will lay. Their combs become a kind of gray. I do not know anything about chickens, as I have only had them since last summer, but I think they did well all winter. I have a good warm house for them with electric light in it, and feed them a great variety of food, both soft and hard: wheat, grain, oyster shells, scratch food. I have the Standard Poultry Book, and do everything anyone tells me, but I do not seem to get the right thing, as I had all of your correspondence, but do not seem to see anything like my poor hens, and they are expensive to keep in this country. My hens are laying nicely, but I do not know what minute they will become lame and die. They also make a kind of a wheezing sound. I give them exercise by tying things up high, such as cabbage, and they jump for it. I would be very grateful to you if you could tell me what ails them, and I am sure will be very much appreciated by me.

A.—Fear in your case it is too much care. If they are heavy birds I think you will find it better to scatter the scratch feed in a deep bed of loam or cut straw and let them get their exercise by scratching for it, rather than jumping for things hung up. Cut out the mash and if you can, give them free range, falling that plenty of green food.

N. E. H.—I set eighteen eggs under a hen, and she ate nine of them. Please tell me the reason.

A.—Are you quite sure that the hen ate the eggs? Rats and weasels often steal the eggs from under setting hens. Of course, there are often egg-eaters in a flock, but I think it is rare to find a hen who



WHITE WYANDOTTE ROOSTER.

will eat eggs out of her own nest whilst setting. If you are sure that the hen is guilty, you had better kill her, for I know of no cure.

B. F.—Kindly give me some advice about my baby chicks. They are hatched in incubator, my first experience—nearly three weeks ago; seventy-five chicks from ninety-five fertile eggs. They get sleepy-looking and don't eat, and sometimes are dead in two hours. Some stagger and go sideways and fall over like they haven't any use of their legs; others get stopped up around the vent. I wash and grease them, but they doesn't do any good. I feed corn bread and prepared chick-feed, scattered in alfalfa meal on brooder floor, alternately. I put them out of doors every good day; have a little yard for them; scatter hayseed (timothy) and sand in it, and keep water before them all the time, and of course keep the brooder clean. What is the cause of chickens being born with malformation of legs, in the incubator and with hens too?

A.—I think the fault must be with the parent stock. It is either badly inbred, or has been indirectly fed during the winter. The trouble might be caused by poor management of the incubator, by which it was allowing the heat to run too high or too low, but as you say the same malformation has occurred when eggs have been hatched under hens, I think the fault lies with the birds who laid the eggs.

A. T.—Last fall I bought twenty hens and one rooster; common stock of different kinds. My coops are all dug in the ground from three to four feet, and have one end of cedar lining and a few boards on top. They are walled up inside with lumber, and each has a window two feet by three feet. This spring I went over the chicken coops with liquid made of cedar leaves, and then whitewashed the inside. I brush the perches with coal oil once a week, but my hens continue to get sick and die. Some seem to be well at night, and I will find them dead under the roost in the morning. Others get sick and seem to have bowel trouble. Their droppings are yellow and watery, and after a week or two their combs turn black. They seem to be cold and finally get so they can't stand on their feet. Others have a yellow ulceration in the throat. It is hard for them to swallow their food; they shake their heads till they almost fall, and go backwards. I feed hot mash in the mornings, of wheat, oats, and mixed with milk, corn meal and bran. They have the run of the entire farm. Can you tell me what the trouble is? Please answer through COMFORT.

A.—Your hens are in a very serious condition. It seems hard to advise you to kill them, but truly I fear there is no other safe course, for they have malignant roup, which is contagious, so they are a menace to other birds in the neighborhood, and even if you succeed in curing them, it would not be safe to breed from them at any future time. As I have said, roup is contagious, but it is also hereditary, and not infrequently develops from a common cold. In your case the house may be damp, as they are partly underground, in which case the birds may have contracted a cold which has developed into a roup before you noticed it. After the affected birds have been killed, or removed to a coop for treatment, thoroughly disinfect the premises. If you will look through the back numbers of COMFORT, you will find numerous remedies for roup.

F. M. S.—I have mated one-year-old Wyandotte hens, which I hatched from eggs I got in Delaware, to a Wyandotte rooster, hatched from eggs which I got in New Jersey. Can I mate the hens of this cross to a rooster of the Delaware stock, and advertise the eggs from such mating as pure-bred Wyandotte?

A.—Yes, if the eggs from both places came from pure-bred stock. Such mating as you propose to do is good line-breeding, and is all right if the original stock was equally high-class.

J. J. K.—I think you will be able to find pure-bred geese in California. Try an advertisement in the local paper. The express charges on birds from the E. are too heavy, and it is too far to send eggs.

J. A.—I am sorry I cannot answer your question.

T. F.—The Embden gender weighs eighteen pounds, geese sixteen pounds. They are one of the very best breeds for market stock.

J. S. C.—Poultry Department, COMFORT. I come for help. Please tell me what's the matter with my young chicks. They begin to look droopy, and by noticing them carefully I see they will hold their heads up and swallow constantly. On examining them I find their crops are puffed with gas and a frothy water runs out of their mouths, and if I hold their heads down and swing them a little the frothy water pours out of their mouths and the crops come down. They are very thirsty, and stand and drink until it seems as if they would drown themselves. I have examined their mouths and throats, and very often find a white or yellow substance under their tongues or in their throats or side of mouth. I have had all ages of chicks from one week to six or eight weeks old have it, though those from one to three weeks have it more often. I lost the most of my chickens this way last spring, and the past week the young ones are taking it again. I tried everything I ever heard of last year

without success. I don't think I ever cured one. I don't feed them anything until thirty-six hours old, but keep plenty of grit and water before them, then feed them about four times a day with hard-boiled eggs for a day or two, then give them corn bread and prepared poultry food. They have wide range, though I keep the mothers confined until chicks are ten days or two weeks old, then only turn them out a while in the warm part of the day. I have tried to describe them the best I could, and do hope you can help me some way. Am afraid all my chicks will be dead before the paper is published, but I will be prepared another year. I have been looking over my old COMFORTS, and have read poultry journals, but can't find any disease like it described. I have the White Plymouth Rocks. I thank you in advance for any help you may give me.

A.—Don't give the chicks boiled eggs or corn bread. Get what is termed chick-feed, which is a mixture of cracked grains. Feed nothing else until they are a month old. The difficulty with your chicks has been, giving them so much hard-boiled egg the first few days. It was too heavy and rich, and the digestive organs have been thoroughly deranged.

M. M. M.—I cannot give breeders' addresses in this column, and do not care to do even by mail, as it is accepting a responsibility which I do not care to incur.

J. G. C.—I live on a farm, and the chickens have free range of water and feed, and there is lots of sand, gravel and lime laying around. I have eighteen half-Leghorns, half-Wyandotte pullets raised from Leghorn hens and a Wyandotte rooster last year, but the pullets seem to be the Leghorn breed, the rooster of Wyandotte type. The pullets lay from sixteen to eighteen eggs every day. Have been laying since the first of January almost as good, but they don't want to set. Do you think they will be better setters another year? I am thinking of getting an incubator. Can I set duck, goose and turkeys' eggs all at once in an incubator, and what make of incubator would you advise, and which is best and safest—hot air or hot water heaters?

A.—I don't believe birds from such a cross are likely to make good setters at any time. Personally, I like hot air incubators, but many people like hot water, considering them just as good. If I understand your question, you ask if hen, duck, goose and turkey eggs can all be incubated at the same time in the same machine. No; most decidedly no! You see, each sort of eggs requires a different sort of moisture during the time of incubation, what is more, each takes a different number of days, to hatch. Hens' eggs take only twenty-one days; while ducks' require twenty-eight, and geese forty. The heat always increases in an incubator, when the birds break their shells, therefore it is impossible to regulate their ventilation and temperature for mixed kinds. Of course some machine will hatch different eggs at different times. As a rule, there are not so many turkey and goose eggs to be hatched, therefore it is better to devote the incubator to hens' eggs, and use hens to incubate the others.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

I live in the "Sunny South" the home of "King Cotton," where you use and see every day what has been manufactured into useful articles. Those who live in this mild country really do not know how to appreciate the comfortable climate we possess and I so often pity the unfortunate shut-ins and invalids who live in such a cold climate, and even here it is disagreeable to a great extent. For two winters we have had no snow to cover mother earth from sight. In January we sow tobacco seed, and in February the garden seeds. Here we see the large tobacco and cotton fields, either one of which would be very interesting to those who have never seen it cultivated and prepared for market. April is the time to sow cotton and if any of the sisters would like to have some cotton or tobacco seed to raise a few plants for their beauty, it can be raised in a box or as a pot-plant even in cold climates. I will send them seed of either on receipt of self-addressed stamped envelope, for the dear sisters and readers of COMFORT have been so kind in sending me cheer and help in lonely hours, which I wish to again thank them for. Cotton seed is used on the soil for fertilizer, also fed to cattle.

A few helpful hints and I will be silent. Only last winter I found the best remedy for cold in the head I have ever tried and I have tried many. This is vinegar diluted with water until it has only a very weak vinegar taste; this snuffed up the nostrils and allowed to come out in the throat (which is spit out) is just fine to cure a bad cold. A sore in the nose is cured by rubbing pure vinegar on the affected place.

Another help in keeping decent and ready to meet

company at any time is to have a large apron with waist, and like the shirt-waist open in the back. It can be unbuttoned in a moment and off it is and you are fresh looking.

Anyone who wishes to know more of this part of North Carolina, near the capital of the state which is Raleigh, will gladly give the required information. May the Lord who has strengthened me, likewise do the same for you all in every trouble and sorrow through life.

Miss AZURAH LEE, Dobb, R. R. 2, Box 17, N. C.

Mrs. Lee.—I have held your very excellent letter for some weeks, because heretofore I have not had the necessary space in which to print it, and it contained too much of value to be laid aside. Your remarks on the training of children are broad and show a generous mind; they lead the way without condemning. I am sure a letter from you, describing the locality, its advantages and disadvantages in regard to trade and the home seeker would contain much of general interest to the sisters, and hope you can favor us with such.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have learned to look to COMFORT for advice on everything concerning housekeeping and many other things and have always been helped by it.

I have been married eight years, am twenty-nine years old and have a kind and loving husband and four children, two boys and two girls. The oldest is six years and the youngest three months old.

I can sympathize with the poor shut-ins. The past five months I have been suffering from nervous trouble and anemia (lack of blood). I cannot work, sew or walk far at a time, so I cannot get out much. I was born in Thursday "mour and sad" and it means a great deal to overcome a melancholy disposition, but I try to be as cheerful as I can. I wish the sisters would write to me. Do any of you know any remedies for my disease? Will try to answer all.

I wonder how many saw the comet. We saw it twice and it certainly was worth the trouble.

I hope the following hints will help someone. Equal parts of alcohol, turpentine and chloroform make an excellent cleanser for clothes, also a good liniment.

To clean stained granite ware, fill dish with water to which has been added a little polish and let boil. Mrs. RUTH HARTWIG, 119 Cedar St., Flint, Mich.

Mrs. Hartwig. I wish I might say something that would bring forth the sunshine in your nature, for it is surely there. Your blood is impoverished, probably from some long standing physical ailment and this condition as a rule is attended by extreme nervousness and depression that is often more wearing than actual pain. I do not need to tell you that a simple nourishing diet (from which all fried foods have been eliminated) is necessary, and that as near as possible you should live out of doors. Cannot you arrange to take a light kind of work and sit in the sunshine, such as mending, etc., for I assume you are happier when employed. Also, sleeping out of doors, well protected from dampness will be beneficial, and sleep just as many hours out of the twenty-four as possible. But first, please let me advise your consulting a first-class physician, that you may get at the real cause of your run-down condition. It may be over-work. I would read, choosing matter that is easily comprehended, and above all, cheerful. No visit to some place you would like to particularly see would do you good. Avoid morbid people for they certainly will harm you in your weakened condition, and seek those who are strong and cheerful. I shall think of you from time to time, always wishing that I may hear of your speedy recovery.—Ed.

KIND FRIENDS:

I have never written a letter to COMFORT, but was so much helped by our dear editor's sermon that I thought I would write a few lines. He doesn't claim to be a preacher but he surely ought to be. If the editor of every paper would print the helpful things of life instead of so many discouraging things, the world would grow better instead of worse.

I am the mother of five children, the oldest only eight the last of May. I have my hands and heart full and need encouragement.

Would be glad to hear from Comfort sisters, letters of helpful nature, how to care for those little ones in the best way for myself and them. Also of a simple way for making money at home where I am compelled to stay. I have a good and loving husband and would like to help him work for the children if I can.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Danderine

Grows Hair and we can

PROVE IT!

The Great DANDERINE Never Fails to Produce the Desired Results.

It enlivens and invigorates the scalp, glands and tissues of the scalp, resulting in a continuous and increasing growth of the hair.

Letters of praise are continually coming in from nearly all parts of the country stating that Danderine has renewed the growth of hair in cases that were considered absolutely hopeless. A lady from Brooklyn writes: "After a short trial my hair stopped falling, and now have a lovely head of hair, very heavy and over one and a quarter yards long."

Danderine stimulates the scalp, makes it healthy and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp invigorator known. It is a wholesome medicine for both the hair and scalp. Even a small bottle of it will put more genuine life in your hair than a gallon of any other hair tonic ever made. It shows results from the very start.

Now on sale at every drug and toilet store in the land; 3 sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Free Danderine tests. We will send a large sample free by mail to anyone who sends back from coupon to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and five in silver or stamps to pay postage.



Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

I certainly enjoy reading your letters. I am not of a very cheerful nature and wish I could be. Wishing you all good luck and happiness.
Mrs. SALLIE CLARK, 214 Clark St., Knoxville, Knox Co., Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As it has been some time since I had the pleasure of being with you, may I call again this beautiful May afternoon? Though I have been a long time silent, I have, each month, carefully read your good letters and my frequent thoughts and best wishes have been with the Comfort Sisters. As our kind editor has requested that our letters be of value and importance, I shall do the best I can.

Doubtless many of you still remember me, as I have received a number of nice cheering letters and cards since my letter appeared in Comfort, and yes, I have found some dear pen friends through it. Comfort has been a welcomed visitor to my home for six years, and here on my bed all the time as I am those able to enjoy outdoor life cannot know the sweet comfort and pleasure it brings me each month, especially do I enjoy the sisters' and cousins' letters. Uncle Charlie is such a jolly old fellow and has such a big heart for the shut-ins.

Many changes have taken place since I last visited this happy band, some of both sorrow and pleasure. It seems that my pathway is a thorny one, with but few roses, yet I know I have many blessings, and am not by myself in sickness and trouble, for we read and hear of it every day.

Dear sisters when I last wrote to this cheery band, I had a father who often came and spent the day with me. He died Feb. 27th. I miss him more than tongue can tell, yet in his condition I feel it is best for the last year of his life was without pleasure.

Today, May 13th, is warm and sunny, and I hope it will stay warm so everything can grow, for our cotton is just coming up. We thought warm weather was here to stay more than a month ago, but we had heavy frosts last month which killed corn and beans, which were in bloom and other young plants.

I wonder how many of the sisters like to raise chickens. I used to so much enjoy caring for the little baby chicks of which we now have seventy-five. But now I am denied that pleasure and can only watch them run about.

Mrs. Mallory. My heart goes out to you in tender sympathy. How I wish I could help all the poor cripples get wheel chairs.

Mrs. Mayme Hunt. How are the little nieces? I sent you a letter soon after reading your letter in Comfort, but it was returned to me.

Mrs. Sidney Edwards. Come again, I am not acquainted with you, though I saw you pass my home one Sunday afternoon this spring. I am always glad to see a letter from Arkansas.

Mrs. Carrie Clark. It is hard to be afflicted so young, and I sympathize with you having to remain in bed. I hope you will be able to get a wheel chair.

I would say a word to all if space permitted, for I love each one and feel almost as if I were talking to some dear friend.

I hope to see my letter in print, as I am hardly able to write and may never write to dear old Comfort again.

I have a dear little girl nearly eight years of age and am always glad to see letters on the training of children. Thanking you all for your kindness I hope to hear from you. With loving thoughts,
Mrs. OLA CABLE, Essex, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have called before but found no room, so I shall try again, as I have never seen a letter in Comfort from this place. I don't know why it is, for there are many here who take Comfort.

I will tell you something of our beautiful little inland town situated in the western part of Monroe Co., Ky. Tompkinsville has a beautiful location at the foot of a very large hill on one side, while the other expanse is mostly level. We have between eight hundred and a thousand inhabitants, suburbs and all. There are eight stores, two hotels, besides restaurants, a mill and tobacco factory, three churches, jail, Court House and college which is situated on an extensive campus with over three hundred pupils in attendance this winter term and seven teachers. This is the most ideal town in southern Kentucky for securing an education; up to date in every respect. Anyone can place their children in a school here with the greatest confidence of their receiving the best of care and protection.

There has been a continued boom here for the last two or three years. Between forty and fifty houses have gone up in the last year and a half. People are flocking here to send their children to school. There is a large territory being opened up to home-seekers; lots for sale any time.

The people here are kind and neighborly extending a hearty welcome to all thrifty, energetic, honest people, who desire to locate with us. There is very strong talk of a railroad coming this way. One of the largest poultry houses in the country is doing business here. We have about one dozen mills daily. That from Louisville reaches us daily, and the rural service and telephones keep us as well posted as the city. We are in the great temperate belt, so most anything can be raised. Tobacco is raised most extensively. Some of the finest on the Louisville market was raised in Monroe Co. We have plenty of timber and good water in abundance, and as healthy a climate as anywhere. Fine medicinal waters at the fair grounds and other places over town free to all.

I want to thank everyone who answered my letter in Comfort two years ago. May God bless each one of you for the sunshine you sent into my sad life. I tried to answer all who sent stamps, but I am afraid I failed. The best I could do was to write you a little but I won't complain and make this a sad letter. I wish I might help all the dear suffering shut-ins. May God grant a new lease of life to Comfort's whole staff and noble band of workers. Your shut-in sister,
LOUVENIA HOPE, Tompkinsville, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading Sister Brothers' letter I thought I would try my hand again, for I have written one letter, but I guess "Billy the Goat" was short of fish hooks and devoured it but I hope he will not be as hungry this time. While I enjoyed the letter very much, I want however to say a word about the factories, for I think she has the wrong idea. While the one Mrs. Brothers worked in may be that kind, I know all of them are not, for I have worked in one for twelve years. Of course I don't believe in girls going away from home to do any kind of work, but sometimes they are obliged to, and if so, I think they can be just as nice and pure in a cotton mill and associate with as nice girls as there are anywhere. Now perhaps many of you will not agree with me for I know there are those who think factory people are nobodies. Now for instance, if all the city and country folks were brought together, and all factory hands, and the good clean, respectable people were picked from the three classes, I think you will find that the factory hands are as good as you will among the other two.

There were eleven children at home, six girls and five boys, and my parents can truthfully say, not one of us has brought any disgrace on them, and we were reared at a cotton mill. They taught us how to behave and how to conduct ourselves and we abided by their teachings. Brothers, I read Mrs. Austin's too meanly of me for speaking well of the cotton mills, for if she could see our mills out here in the good old state of N. C., she would think quite differently from what she now does.

I hope she will write again for I enjoyed her letter and certainly do agree with her on women's rights. I think Mr. Gannett and Uncle Charlie are doing a noble work for the shut-ins and I would help if I were able, and hope some day to be.

I would be pleased if some of the sisters would write to me for we have no children and sometimes I get lonesome.

With best wishes for dear old Comfort and much love for the shut-ins, am
COMFORT reader,
Mrs. F. A. HAWKINS, Box 65, Bessemer City, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of the Sisters' Corner for several years, but never tried to write before, as I thought there were so many more interesting letters than mine could possibly be until I read Mrs. Austin Brothers' on factory work and feel now I will have to say a word in favor of the factory girls. I have only worked in the Corinth mills, but there is certainly no sin and shame in them. There are as good Christian girls in the mills as in any walk of life. Of course there are some that go wrong, but they are few, and I think it is better to be in the training of a factory than in a manufacturing town, and I believe that out of the five or six hundred that work in the two mills, that you could count the ones on your fingers that go astray, while there are hundreds that marry and make their homes here for their husbands and children. My father died when I was eighteen and I had all these years lived in the factory and had never read of all this. I dreaded the factory, but that was all I would find to do. But what was my surprise to find that the day's work began with a service of song and prayer, that the foreman and all the management with the factory treated the girls with the respect due an lady. And that work here must bring a written

recommendation from reliable people before she can get employment. She is expected to live a virtuous life, and if she does not, she is brought before a committee of four of the older women and the affair is investigated, and if it is found that the reports are true, she is sent home and everyone asked not to mention the affair again and you will seldom hear of it outside.

I am a widow, twenty-seven years old and have worked in the mills before and since I married, and think it the best place for poor girls to work.
Mrs. BETTIE JEMIGAN, Corinth, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Please let me come in and have a chat with you all. I have been taking Comfort for several years, and it grows better and better; at least I think so and the Comfort Sisters' Corner is well worth the subscription price. Then there is the League of Cousins conducted by Uncle Charlie that is very entertaining and instructive. I could write on and on of Comfort's good qualities, but as time is passing rapidly by I must try to write something new, for we all know that Comfort is a good paper and gives us true comfort indeed.

I am a widow with two boys; one sixteen years old, the younger thirteen. Dear sisters, my advice is to teach our children obedience from the cradle. I have had a lonely time as my husband enlisted in the beginning of the Spanish American War. He went to Cuba, thence to the P. L. where he died. He has been dead nearly ten years, so you can understand that I have had to train my two boys the best I could. In the majority of cases boys need a father's strong arm to train and encourage them. My oldest boy has left home and is working for himself; my baby boy is with me, but finds time so lonely—just he and I at home and out in the country. He is very eager to go to school and I shall do all I can to gratify his wishes in that respect, although I am poor, financially.

Mrs. Austin Brothers. Your letter in May number was so good. I enjoyed reading it, because you spoke my sentiments therein. I will try and send you a letter for your birthday party.

Let me say a word to dear Mrs. Lewis Faris. I love old people and enjoy doing anything to add to their pleasure and comfort. Mrs. Faris, I lost the dearest friend I ever knew last Feb. My dear and loving mother; then I had to nurse my baby boy through a spell of fever. When I read your kind letter it really gave me much comfort. I could say a word of commendation for all the letters; they are such a help to me, especially in the hours when loneliness becomes almost unendurable.

I shall be glad to receive letters from the sisters.
Mrs. FANCHON BELK, Waxhaw, R. R. 2, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am deeply interested in the Sisters' Corner and would like to read letters from every state. I too, am a shut-in and have been a reader of Comfort for a number of years and think your dear and interesting and helpful though I read everything contained therein.

I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for thirty years, and have not walked a step for twenty-five years. My knees are drawn and so are my hands and so cannot do any more at all. I suffer terribly all the time unless I take tablets to take the pain. Those that have never suffered cannot realize what suffering is. I sit in my chair all day long until I am put to bed. In the morning I am glad to get out in my chair. I get very tired, especially in hot weather. I don't see that I will ever get any better until the Lord will take me home. I try to be cheerful and bear it as long as I can.

Would some of the sisters please send me nice interesting books and magazines, cards and cheery letters. Will answer all I can if stamps are inclosed. Anything to bring cheer into our dreary lives and to forget our pain and suffering.

I live in the beautiful city of Falmouth, Kentucky, which is about 4,000 inhabitants. It is noted for its many fine shade trees and cement walks. We are fifty miles from Cincinnati.

Mrs. E. NEWMAN, Falmouth, Box 74, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT AND GOOD SISTERS:

I am a stranger to your happy band but you are not a stranger to me by any means. I have been a silent admirer for a long time, hoping to join you some sweet day, but bad health and misfortunes have encumbered my path all along, diverting my mind, and often I have to forego plans and anticipations, most sincerely dear.

I like children to lift the load of care, or brighten my pathway, and only those who have stood by the portal of the tomb and seen the cloud laid over the loved form of their last and only child, can know anything about how sad, how very desolate, it seems afterward; especially after having for fourteen years until the Lord had sent this to stay, cherish and brighten your old age.

Now my husband is compelled to go from home to work, for his only trade is sawmill work, and of course I will be alone and I want some good sister to direct me to some middle-aged woman, a Christian preferred, to stay with me. I can give a good home to anyone who would appreciate a good home with no work to do except to cook for us and care for a few chickens. I keep no cow. Have a good garden and plenty of good well water right at kitchen door. A good church and everything in our little town to make life pleasant for anyone but a broken-hearted shut-in like myself. My health is indeed too bad for anything. I simply stay at home, suffer, pray and try to wait patiently for my loved ones to come with that glorious message.

I have a few flowers, some I am growing for the dear little grave and if any sister would send me bulbs or cuttings I would be very grateful.

Hoping some Christian-hearted sister will put me in touch with some good woman to stay with me.
I am your friend,
Mrs. E. V. TATE, Sumville, Miss.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of Comfort for two years and will continue to do so as long as I live. I live five miles southeast of Elida, N. Mexico, on a home stead of one hundred and sixty acres, and if the wind did not blow six days out of a week I should like here very much.

I am eighteen years old, have brown eyes, dark hair and fair skin. I have been married two years and have a sweet little brown-eyed baby boy of ten months. He is the joy and light of our home. Will some of the dear sisters write more letters on the training of children?

Mrs. F. H. Voorhees, Elida, N. Y. Come again. I admire your letter very much. I am a Christian and I want to train my baby to be. "Train the twig" the way you want it to grow.

I am trying to get up a club to get Mrs. Mallory a wheel chair. May the Lord bless you all.
I am sincerely yours,
Mrs. O. L. WHEELER, Elida, New Mexico.

DEAR SISTERS:

Having read several calls for more letters from the northwest and seeing none from this part of the Willamette valley, I will try and give you a pen picture of this country. We are situated very near the center of Linn County, Albany is the county seat and is about eighty miles south of Portland, Lebanon is considered the garden city of the Willamette, and is situated on the west bank of the South fork of the Santiam river, on a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, twelve miles east of Albany, in a most picturesque and beautiful spot with the great valley of the Willamette to the west, while sloping hills covered with lofty firs, oaks and other trees native to this section add to its beauty.

Wheat, oats and hay are grown here; also clover, vetch, chert and all kinds of vegetables. Grapes, apples, pears, prunes, cherries, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries grow to perfection. This Santiam bottom is also noted for its fine potato yield and they are shipped out by car loads. Land can be purchased here as anywhere in this section when quality is considered. Prairie lands for farming and dairying purposes can be had from thirty to sixty dollars per acre. Bottom lands for raising vegetables, berries and potatoes can be had from seventy-five to two hundred dollars per acre.

Of course this country has its drawbacks the same as every other country, for if it did not there would not be any chance for the poor man. But its drawbacks are not anything dangerous such as storms, cyclones, vivid lightning and hard thunder. Snow-slides and floods are unheard of in this part.

As to climate, the summers are generally cool. It is hot in the middle of the day and the sea breeze comes in the evening, making the nights cool. There isn't much rain here from June to October, still things don't "dry up". The moisture is kept up by cultivation as this country does not require irrigation.

The winters are mild here and our storms are usually rain. We had some snow at times last winter, but it melted soon and the thermometer never got lower than twelve above zero, and did not stay that long. I hope if any should come to this country of the strength of this letter that they will find it even better than I have represented.

Wishing success to Comfort and all its readers,
Mrs. MAGGIE E. COLLINS, Waterloo, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to Comfort for several years but this is my first letter. Five years ago, and when I was but seventeen years old, I married. Of course I did not know very much about keeping house but have learned a great deal from the Comfort Sisters' Corner since I have been getting this paper. We live in the mountains of Pennsylvania about three and one half miles from town, and a mile back from a public road. This is a new place, and not more than five acres are cleared. Our nearest neighbors, my parents, are one half mile away. I do not get lonesome if it is in the woods, for I have two little ones, a delicate little girl of three and a baby boy twenty-two months old, and one of the best husbands in the world. We are poor, for my husband works in the woods sawing logs and only gets one dollar and fifty cents a day, but we don't mind that for our little home is a happy one.

Oh, how I pity the poor shut-ins that cannot get out to enjoy God's beautiful sunshine. I would surely help them if I only could.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Of Counsel for Plaintiff

By Marvin Leslie

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EARLE LOGAN and Pollard Lewin, although attorneys of several years' standing, had never found a document quite as interesting as the following paragraph in Uncle Jasper's will:

5. And I direct my said executors to pay to my beloved nephew Pollard Lewin the sum of three thousand dollars annually until the said Pollard Lewin shall win a suit in any Court of Record in the said state of —, and thereafter to pay to my beloved nephew Earle Logan the said sum of three thousand dollars annually for a term of four years.

Uncle Jasper always regarded this provision as a masterpiece of wisdom. "That three thousand dollars a year," he used to say, "will keep Pollard going till he can earn his way at the bar; by that time Earle will be starting practice, and four years will see him over the hardest of it."

Up to a certain point everything happened according to the intention of the testator.

Pollard was duly admitted to the bar, clients came in goodly numbers, his office practice was select and lucrative, but for three years he did not conduct a single case in any Court of Record and it was an open secret that he never intended to. He found it more profitable to forego the glory of winning cases, hand over the litigation arising in his practice to some other attorney—and retain the income.

"Lewin is different from the rest of us," the other lawyers used to say. "We can't afford to lose cases; he can't afford to win."

Two years after Pollard's admission, Earle was called to the bar, and a year later was on the highway of success. And during that year he found time to compete with his comparatively opulent cousin for the heart of Jessie Munro—and won.

This was a bitter disappointment to Pollard, but he was somewhat consoled by the fact that his retaining the income would postpone their marriage for a few years at least; and, for the same reason, Earle regretted the loss of the money as he never had in his "briefcase" days when he lived on crackers and cheese.

"And you feel certain that you are really entitled to the income?" said Jessie one evening, after Earle had quoted the provision of the will for the hundredth time, and drawn an alluring picture of the early wedding and cozy home which the additional income would provide.

"Certainly," replied Earle, "Pollard is simply evading the plain spirit of the will. I would call him a 'shyster' if he were not my cousin."

"And is there no way of compelling him to carry out the spirit of the will and relinquish the income?" asked Jessie.

"None whatever," replied Earle gloomily. "He cannot be compelled to win a case, and as long as he lives up to the letter of the will he can retain the income indefinitely."

"Are you sure?" persisted Jessie.

"Absolutely sure," said Earle. "I am certain of it myself and I have had the opinion of some of the leading counsel in the state."

"But you have never asked my opinion yet," said Jessie.

Your opinion on ordinary matters is always correct—your choice of a future husband proves that," laughed Earle, "but the case has been pronounced hopeless by the best 'will-busters' in the land, and hopeless it must remain."

"Wait till you hear my opinion, Mr. Attorney," said Jessie, severely.

Jessie's advice, being a "privileged communication," cannot be disclosed, but the records of the court will show that three days later Earle started a suit against Pollard and the papers were served on him the same day.

Stripped of a mass of legal verbiage and technical detail, these papers—after setting out the will in full with especial reference to paragraph 5, alleged that Lewin had won a suit in a Court of Record as required by said paragraph, and asked for a declaration of the court that Lewin was no longer entitled to the said income, and for an order that the same should be paid to Logan according to the terms of the said will. This move was a great surprise to Pollard, and the apparent hopelessness of the plaintiff's case only added to his perplexity, but he finally decided that Earle—in his chagrin at the loss of the income—was willing to pay the costs of an unsuccessful suit for the sake of annoying Pollard and gaining a little popular sympathy.

This theory, however, hardly satisfied Pollard. He knew by boyhood and professional experience that Earle never "bluffed," and he felt that there was some motive in starting the suit which he could not fathom.

The more he thought over the matter the greater the mystery seemed, and the next evening he placed the facts before one of the leading counsels in the city for his opinion.

What the eminent ex-Judge told him is another "privileged communication," but the next day he called at Earle's office where he met with a cordial reception, for they were on friendly terms—notwithstanding Jessie and the income. Earle carefully avoided any reference to the suit, and finally Pollard broke the ice.

"That suit of yours puts me in quite a dilemma," he said nervously.

"How's that?"

"Why," said Pollard, "if you win, it gives you the income."

"Certainly."

"And if I win the suit," continued Pollard, "I lose the income by winning, and it gives you the income under paragraph 5 of the will."

"Looks that way, doesn't it?" said Earle.

"Heads I win and tails you lose."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Pollard. "If you will drop the suit and never tell how you managed it, I will win a case as soon as possible and allow the income to go to you as provided in the will."

"Agreed," said Earle.

Pollard rose to go, "I'll bet you never thought of that plan yourself," he ventured.

"I certainly did not," said Earle. "I had the best counsel in the state."

Two weeks later Pollard astonished his professional friends by trying his first case in court and winning it, too, and then gracefully requested the Judge of the Probate Court to enter an order that thereafter the income should be paid to Logan according to the terms of the will.

A few days after the order was signed Earle, Pollard and Jessie met at the home of a mutual friend.

"Come over here," said Earle to his cousin, "and I will introduce you to Miss Jessie Portia Munro, of counsel for Plaintiff" in the case of Logan vs. Lewin."

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IF you want to be thoroughly up to date, girls, you should start beautifying with sour milk. It will make you into raving beauties in no time, so the scientists say, and I, for one, believe them.

If you are too fat—and lots of us are—then you must try reducing with buttermilk. The pleasant thing about this treatment is that the buttermilk reduces your fat while nourishing the body. When you feel hungry take a glass of buttermilk, and if you are very, very hungry I won't forbid your drinking three or four glasses. In this way you avoid taking fattening foods and yet do not lose strength.

A great many well-known men have tried this buttermilk diet lately and have lost many pounds of flesh as a result, although constantly gaining

with not one disfiguring pimple in sight. Don't take more than a quart of buttermilk daily for a pimply skin. Enough is as good as a feast, you know.

Questions and Answers

Sunbake, Birdy May, E. McI.—This exercise will reduce your abdomen. Stand erect with arms up-lifted. Now bend from the waist line, until fingers touch the ground. Be sure to keep knees rigid. Practice this for ten minutes night and morning and you will soon have a slim waist. Vaseline rubbed on eyebrows and eyelids' edges will make hair grow. You should wash your hair at least once a month. Don't cut off the ends unless they are split. If you tie your ears close to the head with a bandage at night they will soon lie close of their own accord. Rub cream over your face before starting to cook. This will keep the skin from being burnt. Keep on using the lemon juice and peroxide, as it will eventually banish the horrid freckles. How did you use the sour milk and oatmeal, my dear? Will you let me know? Heavy massage, dipping hands frequently in cold water, will thin the lips slightly.

L. R., Corning, N. Y.—We regret we can't give addresses in these columns. Ask your druggist to send to New York and get the formula put up for you. Your liver spots mean that the liver is not acting properly. Take the juice of half a lemon every morning half an hour before breakfast. You should also make a point of drinking two or three quarts of water daily.

Jaunita, Miss Freckles, Amanda, G. D. C., I. A. S., and others.—Here is a freckle remover that was given me by a well-known doctor:

One dram ammonium chloride, four ounces distilled water.

Apply at night after the face has been bathed in warm water. It is a good idea to try all freckle and mole removers on the arms or hands before applying, as in this way you test the strength and run no risk of burning the delicate facial skin unduly. I do not like your freckle formula, Jaunita.

Baby Doll.—Indeed, I don't think you an imprudent girl. I enjoyed your letter and hope you'll come again. See reply to Jaunita.

Frightful, I. A. S., Birdy May.—See reply to Jaunita. If you want hair to get into the habit of curling begin putting it up on soft kid curlers. Also wash it in rain water, using no borax or soda or ammonia. If it is so dry, massage scalp at night with yellow vaseline. This will cause a new growth, make hair healthy and supply missing oil.

A Happy Country Lass.—Your measurements are all right, but you shouldn't steam your face for fifteen minutes daily, as it will make the muscles very flabby. Twice a week is plenty often. I think you must be a very pretty girl, and I like the way you wear your hair. See reply to Jaunita.

C. B. S.—Bleach darkened skin around mouth and chin with lemon juice. Yes, cow's cream could cause a growth of hair but seldom does.

Fatty of Roslyn, A Farmer's Wife, Ted, Birdy May.—It is said that if one will live almost entirely on skimmed or boiled milk that one will lose, on an average, one half pound of flesh daily.

E. McI.—No, I do not advise the use of the preparation you mention. Bleach hair on hands with Peroxide of Hydrogen. Yes, if you are round shouldered, I think a shoulder brace would be a good idea. No, you can't make hands and knuckles smaller, but they will look pretty if you keep them plump and white.

Brown-eyed Reader.—Why do you want to reduce bust? It isn't large enough and you don't weigh quite enough. You can make yourself look taller by wearing high-heeled shoes and dressing hair high.

Anxious Irene.—I am so sorry, but I do not answer letters personally. Never cut superfluous hair as it makes it more beardlike, also it strengthens the roots. Use Peroxide of Hydrogen as long as necessary, unless you find skin becoming irritated, in which case stop treatment.

Miss H. N. B. O.—No, I have never heard from any of the girls who took the treatment. Recently a reader wrote me that spirits of camphor rubbed on arms had killed a growth of superfluous hair for her, but I know nothing about this treatment. Never cut the hair.

Miss Marie.—You would find electric needle operators in St. Paul, Minneapolis or any good-sized town in Minnesota.

Waiting S. Dak. Girl.—You could not do this work for yourself. You would have to have it done for you by an electric needle operator.

Grace and Margaret.—You should both wear your hair parted in front, made into a long thick braid and pinned around your head and across the part in coronet style. Margaret, your hips should be forty-two inches, your bust thirty-eight. You can both wear dark blue, wistaria, scarlets and reds, white, cinnamon, gray, bottle or sea green, white and lavender as these colors go well with dark hair, gray eyes and clear complexions.

Miss Lereta.—See reply to Jaunita. If you will wash your face daily in buttermilk it will soon be free from tan. Your proportions are all right, girlie.

Voria.—Yes, you are too thin. You should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Drink lots of sweet milk every day and you will plump up rapidly. Here is a remedy for pimples:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

This may be applied to pimples several times a day.

Jessie R.—If you wink in the presence of only your family, it may mean that you are mischievous or roguish. If you wink in the presence of outsiders it means you are ill-mannered. Yes, I think you



USE TWO-DAYS OLD BUTTERMILK AS A BLEACH FOR A TANNED SKIN.

a wee bit too young to receive a young man alone, but plenty old enough to go out with a crowd of girls and boys once a week. No, you are not too large. In two years your waist (to be pretty) ought to be twenty-three or twenty-four inches, your bust thirty-six and your hips thirty-eight.

Lily, Gray-eyed Girlie.—I would advise massaging your thin brows for five minutes every day with yellow vaseline. Always rub toward the temples. The lashes on lower eyelids are almost always thinner. Anoint eyelid edge with warmed sesame oil. This warming the oil thickens it, and it doesn't run into the eye.

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POOR CARRIE FELT HER HEART SINK AS SHE LISTENED.

“WE are going to have a sane Fourth this year. No more costly patriotism for us. We've lost thousands of dollars' worth of property because of fireworks, and this village board pass such resolutions as are necessary to secure one," and the leading man of Brookdale sat down among much applause.

In due sequence his proposition was put in the form of a resolution, and the sale or use of fireworks of any kind were prohibited within the confines of Brookdale. The county board followed suit, and for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, there was to be no undue noise, no danger, but plenty of good times. In order to compensate for the loss of the dangerous fireworks, extensive preparations were made to give all a magnificent time and to encourage and promote patriotism of the right kind. The boys had at first felt injured, but when they heard about the boys' drill, the large procession, the jollification at Brook Woods, to end with a fine dinner, they joined in with the older ones to make the entire affair a complete success. That is all but Bessie Windom and six of his friends. They sulked and would not take any interest in what was going on, and Bessie, who was the leader of the crowd, brought down on his head a good scolding from his sister Carrie.

Just then poor Carrie was feeling very unhappy for she was experiencing the first great sorrow of her life. She was just eighteen, and for the past year Harry Fields had been coming to see her and taking her about. His father had moved to the farm adjoining the Windom's, and as Harry was an only son, his father was anxious for him to marry and bring home a wife to take the place of his dead mother.

In the frank, open way of the countryside, it was generally understood that Carrie and Harry were to be married in the fall, although no definite engagement existed, so that when Marjorie Benton came to Brookdale to teach music, Harry felt that he had the right to pay her as much attention as he did to Carrie.

"I never asked Carrie to marry me," he told himself, for he knew he was doing wrong, for although he had done so in as many words, he had given her to understand that he loved her and was looking forward to their marriage.

It nearly broke Carrie's heart to see him fall a victim to Marjorie's charms although she had to confess that the city girl did not seem to encourage him, simply took his devotion as a matter of course.

Although Carrie admitted that Marjorie had more worldly experience, she knew that the other girl was not nearly as well fitted to be a farmer's wife as she. Carrie knew how to manage a farmhouse; how to cook good meals; to manage chickens, calves and do the thousand and one things that fall to the lot of the farmer's wife, and to do them well. She also took pleasure in these tasks, but she knew that they would be almost impossible to one not brought up to them, and if anyone needed a good, sensible, capable, well-trained wife, it was Harry Fields. Every farmer does for that matter, though, for upon the competency of the wife much depends.

The poor girl's heart was so heavy that she could not help but be a little cross to her brother, and he resented it, finally saying with a surly growl as he slouched out of the kitchen on the night before the Fourth:

"Aw cut it out. I've stood for just as much as I'm going to, and more than that you'll find it but before long, I'm going to be heard from," but Carrie paid no attention to it then except to tell her mother that she thought Bessie ought to be attended to, but as she often expressed this thought, Mrs. Windom smiled and said nothing, but Carrie was to remember it very painfully

he had driven by an hour before she knew that he was deserting her for Marjorie, and if her pride had not kept her up, she would have burst into tears.

However, this little country maiden was just as proud as could be, and she looked mighty sweet and pretty as she sat beside her mother on the back seat of the two-seated buggy. Her white dress was well made and becoming, and her annoyance had given a brilliant color to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes.

"He sha'n't think I'm fretting over him," she told herself.

When they drove off, her father asked for Bessie, and Mrs. Windom said that he had ridden old Bess the brown mare into town several hours before.

"I do hope he won't get run over," she added, mother-like, worried over the one who was not present.

Mr. Windom grunted, saying as he took up the reins:

"If a big boy of fourteen can't take care of himself in a village, things have come to a pretty pass. What I'm worried about is that mare, and then all three were silent, each occupied with his own thoughts.

They reached the village in good time, securing an excellent position from which to view the procession, and Carrie kept a sharp lookout for Harry, longing and yet fearing to see him, but her eyes were not gladdened by a sight of him, until they reached Brook Woods where she was surprised to find him alone. Marjorie came up a little later, and then Harry joined the girls, greeting each impartially. He was in that state of mind when he was wavering between the two, not willing to give either up.

Three belonged to a glee club which was to furnish the music for the occasion, for both Carrie and Harry were good singers, and Marjorie had trained them all. Harry managed it so that between the two girls, and he tried to distribute his favors equally, for if he complimented Carrie on her high color, he told Marjorie that her voice was in better trim than ever.

Carrie was not to be deceived, however, and sat there all night before her friends and neighbors, knowing that they were criticizing her and Harry's much talked-of devotion to the stranger, and as he felt that she could not stand it, so he red her eyes, fixing them on the rough boards of the hastily built platform.

The exercises finally opened with prayer, after which the glee club sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The Declaration of Independence was then read by the judge of the county court, after which the club sang with vigor "Columbia Gem of the Ocean." One of Carrie's friends gave a patriotic recitation and she was followed by Marjorie's solo. She could sing, there was no doubt of that, and poor Carrie felt her heart sink as she listened to the pure tones reaching the high notes without the slightest difficulty in "The Star Spangled Banner," the club joining in the chorus. Responding to the tumult of applause, she sang a medley composed of various national airs, and no one applauded her more than Harry, whose face seemed to glow with proprietary admiration.

Carrie watched and listened, and her heart sunk deeper and deeper, until once more her eyes sought the friendly floor. As she stood there, mechanically voicing the chorus, she saw something which took away her breath. Right under her feet, beneath the crude platform, she saw something that gleamed angry and red, that sputtered and flickered. She had seen that

creeping thread of fire more than once, for her father was having some extensive blasting done on the farm. Like a flash there came through her mind a recollection of her conversation with Bessie the night before, and she gasped.

"This is the way he is going to make us hear of him," she told herself. "All of these people on the platform are in danger, if not all in the grove, and Ben is back of it all. Harry will be killed too," and she caught her under lip with her teeth.

She was a simple, honest-hearted, true little country girl. Never before in her life had she been brought face to face with real danger, or an emergency, but she was equal to the occasion. Quietly she slipped from her place, and back of the others, and so intent were they all in singing the ringing chorus, that she was not noticed, and easily dropped from the platform to the ground behind. She was hidden from the crowd in front by the draping of flags.

Without any hesitancy she cowered beneath the platform. She realized that the singing was over, and that the president of the village board was speaker of the day, a celebrated statesman, who had come to Brookdale for the occasion. She did not think of the danger to herself. All she feared was that her absence be discovered before she was able to accomplish her duty as she saw it.

stumbled, fell, and tore her pretty white dress, but she did not notice this. At last she reached the fuse that lay there like some reptile spitting venom, and without waiting to seek an easy way, crushed out the fire with her bare hands. Having done this, she sought and found the sticks of dynamite, enough to have wrought terrible havoc in that peaceful scene. Gathering it up in her skirt, she slipped back and out from under the platform.

Gaining the open, she looked about her hastily, and seeing that she was unmissed and unnoticed, she sped away through the woods toward the pond which had been hollowed from the brook that flowed through this grove. A little pier had been built out into this pond for the convenience of the fishermen, and she ran out on it and threw her dangerous burden into the water, then sank exhausted and weary on the boards.

"I guess Mr. Bessie won't be heard from," she told herself as she lay there resting, but her real cause for rejoicing was after all that she had saved Harry, who was so dear to her, even though he was breaking her heart.

At last she staggered back to land, for the reaction had set in and she was utterly unnerved, and after looking at her soiled, torn dress, and blood cut hands, she felt she could not bear to have Marjorie see her and have Harry contrast her appearance with the city girl's trim looks. She did not realize what a brave thing she had done, or that her appearance was fully excused, was indeed a badge of honor.

"I'll just crawl into the buggy and wait there for father and mother," she told herself, and so she carried out her plan, but while she fell asleep and forgot her worries in her dreams, her absence was causing a good deal of trouble.

In the meanwhile the orator had finished, the club sang "Dixie" and the exercises were over. As the orator turned from meeting the notables on the platform, his eyes fell upon Marjorie's face, he gave a happy cry, and springing forward caught her hands in hers, exclaiming:

"At last I have found you once more," and all saw the meeting realized that an interrupted romance of some kind was resumed. Harry saw it, and after a moment felt relieved that circumstances had made up his mind for him. Having decided to resume his devotion to Carrie, he turned to begin at once, and did not find her.

At first he said nothing, hunting for her alone, but when she was not to be found, and when Mrs. Windom confessed she did not know where the girl was, he began to be very uneasy. Just then Bessie Windom sauntered up to one of the tables and asked coldly:

"Who put out my fuse?"

"What fuse?" his father asked harshly, and then the boy realized that he had given himself away. It did not take long for Mr. Windom

to extract the whole story from his son, and with Bessie's confession came a realization of the debt the whole crowd owed Carrie. They all felt sure that she had seen the fuse and risked her life to save them.

"But where is she now?" Mrs. Windom moaned, and her question was echoed by everyone.

They hunted all over the grove, and talked of dragging the pond. This overcame Mrs. Windom to such an extent that she began to sob wildly and beg to be allowed to follow her daughter.

"Here, here, mother," Mr. Windom said kindly. "It won't do for you to break down. We're counting on your keeping up."

"But I want my little girl," sobbed Mrs. Windom. "My little girl who never gave me a mite of trouble all her life, bless her."

"She always was my brightest scholar," her teacher declared.

"She took such an interest in church work," the minister remembered.

"Don't speak of her as if she were dead," Mrs. Windom cried. "She's just as much alive as any of us."

"Then where is she?" cried one of the other ladies, and Mrs. Windom nearly fainted.

"No see here, mother," Mr. Windom said resolutely. "It ain't going to do any good for you to get yourself excited. We'll go home and like as not we'll find Carrie getting supper as a surprise."

They all wondered none had thought of that before, and Mr. Windom hurried off after his rig. A few moments later a shout from him sent the whole crowd running in his direction to find him hugging his daughter as he had never before in his life, while she was looking over his shoulder in a dazed way.

"Carrie," her mother cried, and she hugged her, and the rest followed until Carrie felt as though everyone had lost their wits. Someone then remembered that she had had no dinner, and a dozen baskets were overhauled and the very choicest taken out and brought to her.

When she understood what had caused all the commotion, Carrie laughed and declared she had done nothing more than anyone else would have, then she ate heartily, making up for the time she had lost.

Perhaps her appetite was improved because she had seen Harry's face, and knew that she could have him back again if she wanted him. Carrie had had plenty of pride when she felt she was no longer wanted, but when she saw the anxiety on Harry's face, she did not think he deserved any further punishment, and gladly let him drive her home.

As they went very slowly along the country road across which the lengthening shadows were lying, Harry said tenderly:

"Honest, Carrie, I do love you, and can't we be married?"

"Are you sure it's I you want to marry?" Carrie asked.

"You bet I am. I never put in such a time in my life as I did this afternoon when we thought you had just stepped out of things for keeps."

"Then you'd have missed me?" she asked shyly, and the way he caught her to him answered her. They drove on for some distance before Harry spoke again, although he had not neglected Carrie, but had kissed her breath away. Then he begged:

"Please promise to marry me next week, I can't live without you."

"Not till fall, Harry," Carrie said softly, blushing rosy.

"Now Carrie, don't tease me. Please say next week," and after a little more pressing, Carrie says gently:

"All right, Harry, I guess I'm willing," and then of course he had to kiss her again.

As the president of the village board and the judge of the county court were talking over the events of the day, the former said with a laugh:

"We planned for a sane Fourth, but I can't say we got it," and the other agreed, replying with a still heartier laugh:

"But then you see we forgot that there are other kinds of fireworks than those manufactured of gunpowder for the Chinese."

"What do you mean?" asked the president of the village board, laughing.

"Human hearts," was the reply, and remembering the announcement that the orator and Marjorie were to be married first thing the following morning, and the sight of Carrie's and Harry's faces as they drove away together, the other agreed.

CYNTHY ANN BOWKER'S STRANGE GUEST

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“NO, we ain't got a hotel in Pikeville we ought to have one, but we ain't. But there's my half-sister, Cynthia Ann Bowker, right across the road there. If she's in the humor of it, it lays in her power to git you up a dinner fit fer a king—er a banker."

Sol amended his speech as the result of a process of unconscious cerebration whereby had been suggested the likelihood of this well-dressed stranger's belonging to the banker's guild. He was of striking mien, unquestionably a person of distinction in whatever circle he moved, if mere externals counted for anything. But Sol, with worldly wisdom beyond the average rustic, relied not on mere appearance. He leaned on his hoe handle eying the stranger warily.

On second thought, he found his appearance to answer equally well newspaper descriptions of gamblers and confidence men.

The little dead-and-alive village was in an unwonted state of excitement that hot July day. An occurrence the most improbable anyone could have predicted had literally shaken the place. At seven minutes past one o'clock the Chicago fast mail, which daily for months had not once failed to thunder past the little station promptly on time never stopping, never so much as slowing speed, had jumped a switch, ditching the engine and piling two mail cars in ruins across the main track. A blockade of several hours being inevitable, various passengers unprovided with luncheon were inquiring at private residences for dinner. But, inasmuch as Pikeville had turned out on mass to view the wreck, their quest was for the most part vain.

"If you'll wait here, I'll step across an' see what Cynthia Ann says," Sol volunteered. "She's an old maid, an' notional like them kind mostly is. We've got to manage her kind o' by contrivance, or she won't move a hand. You see now how she is; everybody jist crazy 'bout the accident an' a-runnin' to break their necks, an' she wouldn't stir out o' the house or even look out o' the window, ef it was to save the hull railroad system from bein' stove to flinders. That's the way she always was. But mebbe I kin fetch her."

He leaned his hoe against the fence, and, plod-

ding across the dusty street, knocked at Cynthia Ann's door.

"It's goin' on to two o'clock, Cynthia Ann, middlin' late fer cookin' a meal o' vittles," he insinuated, after stating the case. He shook his head disapprovingly. "I wouldn't 'a' come over, only I felt obleeged to make a show o' askin', seel'n he was so set. It's a b'illin' hot day in the bargain, an' a man that's half a man wouldn't persume on askin' a woman to stew over a cook-stove a-gittin' up a fancy meal, when there's crackers an' dried herrin' to be had at Bly's grocery. Wouldn't encourage sech doins'. Um, you wouldn't see me takin' long to decide. How can we tell but what he's a gambler, or one o' them bunkum fellers?"

Cynthia Ann was seated in a rocking settee, stitching on a crazy quilt. Now and then she indulged in a habit of stooping and anxiously inspecting the toe of her embossed canvass slipper, as if to assure herself that it was still on her foot. Her short hair was roached straight back over her head and confined with a semicircular comb. Her features were heavy; her countenance immobile. She half turned and peered through the slats of the shutters.

"He's decent lookin' enough, Sol Adams. As fer it's bein' some trouble, it's a chance to do a sufferin' feller crittur a good turn, an' put a quarter in my pocket at the same time. I'm goin' to do it. So you just move yourself and ketch me a couple o' pullets, an' I'll give him a taste o' fried chicken that'll make him own he ain't ever knowed before what fri-d chicken is."

"You ain't goin' to do no sech foolish extravagance, Cynthia Ann Bowker. Two fried chickens fer a quarter. What er you a-thinkin' about? Now, you listen to me; you fry him one pullet, ef you're bound to be so contrairy, an' you keep half o' it fer your supper an' mine. Then see here; you set out the other half fer him, an' them cold greens left over from our dinner, an' whatever you've got handy, and then you promise me you'll charge him forty cents, an' no hemmin' er hawin' about it, er I'll go straight back and tell him you won't be pestered with him. I as good as told him so before."

"You don't do no such thing, Sol Adams. All you got any call to do is to let him know I'm tollable high chargin', an' leave me to 'tend to him; depend on what sort o' luck I'll charge An' say you see that you don't bring him in this house fer a good hour to come. Chickens has to fry slow. I ain't a-goin' to be drove fer the President o' the United States, an' you kin tell him that, ef you want to. It's askin' enough o' me to stay home a-stewin' over a hot stove while the hull town is out enjoyin' the accident, without havin' a strange man rockin' an' fannin' in my settin' room, a-fussin' an' fumin' 'cause I ain't hurryin' faster with his dinner. Now you go 'long an' ketch me two pullets, do you mind, er I'll go out an' hunt a cool place in the cellar, and let your Mr. Stranger hunt somewhere else fer a dinner. But here; first of all you take him a couple of cookies to kind o' stay his stomach, an' draw him out a bit an' see if he's one o' the kind to be stingy 'bout payin'. Ef he is, you needn't come back."

"He's got money, you may depend," said Sol, confidently. "I'll ketch you the pullets right away; the cookies will keep, I reckon."

Having discharged this mission, Sol returned leisurely to report to the stranger cheering news of his success.

"Ef you see me lean my hoe agen the fence, you may know it's a bargain," he had said to Cynthia Ann at parting.

"It's all settled, but you're not to go nigh the house fer an hour. She p'intedly told me to tell you she wouldn't be drove fer the president himself. I had a wras'lin' match with her, you better believe. Mighty nigh give it up, once. You see she was sewin' one o' them piece-quilts she's so crazy about, an' when Cynthia Ann Bowker is busy at work o' that kind, it's about like tryin' to whistle a pig out of a sweet-potatier-patch to git her to lay it down. But you see I sort o' let on about the nuisance o' people comin' round an' pesterin' fer favors at unhandy times, an' doubtin' whether you'd got the price of a meal o' vittuals about you, an' things like that, till I'd got her a-pullin' contrairy wise. An' now she's got startled and no stoppin' her. She'll jes' try herself, an' fix you out with luxuries o' the sea-

Cynthia Ann Bowker's Strange Guest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

It ain't the lumps in the flour, nor the mite too much sooty, though them faults I kin notice if you can't. Well, then, I reckon I'll have to tell you, men is such poor guessers; it's the lower crust's bein' a speck under-done. I'd ought to left the pan settin' on the bottom of the oven half a minute longer. Ef I'd 'a' had time I'd 'a' slung the hull batch out to the chickens an' begun all over. But they'll have to do, so draw up your chair, Mr. Smith, while I fetch the sweet potatoes."

As the meal progressed, Cynthia Ann, flattered by her guest's favorable comments on every dish, rehearsed her experience as a cook, from the earlier days when her faculty was universally recognized as a heaven-bestowed gift, to the present time when, as she averred, but the merest suggestion of her former aptitude remained.

"Since I've taken up piece-quiltin', I've noticed a stiddy fallin' off, goin' on four year now. But a body can't be cookin' all the time. So what will I do, Mr. Smith?" she appealed, plaintively. "There's nothin' goin' on in Pikeville, the year round. People ain't sociable. The men sits on store-boxes day in an' day out, wastin' their time discussin' politics an' such nonsense, an' the women sets at home, mendin' clothes an' fussin' with the children. It's terrible hum-drum."

Availing himself of her preoccupation while awaiting a reply to her perplexing question, and noting the fact that Mr. Brown ate sparingly of the chicken, Sol drew his chair closer to the table, helped himself to chicken and gravy, and proceeded to eat after a grave, decorous fashion. His eyes meanwhile being fixed with an expression of profound and absorbing interest on the face of their guest. At this bit of presumption Cynthia Ann frowned at him indignantly from behind their guest's chair, unconscious of the fact that the latter's countenance gave token of amusement, which was incompatible with the idea of possible offense. Despite her nods and grimaces Sol sat unmoved.

It was at a moment when Cynthia Ann, having removed Mr. Brown's plate, was in the act of placing before him a dish of apple pudding, that a face suddenly appeared at a window. Across the front of the caller's cap was blazoned in silvered letters the single word "Conductor."

"We've got the track cleared, Governor. The Chicago express is in sight, and will be here in three minutes. I'll hold it for you, if you want to finish your dinner."

"Oh, don't do that; I'll come at once," Mr. Brown replied, rising quickly.

"I can easily hold the train, Governor. Or if you prefer to wait, we'll have another engine for our train in an hour."

"I'll take the express," and, with a hasty good by and a warm handshake and profuse thanks to his entertainers, he was off before either could collect their wits.

"Did you hear what that conductor called him, Sol?" He said Governor, didn't he? Why, what all's he?"

Sol had started up, dropping his knife and fork, and stood aghast, facing Cynthia Ann.

"By Jickity! Cynthia Ann Bowker, do you know who that man is? It is Governor Brown."

"Who's Governor Brown, then?" A shade of rising apprehension appeared in Cynthia Ann's tone.

"Who do you reckon? Ozro L. Brown, the Governor of this state?"

Sol bolted to the open door.

"Fiddlesticks! I don't believe it!"

"Well, you needn't if you don't want to. I knowed I'd seen that man before. Wasn't I at the inauguration an' didn't I shake hands with him? Mighty strange I didn't recall him. I'll warrant he knowed who I was all the while. Them politicians never forget a face. Great Jupiter! Cynthia Ann Bowker, me an' you has gone an' done it this time, sure!"

As if expressly to confirm Sol's declaration, shouts of applause resounding from the direction taken by the departed guest reached their ears, prompted by the piping voice of an urchin yelling vociferously:

Three cheers for Governor Brown, that lives in the State House!"

"There, didn't I tell you?" said Sol.

"The land alive!" Cynthia Ann ejaculated, "was I ever so plum beat in my born days. To think o' me settin' here so ca-am, in this old faded gown, an' you loungin' there, on a cheer beside him, eatin' as composed, without ary collar, an' sweatin' like a wash-biler! What's a-goin' to happen to me an' you, Sol Adams? What sort o' account er we goin' to give of ourselves?"

Cynthia Ann's voice was husky with emotion.

"I say, you'd ought to run after him an' humbly beg his pardon, ef you're half a man."

"I ain't a-goin' to do no such thing, Cynthia Ann Bowker!" Sol exclaimed, sturdily. "I say it was his part to 'a' give his full title when he introduced himself. Ef you feel as bad about it you kin write him a note. I ain't a-goin' to make no move in the matter. You know I'm about settled on makin' that Kansas trip soon, to see Miry's folks. I'm liable to start tonight, in fact. You've been so contrabrey about goin' with me; mebbe this'll help you to decide. Kansas is out o' Governor Brown's jurisdiction."

"I wouldn't mind near so much ef I hadn't kep' callin' him 'Mister Brown all the while," said Cynthia Ann, wiping her eyes.

"You didn't call him Mr. Brown."

"I didn't."

"No, you didn't. You called him Mr. Smith every time you opened your mouth."

Cynthia Ann threw her apron over her head and dropped despairingly into a chair. Emotion seemed to have become paralyzed in her.

"An' you said some disrespec'ful remarks about politics," Sol reminded her, with a gleam of mirth.

"I know I did; but that wasn't half as bad as your a-settin' there eatin' like a harvest hand, an' that without bein' invited. An' you never riz up ner hardly stopped eatin' when he shook hands on goin' away."

"You sent him two cookies, like as ef he'd been a seven-year-old," Sol retorted.

"What ef I did? It was you gave 'em to him. Thank goodness they was crusted with my best granulated sugar, an' not with brown. An' he et one, for I watched him. I ain't ashamed o' them cookies. This is too solemn a case for quarrellin', Sol Adams; we've got to think up what's best to do to clear ourselves."

After further conference, the case seemed to assume if anything, more desperate features.

"I don't care!" Cynthia Ann at last cried, defiantly. "There's things to be said on the other side. I've got my opinion of anybody'll set a poor woman to stewin' over a hot stove an hour or more, an' then run off after he's et his fill, without offerin' a cent o' pay."

"Why, he didn't, either; I plum forgot to tell you. Here."

Sol produced two silver half-dollars, and spun them across the table toward her.

"You see, I made him pay in advance."

"You didn't! Sol Adams, I did give you credit for havin' some sense. What possessed you to do that? What did you say to him?"

"Why—well—er—I told him you was the leas' mite jubbous about his looks."

Cynthia Ann gasped spasmodically, then rose from her chair and dropped upon the lounge, where she sat for three minutes with parted lips, and eyes fixed stonily on a distant church steeple, a picture of woe unutterable. Sol carefully wiped away a drop of gravy on his sleeve. He had an air of having resolutely set aside, for a moment, the pressure of overwhelming tribulation. All unblinded, as it seemed, by a gleam of mirth steadily overcame his countenance.

"We could high forgettin' about your sendin' him word how you wouldn't be drove for the President himself, Cynthia Ann," he suggested, with an air of impartially arranging the worst features of their offense, and having it over with.

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"Owdacious scand'lous affair. Don't see no possible way o' patchin' it up? Reckon you'd better take the Kansas trip with me. Despit bad scrape, I'm goin' up-stairs to pack my grip-sack."

At noon the next day Cynthia Ann sat behind closed shutters in her parlor, pen in hand, arduously composing a letter. It was an unfamiliar task, and her progress was slow. Her eyes were leaden; she had slept but little the night before. There came frequent knocks at the locked doors. Curiosity to know just how she had entertained her distinguished guest was not satisfied with Sol Adam's minutest rehearsal of particulars. Women coaxed through keyholes; children wantonly rattled the shutters. Cynthia Ann gave not the slightest heed to either. Even Sol Adams, returning promptly at the stroke of twelve for his dinner, pommelled vainly at the kitchen door. An hour later he returned and called fretfully through a shutter: "What ails you, Cynthia Ann? Are you deaf? Lemme in, I say. I've got a letter for ye."

Cynthia Ann rose at that and peered through the slats.

"Hand it in," she said laconically.

"No, I don't," Sol replied masterfully. "You're goin' to let me in before you git your hands on it. It's got an official envelope an' concerns me, too. I don't make a doubt. I'll jist read it fer you."

At this threatening intimation Cynthia Ann cautiously opened half the shutter, and Sol, clutching the letter guardedly, climbed in. Then he gave her the letter.

"There's somethin' stiff inside," he said, as she snipped an end of the envelope with her shears.

In a moment she had removed a photograph and the letter. This she read several times over; then, without a word, handed it to Sol, while she examined the photograph. Sol read eagerly:

"State House, July 18 19—

"My dear Miss Bowker: Allow me more expressly to thank you for your hospitality to a stranger in distress, yesterday, and to apologize for what now seems to me an advantage. I took of you and of Mr. Adams in not revealing my identity, which must have been made known to you by this time. I had no intention of having my little joke at the expense of either of you. As a token of regard and friendship please accept inclosed photograph of Mrs. Brown, the children and myself. Very faithfully yours,

"Ozro L. Brown."

Cynthia Ann deliberately pinned the open letter and the photograph in a conspicuous place upon the parlor wall. Then she opened all the shutters and unbolted the doors.

"I reckon we might as well let the neighbors in, Sol," she suggested, drearily. "They've been so pressin' all the forenoon, I ain't intendin' to be mean."

entered Maddy's heart lest he had been taken back to the asylum.

"I will get him out," she said; "I will take care of him. I should die with nothing to do; and I promised grandpa."

She could get no further, for the rush of memories which came over her, and seating herself upon the ground close to the new grave, she laid her face upon it, and sobbed piteously:

"Oh, grandpa, I'm so lonely without you all; I almost wish I was lying here in the quiet yard."

Then a storm of tears ensued, after which Maddy grew calm, and with her head still bent down, did not hear the rapid step approaching, the manly step coming down the grassy road, coming past the marble tombstones, on to where that wasted figure was crouching upon the ground. There it stopped, and in a half-whisper called, "Maddy! Maddy!"

Then indeed, she started, and lifting up her head saw before her Guy Remington. For a moment she regarded him intently, while he said to her, kindly, pityingly:

"Poor child, you have suffered so much, and I never knew of it till a few days ago."

Maddy stretched her hands toward him, moaning out:

"Oh, Guy, Guy, where have you been, when I wanted you so much?"

Maddy did not know what she was saying, or comprehend the effect it had on Guy, who forgot everything save that she wanted him, had missed him, had turned to him in her trouble, and it was not in his nature to resist her appeal. With a spring he was at her side, and lifting her in his arms seated himself upon her mother's grave; then straining her tightly to his bosom, he kissed her again and again. Hot, burning, passionate kisses they were, which took from Maddy all the power of resistance, even had she willed it, which she did not. Too weak to reason, or to see the harm, if harm there were, in being loved by Guy, she abandoned her. Jif for a brief interval to the bliss of knowing that she was beloved and of hearing him tell her so.

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Maddy's severe illness. This brought him, while Maddy's involuntary outburst when she met him in the graveyard, changed the whole current of his intentions. Let what would come, Maddy Clyde should be his wife, and as such he watched over her, nursing her back to life, and by his manner effectually silencing all remark, so that the neighbors whispered among themselves what Ma y's prospects were, and, as was quite natural, were a little more attentive to the future lady of Alkensis. Poor Maddy! It was a terrible trial which awaited her, and so with prayers and tears she fortified herself to meet it, while Guy, the devoted lover, hung over her, never guessing of all that was passing in her mind, or how, when he was out of sight, the lips which he had longed so much to kiss, but never had since that day in the graveyard, quivered with anguish as they asked for strength to do right. Oh, how Maddy did love the man who must give up, and how often went up the waiting cry, "Help me, Father, to do my duty, and give me, too, a greater inclination to do it than I now possess."

Maddy's heart did fall her sometimes and she might have yielded to the temptation but for Lucy's letter, full of eager anticipations of the happy time when she and Guy should never part again.

"Sometimes," she wrote, "there comes over me a dark foreboding of evil—a fear that I shall miss the cup now within my reach; but I pray the bad feelings away. I am sure there is no living being who will come between us to break my heart, and as I know God doeth all things well, I trust Him wholly, and cease to doubt."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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"Darling Maddy," he said, "I went away because you sent me, but now I have come back, and nothing shall part us again. You are mine; I claim you here at your mother's grave. Precious Maddy, I did not know of all this till three days ago, when Agnes' letter found me at the Rocky Mountains. I wish I had come before, now that I know you wanted me. Sa, that again, Maddy. Tell me that you missed me."

He was smoothing her hair now, as her head still lay pillowed upon his breast, so he could not see the spasm of pain which contracted her features as he thus appealed to her. Half-bewildered, Maddy could not at first make out what it was a blissful dream or a reality, her lying there in Guy's arms with his kisses on her forehead, lips and cheeks, his words of devotion in her ear, and the soft summer sky smiling down upon her. Alas, it was a dream from which she was awakened by the thought of one across the sea, whose place she had usurped, and this it was which brought the grieved look to her face as she answered mournfully:

"I did want you, Guy, when I forgot; but now—oh, Guy—Lucy Atherstone!"

With a gesture of impatience Guy was about to answer, when something in the heavy fall of the little hand from his shoulder alarmed him, and lifting up the drooping head he saw that Maddy had fainted. Then back across the meadow Guy bore her to the cottage, where Flora, just returned from a neighbor's, whither she had gone upon an errand, was looking for her in much affright.

Up again into her little chamber Maddy was carried and laid upon the bed, which she never left until the golden harvest sheaves were gathered in, and the hot September sun was ripened the fruits of autumn. But now she had a new nurse, a constant attendant, who during the day seldom left her except to talk with and amuse Uncle Joseph, mourning below because no one sang to him or noticed him as Maddy used to do. He had not been sent to the asylum, as Maddy feared, but by way of relieving Flora had been taken to Farmer Green's, where he was so homesick and discontented that at his entreaties he was suffered to return to the cottage, crying like a little child when the old familiar spot was reached.

Guy had passed through several states of mind. Furious at one time, and reckless as to consequences, he had determined to break with Lucy, a marry Maddy, in spite of everybody; then, as a sense of honor came over him, he resolved to forget Maddy, if possible, and marry Lucy at once. It was in this last mood, and while roaming over the western country, that he wrote to Lucy a strange kind of letter, saying, he had waited for her long enough, and sick or well he should claim her the coming autumn. To this letter Lucy had responded quickly, sweetly reproving Guy for his impatience, softly hinting that latterly he had been quite as culpable as herself in the matter of deferring their union and appointing the bridal day for the — of December. After this was settled Guy felt better, though the old sore spot in his heart, where Maddy Clyde had been, was very sore still, and sometimes it required all his powers of self-control to keep from writing to Lucy and asking to be released from an engagement so irksome as his had become. Neglecting to answer Agnes' letters when he first left home, she did not know where he was until a short time before, when she wrote apprising him of grandpa's death and

entered Maddy's heart lest he had been taken back to the asylum.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladden

An Important Lesson in Cutting

ONLY by reading the printed matter on each envelope can the home dressmaker do herself justice, and only by following the directions faithfully can she obtain the best results. The following is for the purpose of calling your attention to points that will further simplify the work of cutting and making, and strict attention to them is important. When directions read "lay the front edge of gore below single large perforation straight lengthwise on material," and it is put on askew, no after effort will bring about a well hanging skirt. In directions for tucking they may read, "Fold on lines of perforations and stitch a quarter of an inch from each folded edge to form tucks," and instead of doing this you should bring lines together, only misfortune can result. Each envelope contains its own special instructions to together with such general ones as apply to all patterns, which if carefully read and utilized, every COMFORT pattern will give entire satisfaction.

How to Put Sleeves Together

Perfect fitting sleeves are rare, yet they involve no difficulty that cannot be overcome. To obtain the best result, cut out and baste together, holding the under side toward you while basting the inner seam, the upper side toward you while basting the outer seam, and distributing fullness at elbow evenly between notches. Gather between the double crosses and baste in the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you. Under the arm the sleeve should be held smooth; between that point and the gathers it should be held easy. Stitch carefully on the lines of basting.

How to Adjust Skirts to Stout Figures

The stout woman, given to embonpoint, is far too often the victim of ill-fitting skirts which accentuate in place of reducing apparent size. Home dressmakers seldom understand just how the difficulty can be overcome and yet the symmetry of the pattern preserved. The proper method is to secure a pattern of the correct hip measurement, to cut carefully and to baste all seams with precision, then to fit the skirt to the figure. To do this it must be pinned smoothly and snugly round the hips, with the front gore allowed to drop down until it hangs perfectly straight, and the fullness laid in plaits at the back and pinned into place. To retain this essential position of the front gore those at sides and back must be raised as far as necessary. When the front gore hangs satisfactorily and the skirt is smooth over the hips, the inverted plaits or back edges must be carefully brought together so that they meet exactly in the center. In case the figure is not perfectly proportioned, the crosses and perforations which indicate the size of plaits may not meet, and in this case they must be adjusted to her needs. When finished, have the edges meet at center back and fall in a straight line. As soon as the plaits are adjusted to give that result they must be pinned firmly into place and the fitting of the hip darts or seams undertaken. When the skirt is fitted with darts they should be pinned up at the indicated points to exactly fit the hips,

then stitched and pressed flat. When no darts are used, the seams must be adjusted from the hips up, either taken in or let out as required, until perfect smoothness (not tightness) is the result. When that is done the skirt must be carefully stitched and pressed, then again put on the figure and pinned to the belt, when the lower edge can be trimmed off as required and finished.

For Slender Figures

If the perfect hip measure is ascertained little if any changes will be necessary, unless to take in or let out slightly from the hip up.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Orders for all patterns illustrated in this department prior to the June COMFORT will be promptly filled as usual; beginning with the June COMFORT all patterns illustrated are our new non-seam allowing COMFORT patterns.

Special Mid-Summer Designs

6557-6627. Tucked Over Blouse and Tunic Skirt with five-gored upper portion illustrates one of the prettiest and most useful models of the season. Such a design as this one will find innumerable uses, for it is just as well adapted to the thicker materials as it is to the transparent ones, or the entire gown could be made of one material. The over blouse is one of the simplest possible, made with shoulder and underarm seams only. The over skirt is made without seams and the skirt beneath is made with a gored and fitted upper portion and flounce. In a medium size the over blouse will require one and one quarter yards of material 44 inches wide, and two yards of banding; for the over skirt one and one half yard 44 inches wide; for flounce and foundation eight and three quarters yards 24 inches wide; for a plain guimpe three and three eighths yards 24 inches wide. Over blouse pattern (6557) sizes 32 to 40 in bust. Skirt pattern (6627) 22 to 30 inches waist.

6664. These little one-piece dresses are much in demand just now and are particularly attractive for the tiny folk. The making requires so little labor that the busiest mother does not hesitate to undertake them. White lawn makes the one illustrated and the trimming is of narrow frills. If something more elaborate is wanted, the yoke could be embroidered by hand or cut from all-over material or the edges of the yoke and the edges of sleeves could be scalloped. The dress is cut in one piece and is seamed under the arms only. The yoke, however, is made in three pieces and with shoulder seams. The opening is cut under the box plait at the center back and the dress is closed invisibly while the yoke is buttoned over into place. Pattern 6664 is cut in three sizes, two, four and six years, the four year size requiring one and seven

eighths yards 32 inches wide, with three yards of ruffling.

6644 represents a smart summer frock made in semi-princesse style for misses and small women.

This one combines a perfectly plain gored skirt with a simple shirt-waist and is adapted to all washable materials. In the illustration it is made of a dotted fabric trimmed with plain, and such combinations are much in vogue. The Dutch collar makes a feature of the season, but the pattern provides the regulation stock as well for those who prefer it. The sleeves may be made long and plain, or made three-quarter length and slightly full with rolled-over cuffs. It would be pretty made from linen or from cotton poplin, and for warmer days it would be charming made from batiste or lawn. All the inexpensive printed wash fabrics are very attractive this season and there are numberless ones that are appropriate for such models. Color has seldom been so beautiful in low-priced stuffs, and exceedingly lovely effects can be obtained with very little expenditure. Either the belt of leather or one of trimming can be used, but the patent leather belt gives a touch of smartness to any toilette this season. No. 6644 is cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years; size 16 requiring five and one half yards 36 inches wide.

6619. Girl's Tucked Princess Dress. This dainty muslin frock is trimmed with flouncing and is adapted to a great many different uses. At the sides it is tucked to form a girdle, but at front and back the panels extend to full length and give long lines to the figure. If preferred it can be made high at the neck with a standing collar. Cut in four sizes, eight to 12 years. 12 years require two and one half yards 32 inches wide, four and three quarters yards of flouncing 10 inches wide, one yard of all-over embroidery and seven yards of banding.

Capes Are Convenient and Stylish

6512. Circular Cape with Revers or in Double-breasted style. The popularity of the cape is on the increase and is made of materials to suit all kinds of weather. Made from either pongee or poplin they make an ideal summer garment, and from serge or cravenette for storms or cooler weather. On the light-colored materials, the revers are often made of a darker shade with trimming buttons to match. When finished double breasted, it is closed with buttons and buttonholes. Small, 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 bust. Medium size requires four and three quarters yards 44 inches wide.

A Smart Summer Coat for the Miss

6294 represents a natty little model to be developed in summer suitings, linen or crash. As shown, it was combined with skirt model No. 6665 and the suit was made of blue linen, trimmed with mother-of-pearl buttons and stitching to match. The turn back cuff may be used or the sleeve may be finished with a row of stitching and two small buttons. Cut in two sizes, 14 and 16 years. Two and five eighths yards 44 inches wide will be required for the 16-year size.

Linen Sailor Suit

No. 6632. Sailor Suit for misses and small women. These dresses are always becoming and

always in demand. This one can be made just as illustrated, or with a yoke on the skirt and a yoke on the blouse as liked. Two sleeve patterns come with this model, and the collar can be round or square. Blue linen which promises to be much worn, banded with white washable braid would make a stylish costume. Cut in three sizes, 14 to 18 years. Size 16 requires 11 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide.

Attractive House Gown

No. 6650. Every woman thoroughly enjoys a pretty gown for the house that may be worn when calling on a neighbor as well. This simple House Gown or Wrapper is closed at the left of the front, giving a suggestion of Russian influence. This model is altogether satisfactory as a waist and skirt are cut in one, making a one-piece gown. Tucks are laid in waist, while the fullness of skirt is simply held by gathers. The closing can be made invisible or with buttons and buttonholes. One of the pretty inexpensive printed wash fabrics woven with a border makes this one, and the border has been cut off to form the trimming. The Dutch or standing collar may be used and the long or short sleeves. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 44 bust measure; medium size requiring 10 yards of material 27 inches wide.

Three Dainty Little Dresses

No. 6666. Such a little dress as this one can be made simple, adapted to morning wear, or dressy and suited to afternoon occasions, depending on materials. As illustrated, it was made of a pink wash material, the yoke, belt and sleeve bands of white. Or it may be made of white lawn with yoke of embroidery. The skirt is straight and will launder easily. Cut in three sizes, six to 10 years, size eight requiring four and one half yards 27 inches wide, with three quarters yard for trimming.

No. 6297 illustrates a Child's Bishop Dress. No matter how many dresses a child has, they always need one or more of this simple model which is becoming and easily cared for. The one shown is made of blue lawn; the collar, cuffs and hem finished with a row of feather stitching, done in white mercerized cotton. Cut for six months, one, two and four years. Two yards size require one and seven eighths yard of material 30 inches wide.

No. 6190 is a dainty childish little dress, cut either square or high neck. The yoke is pretty made of rows of insertion put together with a tiny beading. Either long or short sleeves may be used. The skirt portion is straight and adaptable to the fancy flouncings. Cut in three sizes one two and four years. A medium size requires two yards 32 inches wide. If flouncing is used, and three quarters yards 19 inches wide is necessary.

Embroidery Designs

The warm summer afternoons which we spend sitting out of doors always suggest a bit of embroidery; something accomplished for future use. No. 481 is a simple, dainty design for a Dutch collar and jabot, the dotted lines indicating folds.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

A Pleasing Variety of Styles

For Mid-Summer Wear

6650—HOUSE GOWN OR WRAPPER, 34 to 44 bust.
6259—FANCY BLOUSE, 32 to 42 bust.
6255—CHILD'S TUCKED DRESS, two, four and six years.
5767—CHILD'S SUNBONNET AND HAT, one size.
5670—GIRL'S ONE-PIECE HAT, one size.
485—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING A BLOUSE OR SHIRT-WAIST, closed at the front.
6562—CIRCULAR AND FANCY WORK APRONS, one size.
5798—CHILD'S ROMPERS, two, four and six years.
6666—GIRL'S DRESS, six, eight and ten years.
6652—SAILOR BLOUSE OR SHIRT-WAIST, 14, 16 and 18 years.
6665—NINE-GORED SKIRT, 14, 16 and 18 years.
6649—BOY'S BLOUSE, 12 to 16 years.
6632—SAILOR SUIT, 14, 16 and 18 years.
6644—BOY'S SAILOR BLOUSE SUIT, eight to 12 years.

6587—SEMI-PRINCESSE DRESS, 14, 16 and 18 years.
383—CHRYSANTHEMUM DESIGN for a centerpiece, measuring 22x22 inches.
467—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING A CORSET COVER.
481—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING A DUTCH COLLAR AND JABOT.
6139—INFANT'S DRESS WITH round yoke, one size.
6190—CHILD'S NOTARE YOKER DRESS, one, two and three years.
6294—MINNESOTA BOX COAT, 14 and 16 years.
6235—BLOUSE OR SHIRT-WAIST, 32 to 42 bust.
6499—CORSET COVER with peplum, 34 to 42 bust.
6084—LONG OR SHORT KIMONA, small, medium, and large.
6297—CHILD'S BISHOP DRESS, six months, one, two and four years.
6512—CIRCULAR CAPE, small, medium and large.

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This book is based upon result of researches that have taken years of study and experimenting. I have written this book with but one object in mind, and that is to relate actual facts, to tell what I have accomplished in the light of my past experience and what I expect to accomplish in the future. I have written this book as plainly and as clearly as I know how. It may give you a light that will illuminate your path to the recovery of the divine gift, which you may be in danger of losing. With this confidence and hope that I have given to the world, something that may aid those who are afflicted and prevent others from falling into the ways that may injure, it is my desire, therefore, that you send for this book and get from it all the benefit towards the means of saving either your sight or hearing.

One of the Greatest Books Help a Friend—If You are Well Ever Published and Strong

Full from Cover to Cover with Information Concerning the Treatment and Care of the Eye and Ear. Send for It at Once—Use the Coupon.

I have been informed by learned people who know, that this is the greatest book for free distribution ever published on eye and ear diseases. It is written in plain, simple language and is easily understood by any average person. The book tells how to test, treat and care for the eye and ear. A splendidly illustrated chart of the eye is shown, and several methods for testing the eye are given. There are many chapters devoted to the different forms of disease the eye is heir to; also the proper information for the care and cure of eye diseases is carefully suggested. Each part of the ear is illustrated with life-like pictures, and described so that anybody may understand. The causes and forms of deafness are clearly explained and remedies suggested. You will find a chapter instructing you how to test the hearing, how to know whether you are suffering from any trouble with the ear, or may be threatened with such trouble. Thus you will find instructions in the use of a series of tests which will enable you, if you have ear troubles to decide the amount and location of the defect in your hearing, and can therefore take proper measures for relief and cure.

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If You Know of a Friend or Relative Who Is Afflicted with Eye or Ear Troubles, Tell Them About This Book or Send for It for Them, So They May Be Benefited by the Information It Contains.

Space will not permit me to say in detail in this announcement all that this great book contains for those who would be benefited by knowing its contents. I can only say that I have succeeded in writing a book—a treatise that is valuable as a reference book, that the doctor can refer to for information or the sufferer for advice. The facts which I have presented are the result of personal contact with thousands of the most complex derangements of the eye, ear, nose and throat. While I shall indulge in no immodest self praise, my heart, affections and skill are wrapped up in my work. You who are well and strong pause a moment. Reflect upon possible and probable consequences before you throw any stumbling block in the way of a sufferer who is seeking relief. If you know of a friend or relative who is afflicted in any way with eye, ear, nose or throat trouble recommend that they send for my book. It is not to be supposed that the well can fully sympathize with the sick. They would have to feel every pain of mind and body which the sick endure, but the well can and should do their part in aiding those who are afflicted. Send for my book today for yourself or a friend.

I Have Only a Limited Edition. Get Your Book at Once.

I want my book to go as far as possible in spreading the glad news that there is help for those threatened with blindness and deafness, and the knowledge contained in my book, if imparted to those so afflicted, may be the means of restoring them to healthful sight and hearing. I impose no obligations on this information; I ask no favors from anybody. I simply want interested people to get my book. It is free for the asking. Write for it today.

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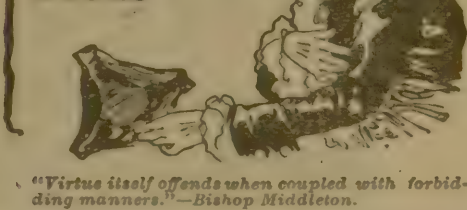
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Idylle, Fence, Wis.—Whatever the best custom of your community is the proper thing for you to do, whether you are fourteen or a hundred. There may be other regulations for other communities, but there is nothing quite so good as for one to do the things that attract the least attention and call for the least criticism. Follow that rule and you can't go far wrong.

Innocent, Princeton, Mo.—The fact that he has not replied to either of your letters shows that you made a mistake in writing to him without having heard from him. It is too late now to remedy it and you must be careful not to make a similar mistake. (2) When the young man comes into the room where the old folks are it is proper to let him talk a while to them, though you may take his hat and coat and put them away.

Subscriber, Howard, Kans.—Lunch is not usually served Sunday evenings to callers. A little cake and wine, or fruit, or nuts or lemonade or even beer and pretzels may be offered in lieu of the more elaborate refreshment. (2) Why, if you have enjoyed the company and courtesy of your escort, shouldn't you show your appreciation by telling him so? Of course, you should. (3) Some very nice girls let their men friends kiss them, but in our judgment, it does not make them any nicer. Etiquette forbids it.

Musa, Archer, Ala.—At a church wedding the bride party passes out immediately after the ceremony and the congratulations and so forth of bridesmaids take place at the house. The bridesmaids kiss the bride and say anything pleasant they want to say.

Dot, Plainview, Minn.—If the lady's petticoat comes down while walking with her "gentleman friend," it is not necessary to tell him because he will see it plain enough to embarrass him as much as it does her. Between them they must get their wits to work quick to restore the refractory garment to its proper place. No rule of etiquette will apply at such a dreadful time. (3) Should your corn—why have a corn, young lady—hurt while a caller is at your house, you should not take off your shoe right there, but excuse yourself and go after a slipper, or your father's old shoe.

E. B. R., Charleston, S. C.—We believe there is no rule of etiquette making it improper for a young lady to give a fellow a lock of her hair if he asks for it. That style of sentimentality, however, is not nearly the virtue that it used to be, due largely, we suppose, to the fact that so many girls nowadays wear store hair. But what's the odds if you don't know the difference?

Red Riding-hood, Cardington, Ohio.—Certainly don't ask them to your dance if they don't ask you to theirs. You may be friends with them, but don't ask them why they didn't invite you. (2) When dancing, either begin the conversation, though it is no great harm if you dance and don't talk. On the street the lady speaks first, though either may if they are more than mere acquaintances.

Blue-eyed Daisy, Wheaton, Ill.—If the young man calls in the afternoon and stays till supper-time you may ask him to eat with you, though it is not necessary. (2) Either his sweetheart or her parents may give him a chair, though he might get one for himself if he were young and single. (4) The young man may kiss his sweetheart when he leaves, if they are engaged, and she may kiss him back or not just as she feels about it. Some do.

Hearts, Ogden, Utah.—A girl may go to other towns to dances if she has a chaperon. (2) She may also telephone to a young man unless her mother has forbidden her.

Swastika, Covina, Cal.—If the lady refused to play the organ for him and still refused though he insisted and he then looked at her with a pleading expression and put the palms of both hands together with the fingers slightly spread, then closed them together and set them up to his chest, then lowered them to his knees and opened them all the time looking at her, we firmly believe that she should give in and play for him. Any man who would go through all that must have really wanted to hear her play.

Ignorant, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.—The third finger of the left hand is the one for the engagement ring, and after the wedding the wedding ring takes the place of the engagement ring.

Cow-girl, Albion, Wyo.—Invite the young man orally to call if you meet him, and if not write him. (2) When writing to young men do not use terms of endearment. Whether they mean much or little, they make you blush and feel ashamed of yourself if you hear them read aloud, or see them in print.

W., Manos, Cal.—If the young man makes ample apology for breaking the engagement you should not refuse to excuse him and remain friendly. (2) Presents of books, candy, fruit, flowers and simple things may be accepted from young men. (3) If your parents do not object to your remaining at work away from home it is proper enough.

Viola, Rives Junction, Mich.—If your "steady company" does not object to your writing to a "gentleman friend," etiquette has no right to object.

Blue Bell, Cambridge, Neb.—To all your questions on the proprieties we may reply that it is undesirable. Worried Girl, Talladega, Ala.—A young married woman, with her husband's consent, may send and receive cards to and from a man friend, but it is very much better for all concerned if she doesn't do it. If they are merely post cards and to both wife and husband there is not so much objection.

N. T., Hagerstown, Ind.—Wait until you hear from the absent young man before sending him a post card. (2) The simplest way is the best to decline or accept a young man's escort. Say it is out of yourself and not out of a book. (3) If he is so bashful that he dare not ask her for her company, she might ask him what makes him so bashful and then laugh at him and tell him to speak out like a man. If that won't fetch him, he's hopeless.

Anxious, Oleta, Cal.—We think when a man shakes hands with a fourteen-year-old girl's parents, he is not polite if he does not shake hands with her. It is not right for a man of twenty-one to pay attention to a girl of thirteen, and her parents should tell him so in a manner that he would not forget. We suppose it would be proper to go to a dance with a young man you knew very well, even though you did not have a chaperon, for chaperons are not required in your community we imagine.

M. E. A., Painesville, Fla.—Etiquette says that the lady is the one to offer to shake hands when introductions take place, but the rule of etiquette which requires a lady to shake hands is a good one to disregard. The hand shake is a sign of friendship and, unless there is a better reason than that, it should be held to the strict letter of this law. Don't try to reason on the kindly spirit of etiquette. Most men don't mind that it is extended to you whether you are shaking hands or not.

Hunter and Greenhorn, Little Rock, Ark.—It is proper for a boy to send a girl his picture in a basket-ball suit and she should thank him for it quite as warmly as though it were taken in his best Sunday clothes. (2) You may send your picture to him in exchange for his if you want to. Some girls don't like to exchange pictures and we do not blame them. (3) Girls of 14 and 15 should not correspond with young men of any age. Most girls of that age are too thoughtless to put themselves on paper.

Texas Girl, Center, Texas.—It is pretty hard lines for a girl of nineteen to grieve herself to death because her people will not let her see a young chap of twenty-two when she loves better than life itself, but

brace up, Little Girl, and wait till you are twenty-one and then you can marry him all you want to. (2) We certainly do not think it any harm for an engaged couple to just stand on the steps a few minutes and the door open and the lamp lit and the moon shining and say good night. How could anybody see harm in that?

Red Wing, New Castle, Va.—It is just as proper for the lady to take the man's arm as for him to take hers when walking together after night.

Farmer, Grange, Maine.—Shaking hands with gloves on is a somewhat mooted question. If a man has on light gloves, dress gloves, so-called, he need not bare his hand to shake with a bare hand, lady's or gentleman's. If his glove is a heavy out-door style, he should take it off anyhow when he comes into the house or office. On the street the glove may be kept on. Some rules of etiquette say that it is a silly practice to take off one's glove whenever he shakes hands, but the man's own feelings prompt him to take it off if it is a heavy glove to offer to a bare hand. Ladies, of course, are not expected to remove their gloves, no matter how heavy they may be, because they are never very heavy, nor are their hands big like men's. See other answers in this column on hand shaking.

M. M. C., Mosley, Ark.—Better be satisfied with what you are getting. You have no claim on him and if he wants to write to other girls, he may do so. You like his letters and he writes nice ones to you and that ought to be satisfactory.

Golden Hair, Presque Isle, Maine.—Well, it isn't exactly etiquette for a young man whom you have just met to put his arm around you when assisting you home after nine o'clock P. M.—don't you mean P. M.?—but so many young men do it for the cure and the sanctions it. If you do not like the custom, you shouldn't permit it.

Cook and Essie, Howard, S. Dak.—We most heartily disapprove of a young lady dancing again and returning home with an escort who during the dance went to a saloon and got drunk. Etiquette doesn't apply in such a case, but moral ethics does. (2) A school girl may permit a young man to tie her slipper in public and also carry her wraps.

Hope, Holston, Ky.—It is not customary for a girl's fiancé to give her money and buy stamps, etc., with, but if she wants to accept it it is her own business and his. It is proper to kiss her good by on Sunday nights, also on the other six nights. We think though if he kisses her every weekday night he might observe the Sabbath.

L. O. N., Chicago, Ill.—Lots of women don't want the men to help them out of the street cars, preferring to take care of themselves. By the way, the lady's manner most frequently in use, though an elbow hold is sometimes taken, when she will not put out her hand and the man feels that it is duty to do something. The politest way is for the man to get off first and stand by with his hand extended, or ready, in case the lady may want his assistance.

Golden Rod, Blair, Neb.—Get his picture before sending yours, and don't send yours unless you are sure he is the kind of man who won't be passing it around among his friends with any remarks he may see fit to make concerning it.

I W., Brooks, N. J.—As between money and love to make happiness in married life, love has money beaten to a frazzle, but even love won't make it every time, though it will come mighty near it, if both of them love each other right and fair. Sometimes bad luck and poverty are too many for love and happiness is destroyed, but not nearly as often as money destroys it. (2) It is hardly the proper thing for you to take a trip of a few weeks with your "gentleman friend," stopping at hotels. Haven't you lived long enough in a proper state like New Jersey to know that?

Farmer's Girl, Eden, Texas.—Writing letters is not at all necessary when a young man comes to see you two or three nights a week. If he should write a note making an engagement which weather prevented and he saw you the following night, you need not reply to the note.

Georgia Girls, Fitzgerald, Ga.—The custom prevails of young people holding hands while walking together in the twilight, and etiquette has no business to butt in. (2) Always ask callers to call again, if you want them to do so. (3) Kissing the lady's hand is a courteous custom, now almost obsolete. Really now we don't know what a girl should say when a young man tells her he loves her, but we rather guess she shouldn't say he was a pie-faced mutt or anything like that.

Sweet Sixteen, Bothell, Wash.—So you went all the way through high school, did you? Well, why do you write: "I am through school, I am a young woman." Suppose you go to grammar school a while to put a polish on, and let that young man wait until he is twenty-eight.

Red Wind, Meyersville, Texas.—Surely twenty-six may marry thirty-one if he is the right kind of a man for the purpose. (2) The lady would be quite justified in declining her escort's company home from the dance if he lured all the evening with another girl, especially as she has a nice way to go home.

B. S., Seaboard, Ala.—There is no serious harm while taking a buggy ride with a young man to drive if he asks you to, but do you think he wants you to drive because he is afraid of the horse? (2) Don't send post cards with "love verses" on them to the young man, either before or after he has sent you one. If you must send love verses, put them under seal.

Star, Foxrun, N. H.—It is better to marry a man a few years younger than you are, if you are free, than to marry one ten years older, if you don't.

Doty Dimple, White-water, Wis.—We believe the sign is when a girl puts on a boy's hat she wants him to kiss her. At least, it was forty or fifty years ago, but signs change. (2) Whatever you do, don't pine away for love's sake. It is very unfashionable to do that. Pull yourself together and try again.

Two Girls, Lebanon, Tenn.—A girl may board at the same house with her brother, even though she is the only girl-boarder there. (2) It is just as well not to go with a man separated from his wife and not yet divorced. When he is divorced you may go with him.

R. H. S., Rockport, Texas.—Moonlight drives with young men are always coming in fault in rural communities. Drive ahead. So, too, about girls letting young men wear their rings. Far be it from us to desire to cast a gloom over any community.

Three Pets, Chappel, Texas.—If you are nicely dressed, though not in company, it is better to see callers as you are than not to see them or keep them waiting. They are not there to look at your clothes. (2) When one man is with a lady and another asks for her company, and she accepts, it is time for the first man to drop out. (3) When she gives him a button-hole bouquet, she should pin on his throbbing bosom, of course. Moonlight parties on the lawn with games are quite the proper things, but not kissing games.

Sun-tanned, Minature, Neb.—When you are introduced and he says he is glad to meet you, you may thank him, or may say you are quite as glad to meet him, the latter being preferable. As it is mere form, you need not say anything in reply if you begin talking right away. (2) The lady may offer her hand or not to the man who is introduced. See other answers in this column on the subject of shaking hands.

G. F. B., Silver, Mont.—Your eyes are fully open to the kind of a girl she is yet you say you love her and hate to drop her. What's the good of asking us about it? If you think it will improve her say to be your wife, go ahead and marry her. You won't know any more than you know now, but you will be a lot more sensible and will realize what kind of a fool a young man can make of himself over a girl. It is up to you.

Hayseed, Rockland, Pa.—Well, seeing that you have lost your Pearl, suppose you go hunting for a Diamond. You won't die of a broken heart before you find one, maybe two or three. But keep away from the wine; that has broken more hearts than all the women have.

Louella, New Orleans, La.—Cards are not usually left at a tea, unless it is very formal, and more in the nature of a reception. When calling give your card to the servant. If you are a frequent caller you may merely give your name. Invitations to informal luncheons and cards may be written on visiting cards. Simply write at the top of the cards what you are giving and the date and hour. "P. P. C." should be written in the lower corner of the card. The lady need not rise when the gentleman is presented. Certainly a young woman's permission should be obtained before introducing anyone to her, except in a crowd when introductions are general and promiscuous. It is done by merely asking her if you may present the person. Lettuce salad is left for the eater to cut up. Some don't like it that way.

Reader, Woodlawn, Md.—If a previously good friend meets you and does not speak to you, it is quite proper to write asking why, or to have some friend make the inquiry, if you don't want to make it directly yourself.

Subscriber, Columbus, O.—If none of the young men in the office with you will introduce you to girls of

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their acquaintances, and you know nobody else? It might be well for you to resume your practice of going to church and Sunday school. You'll meet people there and very nice people, as a rule. And don't stop going to church when you have become acquainted.

E. S., Lexington, Neb.—Send the invitations to your wedding to your poor relations, just the same, though they can't come. You might write in one corner "No presents," if you are afraid they will think they have to give something. (2) When kind-hearted people want you to eat what you know is not good for you, don't be afraid to decline it, and tell them you are dieting, or have dyspepsia, or have sense enough to know that you should not be polite at the sacrifice of your health.

C. A. S., Waterloo, Iowa.—If you don't know what to talk to a girl about, better not go with one till you have learned. (2) The city fashion is to take her to supper after the show, unless she is different, and prefers to have a modest spread at her own house when you get back. There are a few left like that, even in the big cities.

H. H. S., Cherokee, Okla.—Sure, old chap, if the girl receives dog treatment at home because she loves you and you love her, take her away from there and treat her for her in the home you can make.

S. L., Weldona, Colo.—Merely an introduction is hardly enough to warrant the lady in sending a post card to the man, anyhow until he has sent one. "Don't crowd him. Give him a chance to talk to you whenever you can and if he likes it he will do the rest. It is not for the lady to throw a net over the man."

C. R., Oak Point, Mont.—Don't worry about not being popular with the boys if you are popular with girls just women. The girl who has the kind of popularity is sure to win out over all the others. She may not marry as soon, nor as fashionably, but she will be the kind of a wife the best man wants. See answers in this column on introductions.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Embroidery Designs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

No. 485 is a graceful forget-me-not design for a shirt-waist, giving the front, collar and cuffs. This design is well adapted to shirt-waist model 6235 which is here shown. No. 487 is designed for a Corset Cover. The edge is buttonholed; the flowers, leaves and dots to be worked in solid embroidery, the stems are to be outlined and the narrow slits for the drawing ribbon are to be made as eyelets.

Questions Answered

INFANT'S WARDROBE.—MRS. ALDRITCH, as stated in the June COMFORT, each of the new COMFORT patterns will include a diagram of instructions. On the back of this are illustrated "Baby's First Outfit" and "Infant's Wardrobe," which will give you the required patterns.

CAPE MODEL.—No. 6512 represents the most popular style of cape for street wear L. M. D. and we'll include a diagram of instructions. It is simple enough for such. See further description in another column.

APRONS.—The close-fitting aprons as shown in No. 6563 have become quite a fad MARGARET. Like the circular skirts, they fit smoothly and have the advantage of not quickly soiling as do the gathered ones. Accompanying this model is another with pockets, large enough to hold quite a piece of work, as well as the sewing materials.

REPAIRING SWEATER.—Probably the cause of the edge of your sweater stretching is due to the particular stitch which you used. To remedy this I would use a plain crochet stitch on the two front edges and around the neck (making it continuous from the bottom of one side, around the neck and down the other), drawing the stitch closely, or until it seemed to hold the edges in shape. Make this plain crochet about an inch in width and face with strong mercerized cotton to match.

DRESSING LITTLE GIRL.—Very pretty and labor saving Mrs. N. T. are petticoats and bloomers made of the same material as the dress. They look sensible and certainly are up to date. Yes, rompers are just the thing for children to wear when traveling, and are much seen. Plain colors and small checks are preferable.

REWEAVING STOCKINGS.—In the August COMFORT will be a new pattern for reweaving stockings. SADDIE M.

MATERIAL FOR INFANT'S CLOTHES.—MRS. C. H. make slips, dresses and nightdresses of the fine cotton materials; the petticoats or gertudes from wool, or cotton and wool flannel, diapers of cotton bird's-eye, or preferably from a light weight bleached cotton outing flannel which gives less discomfort when wet and washes easily.

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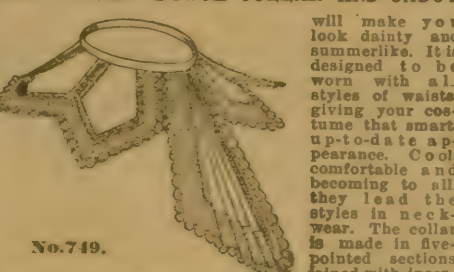
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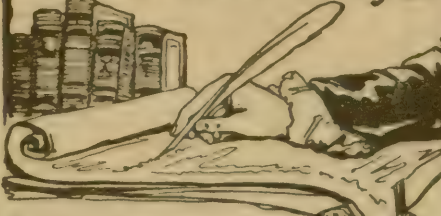
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.
Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.
Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.
Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily by subscribers. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. G. C. D., Wisconsin.—We do not think your son can recover in any law action any portion of the money you mention.

Mrs. H. G. S., Massachusetts.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you have no interest in the property you mention, but that your mother, if she file a claim in the registry of probate within one year after the approval of the executors or administrators of her estate, would be entitled to dower of a one third interest in the property for life, but if she does not file such claim she would still be entitled to some interest in the property, the exact interest depending upon facts not stated in your communication to us.

D. B., Oklahoma.—The records of the county in the state where the land you mention is situated should show the name of the present owner of the land.

S. B., Rhode Island.—We think that a survey of both your own and your neighbor's line should show whether you are interfering with his rights; if he is in the wrong and is only trying to harass you, we think you should force the trial of the action.

C. M. L., North Carolina.—We are of the opinion, that such a marriage as you describe is a bigamous one, and that the woman you mention who contracted it is liable to punishment for her act.

Mrs. N. L., Minnesota.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that the man you mention cannot execute a will, and that the property you mention, proceeding of a general guardian of the minor heirs together with the deed of the other adult heirs to the property. We think that if the minors are over fourteen years of age their selection of a guardian would be of some weight with the court making the appointment.

A. M. R., New York.—Upon your statements to us, we think you can hold both the parents for your child's board bill, but that you can collect only from such property as either of them may own which would be subject to a levy under an execution after obtaining a judgment.

J. T. M., Louisiana.—If the first marriage of the man you mention was decreed void by a court of competent jurisdiction and neither of the parties are now legally married, we think there is no legal objection to A's contracting the marriage you mention.

Mrs. H. C. E., Indiana.—Under the laws of this state we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving no children, and both parents being dead, his whole estate would go to his widow if one survives him.

B. F., North Carolina.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: that (1) the executor is entitled to the length of time you mention to turn over the property to you; (2) that you can take and use such property as the executor turns over to you before that time; (3) that the will stands as a valid one unless set aside by some court of competent jurisdiction.

Mrs. E. C., Oregon.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that it will be necessary for your neighbor to obtain your permission before running his ditch over your land. We think when you come to an agreement with him you should have an agreement drawn by a competent lawyer and have the same properly executed so that it can be put upon record, as such an easement affects the title of your land, and if you sell your land you should be careful to have your deed of conveyance drawn subject to this easement, even though such sale should not take place for a long time to come.

Mrs. L. E. T., Mississippi.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) she can sell only her life interest in the property; (2) that the ordinary course would be to have it probated after his death; (3) that the children of the husband by a former marriage would have no interest by descent in the second wife's property; (4) that the children of a woman by a second marriage would not be heirs of her first husband's estate; (5) that the bona fide purchaser is one given for the faithful performance of their duties in the capacity of executor; this is sometimes not required under the terms of the will; (6) that under the laws of your state gifts or conveyance between husband and wife are void, unless in writing, acknowledged and recorded; (7) that a man is liable for the support of his minor children; (8) that a wife living apart from her husband can remove from his home her personal belongings; (9) that a father is entitled to the custody and control of his minor child; (10) that dower in the real estate exists where the estate vested prior to November 1, 1880.

Mrs. C. W., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that a parent has a legal right to disinherit any or all of his children by will.

J. P. V., California.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that it is now too late to legally enforce the collection of the money you mention.

S. M. B., South Dakota.—We think you should take up your matter with the Government Land office.

Mrs. S. W. Y., Florida.—We think that, if the man you mention can prove the falseness of the accusation against him, an action for damages for false arrest would lie against the person making the false charge and that the amount of damages he could recover would depend upon the damages he could prove.

Mrs. E. F., Illinois.—Upon your statements to us we think you should apply for letters of administration on your uncle's estate. We think it possible that you may be entitled to a claim against his estate; after the payment of all debts, we think the balance of his estate would, under the conditions as you state them, go to his brothers and sisters or their descendants in equal shares.

Subscriber, Pennsylvania.—We think A should, by all means, prove his agreement with B in the regular way and not destroy the note.

F. A., Nebraska.—Upon the statements as submitted, we are of the opinion that the widow of the deceased son would have no interest in the deceased son's father's estate.

W. M. B., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: (1) that provided the widow makes written election to take property, subject to the payments of the husband's debts, she could receive all personal property which came to the husband in the right of the marriage, and also one half of the real and personal estate of which the husband was the owner at the time of his death; (2) that in the absence of a will the grandchildren would divide their parents' share of the estate.

Anxious, Texas.—We are of the opinion: that, in order to entitle a wife to support from her husband, she must live in the home provided by him for her, provided, of course, he provide an commensurate with his means and station in life; that, if his acts, in insisting that she reside with his parents and children by a former marriage, amount to cruelty on his part, she might obtain separate support in a separation suit. The moral aspect of the case upon which your statements mostly dwell, we think, is one you must work out between you, as so many other questions and con-

ditions enter into it. We think, however, that the wife should consider well before asking her husband, whom we presume she married with full knowledge of the fact that he was a widower with small children, to provide a separate home with his parents for these children of tender years. We think these little children are entitled to some consideration, their own mother being dead, and that now, at the time when they need a parent's care, they should not be deprived of their father's care, simply because he has been fit to marry again and, perhaps selfishly, throw all responsibility of his duty to them upon his parents we think that the first responsibility, and we think it a great one, rests upon both, or either of the parents, and not upon the grandparents, and that the duty and care of them should be most watchful during their earlier years. The second wife, we feel, should be at an age where her own judgment and good sense can save her from allowing the conditions to become insupportable.

F. W. C., Wisconsin.—We think your husband would be in the better situation to move for the recovery of your child, as your consenting to the adoption might bar you; if, however, you can substantiate the conditions you state, under which you signed the consent, you might yourself be successful in recovering it, but if the child is happy and well provided for, we think you will find the fact, that you consented to the adoption, hard for you to overcome. You may find that the manner of your lives since you and your husband have become reunited will be of some importance.

Enquirer, Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion: that, upon the death of a man having no will, his widow would receive from his estate dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and one third of his personal property absolutely; that if he left no issue, this share would be increased to dower of one half for life in the real estate, and one half the personality absolutely as against collateral heirs but limited to one third as against creditors; and that, if the estate be ancestral, limited to one third of the personality absolutely and one third of the real estate for life.

Mrs. J. P. T., Missouri.—We think that, if you agreed to make the payment you mention and the school you mention performs their part of the agreement, you are legally liable for the same.

Alice, Missouri.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that the exemption you mention, under the laws of your state, would only extend to one hundred and sixty acres of land, not exceeding in value the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, and that the balance of the land could be sold subject to the existing mortgage.

W. G. Y., North Carolina.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that you should have the man you mention legally ejected from the land you mention.

Anna S., Missouri.—Upon your statements to us, and under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, if the woman you mention left no will and if all of her children are of full age and sound mind, they can sell the real estate left by her, without her husband's consent.

Mrs. A. F., Washington.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion, that the marriage you describe is legal and valid unless the same is set aside by some competent court, we think the grounds you mention might constitute grounds for the wife to be an action to have the marriage set aside, but that until such action is terminated the marriage is valid.

Mrs. E. C., Montana.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the man you mention cannot recover wages from his brother for the services performed at the time and in the way you mention.

Mrs. R. J. H., Oklahoma.—We are of the opinion that, if your mother's nephew executed the deed you mention under a properly executed power of attorney, your mother's recourse was against him personally, and that unless she can prove that the purchaser was not a purchaser in good faith, she cannot recover the property.

E. L., Nebraska.—You state no reason in your communication to us, which in our opinion would be grounds to dispute the teacher's right to dictate the disposition of the proceeds of the entertainment which she promoted.

Mrs. G. S. H., Nebraska.—We think that proof of death is necessary before the beneficiary under the life insurance policy is entitled to collect the money.

A. R., West Virginia.—We do not think there is any legal reason why the woman you mention cannot be sued on her obligation and collection of same made from any separate personal property she may own.

R. M., Georgia.—We think it will be necessary for you to obtain the information as to your father's ancestry from some local source. After you get a beginning point your search may lead you to some other place or places.

F. B., New York.—Under the laws of your state your husband's signature would not be necessary to the transfer of your own property even though he were living, so you may rest assured that you will not need to prove his death in order to give good title. If the title stood in his name or in both of your names it would be different.

Miss M. W., North Carolina.—Upon your statements, we do not think the descendants of the woman you mention can recover or are entitled to any portion of the land you mention.

Mrs. S. C., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that, upon the death of the young woman you mention, leaving no will, husband, descendants or father, her whole estate would go to her mother and, that upon the death of the mother, if she leaves no will, the property would go to the mother's heirs, and would not come back to the half brothers and half sisters, or their descendants.

Mrs. M. G. L., New York.—We are of the opinion that if the decree granting your daughter's husband a divorce against her in Illinois was actually entered, she could remarry in any state except Illinois, her right to remarry there depending upon the wording of the decree; but she should be careful before remarrying to make sure that the decree was actually entered, as if it was not entered she would be guilty of bigamy if she should marry while she has a husband living from whom she was not divorced. We are of the opinion that under the laws of Illinois both parties to a divorce action are prohibited from remarrying within one year from the date of the decree; and the person decreed guilty of adultery cannot marry for two years. If the husband procured a divorce we do not think there is no necessity for your daughter to bring any action.

Mrs. A. M., New Hampshire.—We are of the opinion that the lawyer you mention should return your papers to you.

Mrs. W. H. S., Texas.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a man, leaving no will, his widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and the balance of his real estate would go in equal shares to his children or descendants of any deceased child, such descendants of a deceased child taking their parents' share; and that the fact that any child was the child of a former wife would not interfere with such child's right of inheritance from his estate.

Mrs. S. G., Oklahoma.—We think you should have had a survey and search made of your property before taking title. You do not state how your deed reads; if the lots are described only as lot numbers as laid down on some map, we think your title is defective as to any more property than that which is included in the lots as laid down; it might be possible for you to correct the defect in an equity action; but this would depend upon facts not stated in your communication to us.

Mrs. A. L., Iowa.—(1) We think you should have kept a copy of the claim you filed with the receiver you mention. You should communicate with him and find out whether your claim is properly listed and allowed. (2) You should communicate with the Indian Commissioner at Washington, D. C.

April Cut-Up-Puzzle Prize Winners

The following are the winners of the fifteen cash prizes offered in connection with our cut-up picture puzzle printed in April COMFORT.

FIRST PRIZE \$3.00	Miss Esther Rose, Ill.
SECOND PRIZE \$2.00	Cora E. Cline, N. Y.
THIRD PRIZE \$1.00	Mrs. Jacob Hare, Wis.
FOURTH PRIZE \$1.00	Mrs. A. Wagoner, Wis.
FIFTH PRIZE \$1.00	J. H. Scroggins, Ark.

To each of the following ten persons 50 cents each:

Will D. Meier, Wis. Annie Burkhalter, Ala. Miss Geell Hunt, Ind. Otis Huskey, S. C. Mrs. Wm. Kinch, N. Y. Mrs. M. L. Shepherd, Va. Miss Allie Hansen, Utah. Mrs. W. L. Ladd, Tenn. Mrs. A. E. Long, Ark. Mrs. Henry Amos, N. Y.

A BANKER offers You A FLORIDA

Grapefruit Farm Near Tarpon Springs

I own every inch of the land I am offering you and I have been a Chicago Banker for years. I believe I can prove to you beyond all doubt, that here is a Florida Land offer absolutely without a bit of risk, a land proposition that will make you independent on a very small expenditure. And I am going to prove these points before you risk a penny.

The Best Location

The tract is located in Hillsboro & Pasco Counties on the famous Pinellas Peninsula, just outside of beautiful Tarpon Springs, the famous health resort city of the South.

Every advantage that a fruit farm could possibly have is here. Three railroads to carry you or your produce to the most attractive spots and to the best paying markets of the world. Schools for your children, churches, theatres, modern stores all the comforts of a comfortably large city and the independence of a fruit grower besides.

Why don't you investigate this opportunity to own a grapefruit, orange or early vegetable farm in the garden spot of Florida, when you can secure the very best on

Very Easy Terms

Aren't you about tired of the drawbacks of city life or small town life? Isn't the increased cost of living, the high rents, the dangers to yourself and your family enough to make you want to quit and make a change, especially when you can become a wealthy fruit grower by the payment of one dollar per month for every acre you buy?

If you are not ready to go to Florida at once, you don't have to. We will show you how you can buy your farm and hold it as an investment for the future, or have it cultivated for you and the profits sent to you to help you get started for Florida when you are ready.

Get This Free Book

You'll find there's always one best in everything. I can prove to you that this is the one best Florida land offer if you'll give me a chance to send you this book. And all you need do to get it is send me your name and address on this coupon.

Land such as this is becoming mighty scarce in Florida, and very soon hundreds of people are going to kick themselves for not having acted in time. Don't you be one of the kickers. Write for the booklet now and prepare to become independent. It's free. Send for it today. Fill out the coupon and mail it to me personally.

**BERT E. NASH,
NASH & COMPANY
BANKERS.**

621 First National
Bank Building,
Chicago.

DEAR MR. NASH: I want to know more about your Florida bank FREE. I understand you will tell me all the facts and conditions of your whole proposition, if I want. Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

FAST PIGEON FLIGHTS.—Two new championships for the pigeon records for old birds were made during the season of 1909, when a bird owned by Edwin Atwood, Needham, Mass., flew 500 miles at a rate of 1705.62 yards (almost a mile) per minute, and another owned by Louis Gebfert, Fort Wayne, Ind., covered 1004 miles in five days, one hour, twenty-two minutes.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

WYACONDA, MO.

Comfort's League of Cousins

How to become a Member

Special Notice

*League Sunshine and Mercy Work
for July*

Mrs. Minnie Fenton, Mill Shoals, Ill. Invalid with little girl to support. Does lovely needlework. Send her some orders, and help her to help herself. Mrs. Ida Owens, 322 State St., Alma, Mich., wants to get some pure Tamarack gum to use in making a syrup for a consumptive. Can anyone send her some? Thomas E.

Uncle Charlie

An Unwilling Bride

Or, The Heart's Rebellion

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

And an hur's slow ride brought Ernest to Mount Pleasant. That evening he had little patience with his miserly grandfather's "poor Richard" prosing, or with hapless Nanny's snatches of song and peasey—until:

"You're in love!" said the latter, suddenly ceasing her play, and coming and peering in his face.

Capital: \$1,000,000.00

TO BE CONTINUED.

R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.
Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Address **Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.**

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

I only have one little hint to send in this time. All you who have phonographs and have broken records, take the pieces and pound them fine, put between a cloth and rub your iron across it several times, then wipe. I would like to hear from some of the Comfort sisters. I remain your sister,
Mrs. WILLIAM BAKER, Elk Lick, Pa.

Mrs. Baker. Your cheerful letter is most welcome, and do you know that your contented mind and helpful disposition brings you and those about you many blessings? I sincerely hope that your little daughter will grow well and strong under your tender care, and that success will crown the efforts of both you and your husband.
—Ed.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I come to thank all who remembered me on the 19th of March with cards and letters. I have answered many and in time shall try to answer all. Wishing you all happiness, also the dear editor of our noble paper, I remain,
Mrs. NETTIE MOORE, Rendalia, Ala.

Miss Emma Todd, Woodbury, R. R. 3, Box 43, Tenn., wishes to thank all who so kindly sent her seeds, cards, letters and quilt pieces.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

First I wish to express my appreciation of the wonderful work COMFORT is doing for its readers, especially the shut-ins. I know of no other paper which so instills the spirit of the golden rule, the brotherhood and sisterhood of mankind which makes the fatherhood of God more real. I have myself experienced the great good that COMFORT is doing through the expressions of sympathy and good will as well as the many tokens that have reached me, all unexpected, for my chief object in writing was to try and say a word of encouragement to other shut-ins.

I have been confined to the bed during the past five months, and this thoughtfulness from the known and unknown friend is one of the compensations a shut-in finds doubly welcome.

To COMFORT Reader, G. S., Elizabeth Gebhardt, and all who sent me literature on faith or divine healing I wish to express my appreciation, and I wish I might write each of you personally.

MISS NELLIE SMITH, Fulton, R. R. 3, N. Y.

Requested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

DANDELION WINE.—Cover two and one half colanders of dandelion tops with four gallons of boiling water, let stand twenty-four hours and strain. Add twelve pounds of sugar, six oranges, six lemons, one half cake of compressed yeast and let stand three weeks to ferment. Add alcohol to suit taste. Mrs. J. EUGENIO.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—To one quart of juice add one pound of white sugar, one tablespoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg. Boil together fifteen minutes and add a wineglassful of good brandy or rum.

RASPBERRY WINE.—Fill a large stone jar with ripe berries, cover with water and let stand three or four days to ferment. Then mash and strain through cheese cloth. To every gallon of juice add three pounds of brown sugar and cover. Skim every day until clear of fermentation. Pour off carefully from sediment, cork and set in a cool place. Ready to use in two months.

UNFERMENTED WINE.—To six quarts of grapes or berries add two quarts of water; bring slowly to a boil and strain. Return juice to kettle; again bring to boiling point and bottle and seal while hot. If blackberries are used, only one quart of water should be used.
Mrs. JENNIE HANSFORD.

COMMUNION WINE.—Wash and pick grapes from stems; put in porcelain kettle and add water to cover for most part; one whole clove, cinnamon and mace. Put the vinegar and spice in a preserving kettle and make the syrup by boiling all together a few minutes. In the mean time boil fruit in a little water until tender, put in a jar and pour the syrup over it. When cold, cover closely and examine a week or so later, and if the juice is not thick enough, pour off and boil down. This is good for pears, plums, peaches and apples.
Mrs. C. A. CALLOW.

INDIA RELISH.—One peck green tomatoes, one half head of cabbage, ten green peppers (rather one half for most part), one pound of whole cloves, cinnamon and mace. Chop tomatoes, cover with one half cup of salt and let drain twenty-four hours, then add three onions, the cabbage and peppers well chopped. Put spice in bag and add sugar, cover well with cider vinegar and let simmer four hours.
Mrs. M. J. QUICK.

Seasonable Recipes

SWEET PICKLES.—Five pounds of fruit to two and one half pounds of sugar, one cup and a half of good vinegar, one ounce each of whole cloves, cinnamon and mace. Put the vinegar and spice in a preserving kettle and make the syrup by boiling all together a few minutes. In the mean time boil fruit in a little water until tender, put in a jar and pour the syrup over it. When cold, cover closely and examine a week or so later, and if the juice is not thick enough, pour off and boil down. This is good for pears, plums, peaches and apples.
Mrs. L. M. N. NEWMAN.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.—One peck of green tomatoes and six large onions sliced, mix thoroughly with one cup of salt and let stand overnight; pour off liquor in the morning and throw away. Boil tomatoes and onions twenty minutes in two quarts of water and one of vinegar, drain and throw liquor away. Take three quarts of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, two tablespoons each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon, ginger and mustard and twelve green peppers chopped fine; boil one hour. Put away in stone crock.
Mrs. L. M. N. NEWMAN.

CHILI SAUCE.—Eighteen ripe tomatoes, three green peppers and six onions chopped; add two cups of vinegar, one cup of sugar, three teaspoonsful of salt and one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Boil one hour and seal. Makes about eight pints.

CURRENT JELLY.—Wash and drain currants without removing from stems and put into a porcelain-lined kettle; mash with wooden spoon as they heat through and boil fifteen minutes. Pour while hot into cheese-cloth bag which has been scalded and let drain. Measure juice and heat an equal amount of granulated sugar in oven. Let currant juice boil slowly fifteen minutes, skin, gradually add hot sugar, boil a few minutes longer and pour into glasses. No water is used.
AUGUSTA JOOST.

CRISP CUCUMBER PICKLES.—To every gallon of cucumbers, take three tablespoonsful of salt in enough water to cover. Bring water and salt to boil and pour over cucumbers. Let stand twenty-four hours, drain and throw away water. Repeat this three mornings in succession, always renewing boiled salt and water. Pack cucumbers in crock or stone jar. Then cover with little plate or saucer that fits inside of jar. Pour over all enough sweetened vinegar to cover plate. Tie a cloth over top of jar and set in a cool, dark place. These stay crisp and are fine.
Mrs. NITA SEINKER.

CARROT PICKLES.—Wash, scrape and boil until tender; pack in stone jar and while hot take one cup of good vinegar, two cups of water, one and one half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful each of whole cloves, finely broken stick cinnamon, whole allspice, a few pieces of ginger root and let come to boil and pour over hot carrots.
Mrs. W. C. R.

TO CAN STRIPS BEANS.—Break into one inch pieces and boil hard two hours. Scald glass canning jars and fill with hot beans and pour over what liquid the jar will then hold; seal, place jars in boiler or large kettle, cover with boiling water, and boil two hours. Place several thicknesses of thick cloth, strips of wood, or other protection under jars to prevent breaking while cooking.

TO CAN BERRIES.—Fill jars with raw fruit, cover with a hot syrup made according to the amount of sugar desired, seal and cook two hours as above described.
Mrs. D. M. L.

CANNING RAW STRAWBERRIES.—Take equal weight of berries and sugar, mix and mash thoroughly with wire potato masher and can raw. These are very nice.
Mrs. C. L. FOLEY.

Requests

Mrs. E. M. Cummings, Lake City, Iowa, song "The Faded Coat of Blue."

Mrs. B. E. Padgett, Hustonville, N. C., birthday remembrance on August 28th.

Mrs. Jane Hays, Lonsan, R. E. 1, Ark., a cripple, calico quilt pieces on her seventy-ninth birthday, July 8th.

Mollie Murphy, Decaturville, R. R. 7, Tenn., letters of sympathy for loss of husband.

Mrs. John D. Randall, Shopville, Pulaski Co., Ky., religious reading and letters.

PROF. SAMUELS ORIGINATES PECULIAR METHOD OF TREATMENT

HIS PHENOMENAL SUCCESS CAUSES ENMITY OF DOCTORS

ARRESTED MANY TIMES

But Acquitted by Juries and Judges and Permitted to Continue in a Work That He Alone Can Do, as He is the Only Man in the World Using His System—Patients Make Startling Statements of His Successful Method of Treating Consumption, Bright's Disease, Kidney Trouble, Blindness, Fits, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Cataracts, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, Hay Fever, and Many Other Diseases That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.

WICHITA, Kas.—The almost miraculous cure of hopeless invalids made by Professor Samuels, of Wichita, Kas., have been of such a startling character that they have aroused wide-spread wonder, admiration and curiosity. Time and again he has taken cases pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical profession and restored the patients to health in a most phenomenal manner.

There is considerable mystery attached to Professor Samuels' method of accomplishing these marvels, and it is known that he does not use the drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon. And it is a matter of proof that with the system this discovery gives him, he has made the blind see and the lame walk. He has revived the flickering spark of life in bodies on the very verge of the grave, and restored to health men and women given up to die by doctors and specialists.

Professor Samuels came into note several years ago by his almost miraculous cure of "Blind Joe," of Topeka, Kas., who was well known in that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the streets there for years. He had been blind for ten years and had exhausted all the means in his power to be cured, but had given up in despair until he fell into the hands of Professor Samuels, who effected a cure.

Professor Samuels has been arrested many times for practicing his system without having a diploma. On being interviewed a few days ago relative to his many arrests, Professor Samuels said:

"Yes, I have been arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case have I been convicted. Naturally, the medical profession are jealous of my success, and are fighting me most of the time, but how are they going to convict me? Do you suppose any jury, when my patients come into court, as they did at Alva, Okla., Newkirk, Okla., Ponca City, Okla., and other towns, and tell how they have been cured of all manner of trouble, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what has been accomplished, is going to convict me? My trial at Alva was before a very able judge, Jesse J. Dunn, who is now chief justice of the state of Oklahoma; after hearing the evidence for and against me I was acquitted. At Newkirk I was tried before Judge Hausley, a very able judge. Judge Brown, a noted lawyer, was the prosecuting attorney, and fought the case very hard, but I was acquitted. These persecutions were brought because I have no license. Being the originator and only practitioner of my system of healing, how am I to have a diploma? I can't issue it to myself, and the medical fraternity, trotting along in the same harness for half a century, too blind to accept my discovery, which accomplishes actual results, make it impossible for me to procure a license as a representative of any of the recognized schools. So what am I to do but to proceed in my own way and accomplish results that astound humanity?"

The professor here showed a reprint from the court records showing the proof of his assertions that the court had not convicted him.

Professor Samuels is a remarkable man.

Bright, alert, progressive and although 60, he is straight and active and gives one the impression that he is much younger. He talks with such an earnest conviction and enthusiasm of his work that the listener must believe him and believe in his work.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

"That is a secret that has taken many years of my life to accomplish. I can only say that my results are obtained treating diseases by dropping a colorless liquid, which I prepare, into the eye. Strange as it may seem, so-called incurable cases of consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, epileptic fits, nervous prostration are treated in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating other bodily ills based on the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but here are the proofs."

Thereupon the professor placed before his interviewer his "Message of Facts," affidavits and letters in great numbers, many of them from responsible and well-known people, all bearing on his statements.

This proved that Mr. Frank Hoff, now in business at 249 North Main street, Wichita, Kas., had been given up to die of consumption. He had been treated by the greatest specialist in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was some seven years ago and when he had tried everything else without avail, that he came to Professor Samuels and was cured. He is a large, strong man and weighs 240 pounds now, and when called upon by the interviewer, stated that he owed his life to Professor Samuels.

Mrs. Minnie B. Tarver, living at Hesterville, Miss., had what was pronounced to be a very bad case of tuberculosis. A large number of her family had died from the same disease, among them her mother, two sisters, one brother and one brother-in-law. She had practically given up hopes when hearing of Professor Samuels and began taking his treatment. She was having fever, a cough and night sweats and now and then a hemorrhage. She weighed only 120 pounds. After beginning treatment, she noticed an improvement the very first day. She gained in weight until she weighed 150 pounds, her usual weight.

Mr. I. W. Shufelberger, living seven miles northeast of Wichita, was almost blind and deaf, was led by his daughter to the office of Professor Samuels, and was suffering a great deal of pain from his eyes. Professor Samuels restored his eyesight after three weeks' treatment. He goes everywhere unattended and transacts his business and writes almost as well as he ever did in his life. After being entirely deaf in one ear for twenty years, he can hear the tick of a watch.

Miss Ida Garrison, who resides at 963 Roberts avenue, Wichita, Kas., was said to be very low with consumption by leading physicians. She tried all sorts of climate and very best doctors on lung trouble and was pronounced incurable by all. Miss Garrison took my treatment about seven years ago and she treated about nine months and is still in good health.

Mrs. A. J. Snyder, Freeport, Ill., letter party on July 14.

Mrs. Lula Smith, nee Whitaker, Mitchell, Nebr., would like to correspond with old friends in Colorado, her home state.

Mrs. Lizzie Moody, Buchanan, R. E., Tenn., a shut-in, needing assistance.

Mrs. Sophia Farnum, 1117 Wells St., Chicago, Ill., information regarding states of California, Washington, Oregon and the Ozarks.

Mrs. Mae Cress, Roscoe, R. E. 1, Box 63, Texas, quilt pieces.

Mrs. Elsie Allen, Sallison, Sequoyah Co., Okla., "Speckled Bird" from May 1909.

Mrs. Ada Kessner, Venus, Knox Co., Nebr., quilt black twelve by twelve inches with initials worked.

Mrs. Eliza Gibbs, Deford, R. E. 1, Mich., religious reading matter.

Mrs. W. W. Starnes, Decherd, R. E. 1, Tenn., quilt pieces.

Mrs. Chas. Pinkerton, Warsaw, R. E. 7, Box 33, Ind., the best time for setting rose plants out, and a means of protecting them from bugs and worms.

Mrs. Josie Townsend, of Geary, Okla., writes: "I feel that I owe you my life for when I commenced treatment with you a few months ago I had been given up to die. I had been sick for twenty-four years and had been treated by some of the best doctors in Kansas and Oklahoma, but they could do me no good. When you commenced to treat me, I had one large sore on my leg which was sore to the bone, and several small sores around it, and just the least bit of work would burst a vein and I would almost bleed to death. I was all bloated up with dropsy and could not sleep; would almost smother at times. Everyone claimed that I could not live and I thought so myself, as I could hardly walk around the house. My feet and hands were almost paralyzed and are now so that I can use them again, and God knows I thank you more than I can tell."

"Professor, you are a wonder. All the people here who know me, just look at me and say: 'Is it possible that this can be you, and all the medicine you used was the drops in your eyes?'"

Mr. P. R. Robey, who resides at 309 North Walnut street, Wichita, Kas., brought his mother, Mrs. P. Spidal, to Wichita to be treated by Professor Samuels. She was unable to move hand or foot; she was even unable to speak. Her case was paralysis. Physicians had given her up and considered her case hopeless. She was taken in an ambulance to the home of her daughter. After using Professor Samuels' treatment a few months she was restored to health.

Mr. Harry Evans, a wholesale lumberman, located at 307 Winne Building, Wichita, Kas., had what the best physicians called Bright's disease. The doctors could not give him any hope and he continued to get worse. He was also losing his eyesight from what was said to be paralysis of the optic nerve. He took treatment from Professor Samuels and began to improve from the very start. His eyesight came back and all symptoms of Bright's disease left. After taking Professor Samuels' treatment he was examined by leading physicians, and they stated he had not the slightest trace of Bright's disease.

Mr. Evans is known all over the country, a leading business man whose word can be relied upon and he would be glad to write or tell anyone of his experience with Professor Samuels.

The young son of W. W. Lyon, located at Augusta, Kas., had been suffering for a long time with a severe case of asthma. He was treated by Prof. Samuels, and is now in good health. In a recent letter, Mr. Lyon writes: "It was the best investment I ever made."

Mary A. Stout, who lives at Burlington, Kas., had what was pronounced to be a bad case of diabetes. This disease is pronounced incurable by regular practitioners. This case was treated by Professor Samuels. In a recent letter to Professor Samuels, she writes: "I feel well, and have no marks of diabetes. May God's richest blessing ever be with you."

"Is it necessary for your patients to come to see you to be treated?" was asked. "No, my treatment can be sent by mail. Many of my patients come to see me, but it is not always necessary. My treatment is sent to hundreds, and, in fact, I am as successful in treating that way as though the patients were right here. To people from a distance who write me, an information blank is sent to fill out. In this way I am enabled to send them the treatment with full directions for its use."

"I should think with your ability to cure you would be in a position to demand big money from your patients," remarked the interviewer. "No, I do not do that now. My charges, when the patients used to call on me in person, used to be pretty high. I am getting old, and I feel that it is my duty in my last years to place my treatment in the hands of the poor as well as the rich. I believe that I owe a duty to mankind, and that as many people as possible, no matter what race or nationality, nor where located, should be benefited by my life's work. On this account, I have reduced my charges so they are within reach of all."

"My greatest aim in life from now on will be to relieve the ills of humanity, and when death shall claim me, I have arranged so that my secret will not die with me, but will be known, so that men in all ages to come will reap the reward of my life's work."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their troubles may be, should write Professor Samuels, room 7, Samuels Bldg., Wichita, Kas., for his "Message of Facts," and they will find something in it of interest to them.

Mrs. James Boyle, 1303 Harris Ave., Trenton, Mo., recipe for Lincoln pie.

Mrs. J. E. Slate, Three Rivers, Mich., words and music to "Is It True Kind Stranger?" etc., sent direct to her.

C. H. Fiske, 128 No. Idaho St., Butte, Mont., song "Good By Old Step Stone."

Miss Mary Eagen, New Salem, No. Dak., a semi-invalid, would like to hear from homeless, middle-aged women who would work for her for good wages and remain with her permanently.

S. I. Griffith, Chickasha, Okla., recipe for canning pumpkin.

Mrs. Dora Carr, Bartley, Nebr., letters July 17.

Mrs. Mollie Dill, Huntington, R. E. 6, Tenn., an invalid, would be grateful for reading matter.

Mrs. E. E. Anderson, Newton, N. C., correspond with sisters of her age, twenty-two years.

Mrs. J. Williams, Littleton, N. C., letters on fifty-ninth birthday, Aug. 29th.

Mrs. J. T. Saxman, Fletcher, R. E. 2, Okla., recipe for catnip.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, June has gone, my dears, and I hope the roses bloomed all over you every day in the month. Now comes July and there isn't much in July except hot weather when it is all we can do to keep our tempers from getting as hot as the weather is. Still we can try real hard and the harder we try the nearer we will succeed and the better we will be for the effort. So make the effort; keep cool in mind and your bodies will be refreshed. Which reminds me that I must stop talking and get to work, even if it is hot.

The first is from Freckle Face, Ellis, Kans., and she says her parents won't give their consent to her marrying the man she wants and she can't be happy if she marries against her parents' wish and she wants to know what to do. As people marry to increase their happiness, I think, Freckle Face, had better obey her parents.

Dotty, Plainview, Minn.—If you quarrel as sweethearts you will keep at it more than ever as husband and wife. If you want that kind of married life, go ahead and marry him. If not, don't.

Sunshine, Lost Spring, Wyo.—The young man for his own purposes may be very nice with you, and at the same time be anything but nice when you are not around. You should find out if the stories you hear are true. They usually are, but girls think they know their sweethearts better than anybody else does, and that is where they often make serious mistakes. (2) The harm in kissing is the harm that it does make of it. Like everything else it should not be carried to excess.

Anxious, Edgefield, Tenn.—Talk to your mother or any good woman you know about the young man you meet, and tell what they say and do and get advice better than it can be given to you as I give it in print.

Sad Heart, Ethel, La.—As you love each other so very much, and your parents object to tell him to wait until you are twenty-one and you will marry him. By that time maybe everybody will be satisfied.

Troubled, Spartansburg, S. C.—Write a little note to him telling him of his promise to call and ask him why he hasn't kept it. Just a little friendly note, you know, and if he doesn't answer, I think, you should let him go.

Weeping Willow, Whitewater, Wis.—Don't marry the man you cannot respect, no matter who wants you to. Respect is before love. And don't clope with the man you love until you are of age and are responsible. It is not necessary to snub the man your mother likes and you do not, but you can treat him with indifference and let him see that you don't like him.

M. M. M., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—By all means tell the man's wife that you are in love with him. She will make you understand in short order what it means to try to get another woman's husband away from her.

Uneasy, New York, N. Y.—Nobody knows what a man means when he makes love to a girl. Tell him plainly that you do not believe in young people acting as engaged couples do unless they are engaged. It may be a hint, but what if it is? It is your best defense against his caresses.

Maxine, Clinton, Iowa.—Write to him again, as the change in address may have sent the letter astray. Put your own address in the corner of your envelope so the letter may be returned to you if he does not get it. You did quite right in telling him that your little remembrance would do for a Christmas present, and he could not be offended at that.

Sweet Peas, Pelzer, S. C.—My, my, just wait till he puts his arm around you and makes love to you, and you will know how to act. Nature teaches the lesson very quickly. But don't be foolish and think he means it all or that he doesn't mean any of it. Wait until he proves it, before letting your heart go.

H. S. B., Napoleon, Ohio.—Tell the young fellow to brace up and inform his very careful sister that he is old enough to take care of himself. She has no right to rule him like that and if he has any spunk at all he will not permit it.

Disappointed, Admire, Kans.—If he didn't do anything worse than to go to see another girl, an old friend, too, and you were not engaged to him, and threw him over just for that, I think he is foolish to make friends with you again. That's "cranky," all right, in you, and who wants to have a crank for a sweetheart?

China Lillie, Hollister, Cal.—It is very proper for you to pray God to keep the young man from being a drunkard, but don't you try to get an answer to your prayer by marrying him. Some women have tried it to their everlasting sorrow.

Loveless, Abita Springs, La.—I believe if I were you I would not remain engaged to a man who loves another woman, even though she did discard him. He came to you because you were sympathetic, and he is probably more to be pitied than condemned or loved. Take yourself out of the field entirely.

T. B., Gifford, Idaho.—If he has not written to you it is no doubt because he didn't care enough for you to go to the trouble. Don't write to him.

Western Girl, Dixonville, Oregon.—Obey your father until you are of age, and then marry the young man who seems to be the right kind. He'll wait a couple of years if he is what he seems.

Puzzled, Prescott, Mo.—Forget the beans and get to your school books. When a fourteen-year-old girl writes that he "sighed" his name, I think she needs a spelling book more than anything else.

Greenhorn, Rochester, Minn.—Simply stop writing to the other young man you have known only a little while, now that you have the one you have known longer. (2) It would be better if he were eleven years than eleven months older than you are, but if you love him, it is all right. (3) The girl may go along with him to buy the engagement ring if she wants to.

Virginia Lass, Petersburg, Va.—My dear, why should you wear your heart out on your "dear Hinton", when he doesn't care for you, and you know he doesn't? You will be wiser, perhaps, when you are older.

Pa's Pet, Pine Creek, Ala.—Go to school and forget the delightful dentist. He won't care much.

Bub, Plainview, Minn.—Beware the jealous lover, he will make a hard husband to live with. Better quit when you can do so out of court. (2) The only kind of a proposal to consider serious is one that is direct, and no other is at all binding.

Anxious, Rochester, Pa.—It is proper enough for an eighteen-year-old girl to go with a seventeen-year-old boy, but it is better for her to choose a full-grown man. You may do as you please about going with the young man who says he loves you and you do not care that way for him, but you must tell him you don't.

Heart-broken, Kelso, Tenn.—Having acted on gossip and thrown him over without giving him a chance to explain, he is doing right in refusing to be friends again and I advise you to seek elsewhere and be more sensible and fair next time. You are getting just what you deserve.

Freckles, Boyd, Wis.—Listen, my dear, if he doesn't love you because you have freckles he is a snip not worth having and I tell you to give your whole heart to the other one who says freckles make you more beautiful. He is all right.

Delia, Terryville, Conn.—He was flirting with you and didn't mean a word he said. You ought to be glad he never came around again.

Mary, Helena, Ark.—Why suffer in silence? Why not tell him that he is neglecting you and you will not stand it any longer? If you haven't character enough to shake him up, you ought to suffer in silence.

Blue Eyes, Harrington, Wash.—How can you have any respect for the man who did not put in an appearance last November when you were to be married to him, and now wants you to come to Spokane and be married? Do you think that kind of a man is to be

trusted? You surely shouldn't marry him, and I don't think you should marry the one who seems to be decent. Don't marry till you know your own mind.

Brown Eyes, Owensboro, Ky.—Don't marry the man if you don't love him. Let him go with you if he wants to and you have no other company. But cheer up, make yourself agreeable to the young men, try to be attractive to everybody, men and women, and you are bound to be popular.

Troubled, Fairmount, W. Va.—You have a lot to learn yet about the young men, but before taking them up, suppose you take up your grammar and practice it in writing.

Perplexed, Ponca City, Okla.—If you don't care and the girl he is engaged to doesn't, you may go with him, but I wouldn't. (2) Make him wait till he is able to support you, and don't become engaged to him until his prospects are good.

Trixy, Bluefields, W. Va.—If you loved him once you love him still, though just now you think there is someone else you think more of. Stop that kind of irresolution and marry this good man who has always been good to you.

Charlotte, Owatonna, Minn.—You are making a mountain of a molehill, my dear. Picture taking at weddings is one of the features and no one ever thinks of it except as part of the fun. Take your half dozen pictures taken with the best man and give them to your friends. If you never do anything worse than that you will be happy enough.

Lula, Crystal Springs, Miss.—If you love him better than anyone else, you shouldn't find fault with his queer ways. If they get on your nerves, you had better find another. He can come as often as you want him, but no kissing until you are engaged. Unless you are engaged to him he has no right to ask you not to go with others.

Blonde, Carey, Ohio.—He is "slow" as they say he is, and he is different as some sensitive and self-conscious people are often, but you can bring him around all right if you will "jolly" him and wake him up. Don't let him take himself so seriously, and every time you have a chance, talk to him about himself and ask him why he doesn't live up and act as though the sun were shining and the birds singing. You can do it easy, if you try. Make him forget himself.

Adeline, Green Bay, Wis.—I think he is very conceited and you should show him positively that you know he is. Make most of your letters to him about other young men and hardly refer to him at all. In a little while you'll have him realizing that he is not the only pebble on the beach.

Broken-hearted Lass, Blunt, S. Dak.—Ask the young man what truth there is in the stories you hear of his engagement to another girl. Perhaps gossip is reaching after him. But hear what he has to say, and then ask proofs.

Bothered Girl, Kurten, Texas.—You did right in leaving him, but it may have been that he was not all that he seemed. Some young men have very queer ideas of what love means. He may really love you and as you love him, you might take him back and try him again. What you have done will increase his respect for you if he has any manly sense at all.

Worried Blonde, Hocking, Iowa.—I think you had better take some of the other chances you have. This one seems to be only a chance for trouble.

Sunkist Baby, Bruno, Minn.—Your measurements are about right. (2) In your father's company and at his suggestion you might have offered the young man some guinea though you did not know him. (3) Why not shake hands with a young man who has been away? It is not at all odd, but very nice to shake hands with people. (4) Sure the special corners in COMFORT are very cozy and they enable all of us to get together with our own little crowds.

There dears, your questions are answered except some that I had to send to other departments, which you must read to find out about, and some which did not deserve to be answered. You know I try to skip the questions that you ask just to be asking. Now run along and have a good time and enjoy July as much as you can, and the Lord watch over you till we meet again and after that as well. By, by.

Cousin Marion.

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EACH MONTH COMFORT contains a vast amount of instructive and useful information covering a wide range of interesting topics besides some seasonable special articles of timely importance and one or more smart short stories.

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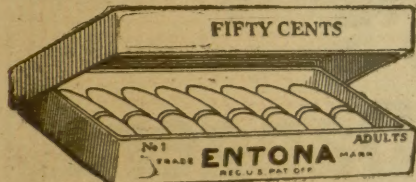
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Besides the 124 best answers, which of course took the prizes, there were many other beautiful, original and well expressed thoughts sent in. The result of the contest, as a whole, reflects creditably the intelligence and refinement of COMFORT'S readers.

After careful consideration the prizes have been awarded and paid to the following named persons:

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Fourth " 2.00 - Mrs. D. F. Ingham, Va.

To The Next Ninety \$1.00 Each

Earl S. Hulise, Iowa. Mrs. Ethel Purdy Md., Mrs. Libbie Austin, Mich., Geo. W. Helmer, New York, Mrs. Creed Thomas, Wash., Mrs. W. J. Dorman, Ga., Miss Katherine Gaffney, New York, Mrs. Mary Mercer, Texas, Mrs. Lula Bartholomew, Ind., Mrs. J. R. Dunsford, Ind., James D. Webb, Minn., Mrs. Maud Wood, Ohio, Esther M. Martin, Iowa, Mrs. Claud Davis, Tenn., Robert H. Blake, Pa., Sarah Belle Garman, Ill., Katie E. Wyatt, Md., Mrs. Doris Barker, Va., Miss Bessie E. Herrick, Maine, Mrs. Ida Lockwood, La., Mrs. James P. Harrison, Okla., Mrs. F. L. Smith, Mich., Sylvia M. Farnum, Tenn., May K. Whetzel, W. Va., Mrs. F. A. Miller, Wyo., Mrs. C. B. Shairtz, Va., Miss Grace Ackerly, Mich., Mrs. H. G. Smith, Ky., Mrs. Henry Dibert, Ohio, Henry B. Mitchell, Ga., Mrs. D. D. Oliver, N. Dak., Miss Chas. Shultz, Ky., Linda Loy, Ill., Cora McWilliams, Mo., Mrs. R. C. Davidson, Mo., Mrs. Edith M. Lord, Maine, Jessie V. Workman, S. C., Bertha Little, Ohio, Mrs. Nellie Wykle, Ohio, Mrs. Nannie Fincher, Texas, Mrs. J. E. Loy, Ill., Joyce Lieberens, Ind., Mr. Johnnie Gatewood, Kans., Mrs. J. D. Pierang, Fla., Miss Ella Leane, Iowa, Bernice Rozell, N. Dak., Miss Gertrude Bailey, Mo., Mrs. David Cutting, Oregon, Hiram Van Meter, Ill., Miss Letha French, Maine, Miss Gladys Wells, Pa., Mary Geesey, Pa., Mrs. Rosa Risdon, N. Mex., Miss Jennie Joy, Texas, Edna White, Mich., Lizzie Tankershy, Okla., Mrs. Frank Watkins, Oregon, Mrs. Flora Lambert, Maine, Geo. A. Ferguson, Mass., Louise E. Hall, Ind., E. H. Galligan, Cal., Raymond Hunt, Minn., Irma Roper, Cal., Mrs. F. R. Freeman, Ohio, Miss Ida Schanikon, Iowa, Miss Iva A. Chete, N. Y., Violet Bennett, Kans., Mrs. Paul Jones, Minn., Miss Jeannie L. Orvis, Iowa, James R. Price, Ala., J. B. Chigizola, Ala., Mrs. S. Durand, N. Y., Claude P. Long, Pa., Mrs. Eugenia Bruton, Texas, Mrs. M. C. Ferguson, S. Dak., Susan E. Ream, Iowa, Katie Goster, Iowa, Sallie Pafford, Texas, Annie Baugh, Va., Mrs. T. F. Waste, Mo., Roy Moore, Nebr., Mrs. Ralph W. Hardy, Maine, Miss Eva Reiter, Nebr., Minnie Shadwick, Ark., Mrs. Alice Sanders, Texas, Mrs. Rie Williamson, Tenn., Lula Holman, Tenn., Lincoln Rapley, N. Y., Mrs. E. S. Morlan, Ohio, Mary Tankershy, Miss.

To The Next Thirty 50 Cents Each

Miss Jessie Rohr, Ill., Mrs. James Evans, Ill., Mrs. T. T. Million, Kans., Mrs. B. Christensen, Mich., Miss Bell Patterson, Ga., Mrs. W. S. Gaver, Va., Winifred H. Pickles, Mass., Mrs. L. J. Tanner, Ohio, Valda Baars, Ill., Mrs. John Baptista, Cal., Mrs. Nellie Stewart, Mich., Francis Vining, Texas, H. L. Robinson, Mich., B. Rupert Hoffman, Va., Olga Kroll, Minn., Lula Pierce, Ohio, Miss Myrtle Leonard, Ohio, Mrs. Charles Burchow, N. Y., Mrs. J. A. Flske, N. Y., Ernest Watecup, Ohio, Josie Butler, Mass., Miss E. M. Cline, Kans., Mrs. A. G. Halgeter, Wis., Miss Jennie Gaffney, New York, Mrs. Sallie Parker, Ark., Mrs. Joseph Kelley, N. Dak., Bertie Watt, Kans., William Huetthir, Mo., Mrs. Lena B. Nelson, Wis., E. E. Harrold, W. Va.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Comet, Boston, Mass.—If the saying "The goose hangs high" is vulgar we never heard that it was. It is American slang and means the prospect is good, probably from "the goose hanks high," as geese do when flying high in fair weather.

Alexander Smith, Marshfield, Mo., would like to hear from some taxidermist who has stuffed owls, hawks and other birds for sale. He also wants to hear from someone who can sell him masks, burlesque and others, the statue of a clown, also a monkey, and an eagle clutching the Stars and Stripes. As Mr. S. is a new subscriber we recommend that he read the advertising columns of COMFORT which are very instructive along many lines.

J. W. C. Cowen, W. Va.—The people who print his magazine can do better in getting his picture for his paper than you can. Ask them to do it for you. That is part of their business.

C. E. R., Baltimore, Md.—Write to Lubin Manfeg Co., No. 926 Market St., Philadelphia; The Vitagraph Co., East 15th and Locust Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Essanay Film Co., No. 435 Clark St., Chicago.

M. F. B., Evergreen, La.—The firms are reliable as far as we know, but do not pay any money until you are sure to get something for it. That will at least save you the cash, though your literary aspirations may be lost.

Osark, Dixon, Mo.—Three years' soldiering is a good education for a young man and we advise you to take it. Colored troops and white are in different regiments. For particulars write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. You can get a job if your habits are fair and your physical condition all right.

M. H. S., Coopersburg, Okla.—The market for mad stones is limited. Suppose you advertise in Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City and Oklahoma City papers, or in any one of them. The Enquirer of Cincinnati, Ohio, will print free such a notice if you send it there.

M. L. B., Dalhart, Texas.—If you had been reading this column lately you would know that your alleged Stradivarius fiddle wasn't that kind at all. It may be a good ordinary fiddle, but not a Strad.

L. G. S., Ludlow, Vt.—Foreign countries, other than Canada, do not have the Standard time system as we have it. Other than Russia in Asia, they are not big enough to need it.

D. E. B., Schoolcraft, Mich.—Consult your local priest. There are hundreds of convents scattered over this country. Rules of entrance vary.

F. S. T., Canaan, Mo.—Write to Marconi Wireless Company, New York City, or to DeForest Wireless Co., same city.

F. W., Arlington, Tenn.—Stenography is taught by mail, but more depends on pupil than teacher. Telegraphy is taught in commercial colleges. A good English education is necessary to get above average, especially spelling and grammar. Average stenographers get from seven to ten dollars a week, and good ones are scarce at from fifteen to twenty dollars. Telegraphers make from ten to twenty-five dollars a week. Telegraphy is easier to learn than stenography, but many of the good positions women cannot fill, or do not, while they do as stenographers. Look in the advertising columns of COMFORT and other magazines for schools.

F. J. J., Iron River, Mich.—See advertising columns of Detroit papers or put your own ad. in one of them to sell your junk. There is a sale for it, if you find the dealer. If you are a real business man you will advertise.

Old Subscriber, Landfield, S. Dak.—See advertisements in COMFORT, but whether they sell or not, you will have to find out by writing. (2) Llewellyn Park, N. J.

J. K., Carter Camp, Pa.—Write to H. K. Mulford Co., No. 57 Fulton St., and to Scheffeling & Co., No. 170 William St., New York City.

L. H., Nashport, O.—What you want is expert information, and we refer you to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. What you are after is not quite in his line, but he can refer you to somebody who is, if you ask him.

E. D., Cassady, Kans.—All of the magazines and most of the Sunday papers buy short stories. But they buy only the kind they want, which is sometimes the best and sometimes not. We advise you not to try to sell any until you know more about the business.

Mrs. E. J., Caseyville, Ky.—To become an "authoritative detective" a young man would first have to have natural ability, then do some work to prove it, and after that get a job with some private agency, or on some city force. Authoritative detectives are born, not made.

C. A. J., Victor, Mont.—If the letter is marked "copy," we suppose I would be right not to make corrections in it, no matter how bad the grammar or spelling. Still we believe we would correct it. As the letters you refer to are letters of recommendation you are doing your friends a kindness to conceal their ignorance.

R. W. W., Waco, Texas.—What sort of a stone is a "rubble"? Do you mean ruby? Anyway send it to Tiffany & Co., New York City, an absolutely reliable firm, but not one whose charges for anything is small. Mermod Jacard Co., of St. Louis, might suit you better, as nearer.

S. B. S., Brownstone, Ill.—If you have coal props to sell in car loads lots, you had better go to St. Louis and see Coal Companies there instead of writing.

H. C. P., Edgartown, Mass.—It is impossible in view of the hundreds of letters we receive, to give them immediate attention.

B. X. M., Tyrone, Okla.—The United States has no Prime Minister to India, Australia, Africa or South America. It has Ambassadors and Ministers Extraordinary to the various governments of the world, but you ought to know that Africa, India, Australia and South America are not individual governments. Suppose you read up a bit and ask us an intelligent question. We thought Oklahoma was one of the leading states in the matter of general education. The U. S. has no Prime Ministers.

A. C., Montague, P. E. I.—Maybe you had your lens covered when you made the exposure. People do that very often. Try again, and if you miss a film length, write to the people who sold you the camera or the films.

Miss Lina Nordstrom, Eddy, S. Dak., would like to have some COMFORT reader send her the address of someone selling plush remnants by the pound.

L. B. L., Wellsville, O.—Carnegie Hero Commission, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sup't. Wilmont.

G. B., Deataville, Ala.—The chances are your violin is not as represented in the inscription. Inquire of Lyon & Healy, Chicago, who know all violins.

What-not, W. Frankfort, Ill.—You cannot learn to be a traveling salesman by correspondence school methods. You must have natural ability and experience. A good common school education is sufficient, if you read newspapers and some current literature so you can talk something else besides "shop." We suppose the association is reliable, but all the training in the world won't make a good salesman if he isn't built that way.

Mrs. H. E. M., Harding, Ia.—We give it up. You can work it out without our help, anyway.

F. V., Holmen, Wis.—Get information from advertisements in COMFORT. There is a coin book, free advertised.

S. A., Brucken, Ky.—You will find a number of them advertised in the magazines. Look them up and take your choice. One school is about as good as another if the pupil has the real stuff in him.

Longlegs, Mass., Mich.—You can get German text books from any book dealer in Detroit. If you can't, write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

M. H. M., Clarksville, Mo.—We have no list in that line. Very often the Woman's Exchanges are quite successful in selling hand-painted pictures, but they must be good ones. Art Interchange, New York City, will reach it.

Mrs. J. D. N., Coatesville, Pa.—Send your specimen to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., for examination.

B. B. P., W. Wardsboro, Vt.—The clarinet is about as easy to blow as any other wood wind instrument. Not being expert musicians, we think you had better consult a local music teacher for details.

M. L., Morristown, N. J.—See advertisements in COMFORT.

Mrs. F. K., Atlanta, Ga.—Your best plan will be to advertise your recipe in the Atlanta papers. Build up a local trade and then spread out gradually. Consult the advertising managers of your local papers and learn what the cost will be. If you cannot make business in as lively and fashionable a city as Atlanta is there is no use in wasting money outside. The Enquirer does not print business notices, free.

Inquirer, Weinert, Texas.—As far as we know the institute is reliable. (2) The demand for telegraphers is rather greater than for illustrators, and while high-class telegraphers are doing well if they get thirty dollars a week, a high-class illustrator will get from two hundred to a thousand dollars a week. But there are probably ten thousand men who can be high-class telegraphers to one who can hit the high note in illustration.

Mrs. J. C., Adair, Iowa.—Your violin is a fraud, which you would know if you read COMFORT as you should read it. That's what we tell people things for, but if they won't read, they can't learn.

J. O. A. N., Danville, Ga.—Write to Wm. Bartels, No. 107 Greenwich St., and to George Holden, No. 240 Sixth Ave., New York City.

H. L. R., New Orleans, La.—We have help lists no longer. Write to Hon. David J. Hill, U. S. Embassy, Berlin, Germany, asking him to refer your letter to the proper authorities, if he cannot give you the information.

W. Gonzales, Texas.—Put a "Situation Wanted" ad. in St. Louis or Chicago papers. That's the way to let borsley dealers know you want a job. And you'll get it and keep it if you can make good.

E. B., Valley Bend, W. Va.—We cannot tell you where you can sell home-made tatting and laces because those are special lines for which you will have to make your own trade. Machinery has driven out most of the hand-made work.

A. B., Runge, Texas.—Write to Henry Malkan, No. 42 Broadway, New York City, who will give you special rates. Make up your list and ask him what he will let you have them for. He will give you the regular price, if you will ask for it.

L. J. O., Sevensprings, N. C.—As far as we know it is reliable. It will do what it says if you can do the rest. But you know nobody can make figs grow from thistles, and if you are a thistle, don't apply to it.

Mrs. J. M. T., Alpha, Oregon.—Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. If they haven't it, they can get it for you. Ask the price.

M. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—If you have to write to Maine to find out what is just across the river from you, we would advise you not to try for a Civil Service examination.

Mrs. E. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—Really, madam, we don't believe there is such a thing as all the wide world as a bureau which can guarantee you a reliable marriage warranted to be exactly as represented. Better remain a widow, it may be lonelier, but it isn't half so risky.

A. G., Washington, Ia.—The children of parents not members of the church may receive baptism. Usually ministers who baptize do not receive a tip for their services, but it is not uncommon among the rich and fashionable.

Belt Queen, Gainesville, Ga.—We do not know whether all of them are fraudulent or real. Have you and them so, as far as you have gone? Let us know. Don't know anything about the one you ask about. It advertises in high-class magazines and ought to be straight.

W. F. D., Charlottesville, Va.—What you ask us to do is advertising and we do not do that in this column. Suppose you write to J. H. Lytle, Young Bldg., Dayton, Ohio, for information on the subject you want to know about.

Our thanks are due Mrs. L. Emery Hitchcock, Texas, J. D. Marshall, Georgetown, Miss., E. E. Mantooth, Cleveland, Tenn., Mrs. A. C. Fent, Texico, N. M., and B. O. Darling, New Albany, Miss., for information regarding the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America. We are rather glad we told an inquirer we didn't know anything about a Farmers' Union, because we have learned a lot we never before heard of. The Union, by the way, was organized in Texas in 1904 by the late Newton Gresham, and now has a membership of about three millions with branches and newspapers in many states and headquarters at Texarkana, Texas. Its president is Chas. S. Barrett, Union City, Ga., vice president, J. E. Montgomery, Glendon, Texas, and secretary and treasurer, R. H. McCulloch, Texarkana, Texas. If O. H. C. of St. Louis, inquiring recently about a farmers' union, will write to any of these officers he will get all the information he wants. It is a big institution and would be bigger and stronger if it advertised in COMFORT, which is read by so many thousand farmers all over this country, and who don't know any more about it than we did.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, (Clothing Dealer) East Hampton, Conn., says if any suffer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.

25 ARTISTIC POSTCARDS THE PLEASING KIND 10c
Roy C. Bertram Co., Dorchester Center, Mass.

12 Lovely Post Cards and your name or town 10c
in gold. SNODDY CO., Nashville, Tenn.

FUTURE, past, present, revealed. Send silver dime and birthdate. MADAM IRENE, 115 SECOND ST., KEWAKEE, ILL.

MONEY Sealed secrets. "Unik" side line. (\$2) E. ROGERS, HORSE SHOE, N. C.

Sporting Goods Dice and Cards a Specialty. Catalogue free. Smythe Co., Inc., N. Y.

BE YOUR OWN PALM READER, my new palmistry chart reveals everything. Sent prepaid for 10c. silver. Webster Humphrey, Waterbury, Conn.

12 Beautiful Colored Flower Post Cards 10c
Your name or town greetings in gold on each. United States Art, 152 MASSA ST., NEW YORK.

25 ELEGANT ASSORTED POST CARDS 10c
Prettiest, Richest and most handsome ever sold for 10c. Birthday & Flower Cards, Gold or Silver background. GARLAND SUPPLY CO., 78-6, Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

10 BATHING GIRLS Beautiful girls in bewitching poses, all colored cards 10 for 10c. 28 for 25c. Quality not quantity. Kansas Post Card Co., Dept. 441, Topeka, Kans.

WEIRD & NOBBY 15c
This Skull & Crossbones Ring. Oxidized silver finish. Shining red or green eyes. Looks well, wears well and pleases. Draws attention everywhere. Price only 15c or 2 for 25c; worth more. Wholesale: 12 for \$1.00. Big seller. Nobby Ring Co., Dept. Y, Frenchtown, N.J.

CANCER and TUMORS treated by non-surgical methods. 25 years experience. Hundreds successfully treated. Descriptive book free. Weber Sanatorium, 17 W. 8th St. Cincinnati, O.

MAGIC NEEDLES RODS, Goldsmiths, Chromometers, etc., for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 2c. Price only 15c. P. M. AGENCY, 25 ELM ST., PALMYRA, PA.

Try This Razor

FREE ONE MONTH
\$3.00 RAZOR ON CREDIT ONLY \$2.00
We use it ourselves and know it's absolutely the BEST RAZOR EVER MADE AT ANY PRICE.

THE BLADE of this Razor is made of the finest India Blue Steel and is Stronger and Keener than any other Razor made.

We are anxious to have every man use this remarkable Razor. That's why we make this Reduced Price and Great Free Trial Offer. You can send 50c with your order, or send 50c on receipt of Razor, and then

Try It For One Month

FREE and if you don't say it's the best razor you ever saw at any price, send it back to us and we will promptly return you the 50c. Or, if you want to keep it, send us the balance of \$1.50 at the rate of 50c. each month for three months. No matter how many razors you have, write to-day for this one on **FREE TRIAL**.

You Assume No Risk Whatever

in dealing with us, because we are the largest American dealers in Elgin watches on easy payments, of which fact our free catalog and bank references will convince you.

FREE!

This Fine \$1.00 Strop

We will send free to all Razor customers on receipt of their final payment this fine \$1.00 strop.

So send 50c with their answer to this advertisement—some don't—Suit yourself. 1222 Walnut St., HARRIS-GOAR CO., Kansas City, Mo.

A GENUINE 21 JEWEL \$3.75

\$50.00 GOLD WATCH.

\$1.75 buys an elegantly engraved New Time Mosaic accurate Swiss Wrist and Wrist, high-grade Ruby Jewel Ladies' or Gent's Watch which is fully GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS. Write if you want Ladies' or Gent's Gold Face or Double Hunting Case Watch and watch chain and we will send them for FREE EXAMINATION and if after examining the watch at your express office you consider it is equal to a \$1.00 watch we will pay you \$2.75 and express charge and they are your RELIABLE WATCH CO., Dept. 145, CHICAGO.

PATENTS PRODUCE PRIZES FOR PATENTS.

PRIZES for patents. Patents secured through us advertised without charge. New lists of inventions needed and possible buyers. "Hints to inventors." Why some inventors fail. Book on patents. Send us rough sketch or model for search of Patent Office records and report on patentability. Special agents in 500 cities and towns. Mr. Greeley while Acting Commissioner of Patents had full charge of U. S. Patent Office. GREELEY & MCINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

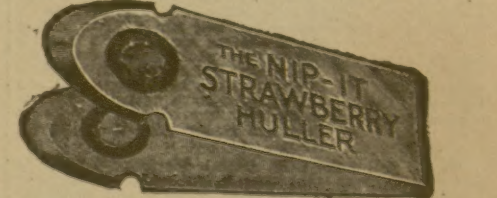
Morphine

16-OUNCE BOTTLE FREE ON APPROVAL

A full 30 day treatment. Convincing proof that MORPHINE will permanently cure any drug habit. Guaranteed to contain no habit forming drug. Try it at our risk—you to be the sole judge. Address Manine Co. 169 Manine Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

OUR NEW FRUIT HULLER.

SIMPLEST and BEST.



For Strawberries, Gooseberries, Black Currants, etc., and picks out Basting Thread and Stitches. Has place for thumb and forefinger; doesn't slip or fill up. A simple little thing, saving Time (most essential thing to housekeepers), Temper, Stained and Sore Fingers. Will not crush ripest fruit. Taken out soft and green spots, leaving berries clean, neat, and clear cut, making them look fifty per cent. better in the dish, and makes you wonder why it was not thought of before. With one you can do the work twice as quickly, and without any of the usual unpleasant features of this work. Every lady who tries this once in the berry season will never be without it again, or allow her friends to hull berries with fingers. One trial only is needed. They are brightly nickel polished and ornamental. Splendid side line. A day's supply goes in your pocket.



KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN.

FREE SAMPLE. Send Ten Cents for three-months trial subscription to COMFORT, and one sample Huller will be sent you free. A club of Two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each secures a Dozen Hullers. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

L. W. Rawlinson, Ark.—If you have a case of scurvy you cannot be cured by long distance treatment and you must take it to a physician who can make a personal examination. It is all right to economize, but don't do it at the sacrifice of your health. Health is worth more than wealth.

L. F. E. Ahoskie, N. C.—Poverty will hardly justify you in trying to cure yourself of beriberi. If you are unable to work enough to pay a local doctor, you might get into a hospital at Charlotte, or Raleigh or Wilmington, where the expense would be very small, or perhaps free. Make inquiries of the postmasters in those places about their hospital facilities. Inclose postage for reply.

Inquirer, Osceola, Neb.—There is no cause of alarm as far as we know. Still if it continues, you had better consult a physician.

K. O. Lincoln, Neb.—Plenty of people have red noses whose general health and habits are good. It is due to natural causes and is practically incurable, because it is not a diseased condition. You may reduce the redness by squeezing the pores free of what you call "matter", and washing the skin twice a day in hot water and Castile soap to keep it thoroughly clean.

J. C. K. Tonic, Neb.—Write to D. Appleton & Co., New York City, stating what you want and ask if they have anything better than Dr. Edward Smith's "Foods". 2) You can hardly drink too much water if it is not too cold and it is taken between meals, say, not less than an hour before or after eating.

M. O. M. Mansfield, Wash.—But you will have to go to a doctor whether you want to or not, or do without advice, because we cannot give it to you. At the same time we think you should go to a doctor because you will lose your remaining health if you do not.

I. K. L. Erie, Ill.—There is no cure for gray hair, and nothing can be done for it except the application of the ordinary hair dyes. Early gray hair is congenital, that is to say, you are born that way. Whatever the cause it cannot be remedied and restored to its original color.

Martha, Deland, Fla.—See answer above to I. K. L.

A. D. P. Le Sueur, Minn.—The blood purifiers you have been using are as good as any. But they will not cure if you do not diet and thus prevent the blood becoming impure. Eat plain food that is thoroughly digestible, get into the sunshine as much as you can, practice deep breathing and keep the lungs full of fresh air so that there may be plenty of oxygen for the blood and as an aid in removing the pimples wash the face twice a day in hot water and Castile soap, first squeezing out the pimples.

P. G. M. Kelso, Tenn.—Some cases of goiter may be cured and others not. Has your doctor ever tried injections of iodine, or external application of biniodide of mercury and have you sit in the sun for long periods before removing the application? Painting the goiter with iodine is some relief. Have another talk with your doctor and ask him to study up a bit on the subject of goiters. Various causes of goiter are known, but it is difficult to name a cause when the patient is the only one in the neighborhood and the tendency has not been inherited.

Subscriber, Wolverton, Minn.—Some people, especially women, have a natural tendency to sick headaches, or migrain, and the causes are various, often perhaps from nervousness, excesses of some kind, physical or mental, and oftenest from bad digestion. First you must remove the cause and to begin that you should diet yourself and put your digestion in good condition. With that started the case should be put in the hands of a good physician and his directions followed carefully. You may never be fully cured, but you may lessen the frequency and violence of the attacks and be comparatively comfortable and in fair health. Sick headache sufferers can do as much for themselves as doctors can do, but they must know something about physiological conditions. Get rid of the sick headaches and the cold sores will follow.

Pimples, Charleston, S. C.—See answer above to "A. D. P." and ask your druggist for a good pimple lotion.

Subscriber, Barrington, Ill.—Nearly all Western girls ride astride and they are a pretty healthy looking lot.

S. I. F. Barnes City, Iowa.—We think you had better take your doctor's advice and go to a hospital for treatment.

Sleep, Leonidas, Mich.—The "sleepy" hands and feet are due to poor circulation and that comes from poor digestion. Look a little to your diet and massage your hands and feet by rubbing them forward and back to help the blood along. People who have migrain, the sick headache condition, frequently feel that their hands and feet are "asleep". See answer above to Wolverton, Minn., Subscriber.

G. M. W. Eureka, Cal.—We think you should send your sister to one of the institutions, or sanatoriums, where the tobacco habit is cured. Any local doctor ought to be able to tell you where there is one in your state.

Mrs. S. Steiner, Medicine Bow, Wyo., gives us the following as a sure cure for catarrh of the stomach and other stomach troubles. One pint of whole flaxseed; grind a cupful in a coffee-mill very fine; put a tablespoonful in a coffee cup and add a little boiling water; stir well and add another spoonful; fill up with boiling water and let settle; while warm, drink the clear water off of the mush; drink as much as three quarts a day till improved, then two quarts and one till well. Once a week take a black draught. This is a home remedy that can't do any harm if it does no good, and if any Comfort reader tries it we should like to hear the result.

M. D. Salt Lake City, Utah.—We haven't space to go into details of what catarrh and asthma are, but they are pretty bad things to have, though, and about the only sure cure is to get out of the climate where they affect you and go to some region where the air is the driest, hot or cold.

D. S. M. Fairfax, Okla.—You should be able to find a medicinal root dealer in Oklahoma City and you should send your roots there, as the cost of shipping in small quantities eats up all the profit and large dealers in the big cities don't care to bother with small quantities. We don't know butterfly root.

Troubled, Charlton, Iowa.—There is no simple cure for catarrh or you would not have seen so often as you say you have in this column, our advice to go to a climate where catarrh does not thrive. (2) Moles are born with you and it is best to let them alone unless you are able to have a skin specialist treat them. See mole ad. in COMFORT.

F. H. F. Brainerd, Minn.—Our opinion is that if you get out of the swampy country where you are and hit the high and dry lands of Arizona or Colorado, you would get into good shape and have some health. Wherever you go be as careful about your diet as you now are. Don't spend another winter in Minnesota, but try the warmth of Arizona. After you have been in the hands of so many doctors we shall not venture to say what is the matter with you.

H. R., East Concord, N. Y.—You have indigestion. Diet yourself and give your stomach a rest. It would not be a bad idea to take nothing but water for two or three days. Drink all the water you can, and if you can extend the fast longer, do so. Begin eating again with small sips of milk, increasing gradually to other food.

A. C. F. Nevada, Ohio.—Did either of your doctors say the ringing in your head was caused by a catarrhal condition of the mucous membrane caused by stomach trouble, that is bad digestion? If not, go ask one of them what he thinks about that being the cause of the noise. Then let him treat you for indigestion.

E. F. L. Dover, N. J.—Nothing is the matter with you. Try to find out what is the matter with somebody else and don't think about yourself.

Mrs. C. A. P., Two Harbors, Minn.—See answer below to "P. G. M."

Subscriber, Sioux City, Iowa.—Lice may be destroyed by wetting the children's hair in benzine. Put it on during the day, it will evaporate in a few minutes, and wash their heads with hot water and soap. We suggest daytime because it is very dangerous to use benzine in a room where there is any artificial light, or fire. Keep the children away from any light or fire until you have washed their heads.

S. S. T., Stockton, Cal.—Just how far away from the first offender the trouble will show in the posterity no one can say, but it happens that unhealthy, or deformed parents will have healthy children, while the next generation will show the mark. In the case you mention we think the third generation will be healthy like their parents, unless there is trouble from the other side. This mixing of blood cannot be relied upon as sure of good results.

E. E. D. Gridley, Kans.—Take such remedies as your bone doctor may think best for you, and keep your courage up. We think you will be in fine condition in a year or so. There is no reason why you shouldn't, except yourself, so make yourself meet it cheerfully and overcome it.

E. E. T., Muldrow, Okla.—The hacking cough is the only serious symptom you mention. Possibly it is caused by the climate, possibly from the stomach. Have you asked the advice of a doctor who can examine you? If not, do so.

Brown Eyes, Macon, Mo.—Perspiration is nature's way of getting rid of undesirable matter in the body and skin. Don't try to prevent it or you will be the sick one. Use a little ammonia in your bath as a deodorizer.

Reader, Burlington, Vt.—See advertisements in COMFORT for removing superfluous hair. You cannot make hair grow which falls out naturally, that is by the drying up of the follicles. You can get a good hair tonic at a drug store that will keep your hair in fair condition.

C., Oakland, Md.—Try a pile remedy such as may be had at a drug store.

Sad Girl, Piedmont, S. C.—No wonder you are sad. It is enough to make anybody sad. Run right around to the doctor quick. Better eat your dinner before you go so you will feel strong and brave.

Old Subscriber, Dayton, O.—You don't need any medicine and you don't need anything except to keep your good health and your good habits.

C. G., Kathleen, Fla.—The lump over your eye, born with you, which caused no trouble until it was struck and bruised and then began spreading, can be absorbed, probably, by massaging two or three times a day, and no operation is necessary. At least, try massaging it, not rubbing too hard, and see what results will follow in the course of several months.

Anxious, Peet, Wis.—If you have nothing worse than veins that stand out on your hands you ought to be thankful enough. Let them alone and forget you have any veins until they call your attention to themselves in some other way. They can do it and they will, if you don't stop thinking about them.

E. G., Theford, Neb.—If you have good health and have no color in your cheeks, you should know that the Lord intended for you to be that way and not give yourself unnecessary trouble about it. You should have something really the matter with you to bring you to a realising sense of what good health is even though your cheeks are not red. You shouldn't expect everything.

Subscriber, Ridgeway, Iowa.—As you give no symptoms and no causes, we advise you to see a doctor who can see you.

Brown Eyes, Iowa City, Ia.—The hair remover you mention is quite as harmless as any and will do its work as well.

U. F. W., Fayetteville, N. C.—The sweating hands are due probably to some nervous condition, though sweaty hands are not infrequent. Get your druggist to give you about sixty pills of strychnia sulphate, each containing one sixtieth of a grain. Take one three times a day after meals.

Poppy, Nobara, Neb.—This is a patent medicine whose virtue you may only find by trying.

M. J. J., Witbeck, Mich.—The itching is caused by kidney trouble which will disappear when your present condition has passed. Avoid sugar and starchy food. Have an ointment made as follows: Camphor, and chloral hydrate, of each one dram; mix with gentle heat until liquefied, then add simple cerate, one and a half ounces. Mix thoroughly and apply in parts several times a day. This may burn some at first but will give relief in a few minutes. As to your heart trouble would advise you to see your own doctor.

A. C., Portland, N. Dak.—Suppose you try cocoa butter on your skin. Rub yourself with it when you go to bed at night. You can get it in pound or half pound cakes at a drug store and you will find it very good in softening the skin and feeding it, as they say.

Forgetmenot, Wausau, Wis.—If the doctors who can see you and prescribe for him can do no good, you should hardly expect us to make guesswork do what they cannot do.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

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My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending you these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address **MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box A 21 Joliet, Illinois.**



Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.



Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick Death or followed by Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility and Complete Lack of Vital Energy are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these dangerous disorders, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headache, flatulency, etc. Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the fat is packed-in more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. **Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon.** Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that overweight people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. Obesity (corpulency) is an acknowledged disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper and peace of mind. It never cures itself but becomes worse as the person grows older. The time to check its progress and get rid of superfluous fat is now. Mine is the reliable, safe and quick home treatment. I have thousands of testimonials. I have a few:

ANDREW LOUGHREY, Randolph, Mo., writes: "Three years ago, I reduced 120 lbs. by the Dr. Bradford Method and am still in the best of health."
MRS. F. BOARKE, Cato, N. Y., writes: "I have lost 52 lbs. and reduced waist measure by 7 inches; health much better."
MRS. E. M. REYNOLDS, Lehigh, Pa., writes: "Two years ago, I reduced 115 lbs. by your treatment; reduced waist measure from 34 in. to 28 in. and lost from 42 in. to 23 inches. Never felt better in my life. Will cheerfully answer letters of inquiry."
W. O. NEWBERRY, Contact, Nev., writes: "I have lost 115 lbs. and am wonderfully benefited; can climb mountains easily now."
MRS. M. F. SARGENT, Lebanon, N. H., writes: "Last summer, I reduced over 43 lbs. by your treatment; it is most wonderful."
EMMA SMITH, Greenwood, Pa., writes: "I lost 74 lbs. in summer of 1909 by your method; glad to recommend it."
MRS. J. H. WOODBRIDGE, Galena, Mo., writes: "My figure and appearance have been wonderfully improved; have lost nearly 100 lbs. Friends amazed." **SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.**

FREE Treatment

I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof treatment free. No starvation; you can eat any kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you like. No tiresome exercising. Absolutely no dangerous drugs. Mine is a modern, scientific, successful, guaranteed system. In many cases weight reduction is one pound daily. Correspondence and treatment sent confidential, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. Ladies will find mine an unequalled beautifying method; double-chin and wrinkles disappear. Weight reduction is permanent. Remember, you pay nothing for proof treatment; it is free to fat people (men or women) for the asking. Sent anywhere. Write today and you will receive by return mail my FREE TREATMENT, also my GUARANTEE and a multitude of Testimonials, also my very interesting BOOK ON OBESITY, showing how to quickly and safely reduce your weight to normal without losing a moment's time from your regular occupation. Address: **Dr. H. C. BRADFORD, 323 Bradford Bldg., 20 E. 22d St., New York, N. Y.**

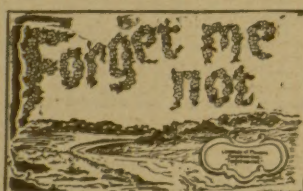
NOTE.—Dr. Bradford is a diplomate, practicing physician, licensed and registered by the State of New York; famous many years as a specialist in reducing fat and improving health by scientific, gentle, home treatment.

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Cute Language of Flower Post Cards



We can only show two illustrations to give you an idea of what the Language of Flower Post Cards are like. The different flowers are neatly woven around to make the inscription on the cards and they are printed on fine stock and in many beautiful colors with landscape scenes arranged in a cute manner. On each card is the name of the flower represented and the inscription; the right-hand one shown in our illustration is made from the Lily, the language of which is "Peace." The language of the other is the same as the name of the flower, "Forget-me-not." Some of the others in this set are: the pansy, which language is "Think of Me"; wall flower, meaning "Fidelity"; white heather is made up into a nice inscription of "Good Luck"; roses are interpreted so as to form the word "Love"; and violets are fashioned into the word "Faithfulness"; aster are made to read "I Love You"; snowdrops form the word "Hope"; and clover, "Be Mine." Thus the language of the different flowers are taken up, and we will send you a dozen Post Cards of different kinds lithographed SPECIAL Ten Cent Offer. Send 10 cents only for three months trial subscription to COMFORT and this complete set of twelve cards will be sent you free without any expense.



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Your duty to your family, your friends and
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to rid yourself of this terrible disease.

Our remedy sells on its merits solely; but for
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Cut out this advertisement and send to-
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Rheumatism, Indigestion,
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count the stars in this ring. This is an
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and send us your answer. Send No
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anything. If more than one correct
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"Blonde" & "May" (\$1.00 value). To
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Years count for nothing if you have the vital force. My
Health Belt, worn nights, pours great quantities of electro-
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day; your old courage soon returns; you will have as
much vital vigor as the biggest, fullest-blooded man you
know, and can answer, "FEELING FINE" to any one.
Women and men will be attracted to you; your eyes will
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Write for free book, "Health in Nature" sent sealed by
mail. It gives much private information and fully de-
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Broadway, New York.**

The Picture Next His Heart

By Albert J. Klinck

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WHEN Louise stepped from the train
at Redcat the first thing she did
was to look about and see who
were to be her companions upon
the stage route through Avery
Gulch. She felt relieved to find

at least three of her own sex were among the
number, while from the men she could not single
an acquaintance. But there was quite a crowd of
men. And for this Louise felt thankful, for not
infrequently Avery Gulch was the scene of a
hold-up. To be sure, it was many years now
since anything like that had happened; still there
was always the probability, and Louise, whenever
she returned from visiting her aunt at Belfry,
always felt a trifle timid during the stage trip
through the Gulch.

She now hurried, for what she most cherished
was to sit high up on the seat with Pete, the
driver, and rock bolsterously with the swaying
vehicle. Being the first upon the seat, she was
at once assured of success in this direction; and
with a smile to her lips, she mounted. Then she
looked back upon her fellow-travelers, who were
making for the stage. One of these seemed to de-
tach himself from the others and stand out bold-
ly against the ever-recurring curtain of memory.
It was not the first time Louise had seen Len
Stroman. But it was some time now since she
had last laid eyes upon him. And instantly
her mind reverted to the picture Len had always
carried in the pocket next his heart.

"I suppose it's there now," she ruminat-
ed. "The huzzay! To come between Len and me when

—when—
Len had espied her. He was hurrying forth
from the crowd. Was that woman directly be-
hind him the original of the photograph, and
now, of course, his wife? And was Len bringing
her home? Was he?

Louise watched, though it looked quite as if
her eyes were turned in another direction. Her
heart was beating wildly. She had never been
under quite such a strain of excitement.

Len was now coming on faster than the others.
Already he was a short distance in the lead.
Louise looked out from the sides of her eyes.
And a moment later heard Len call up to her.
"Hello," she said, assuming the free and easy
manner she had taken when they parted.

"Is there room for one more up there?" Len
asked.

He did not wait for an answer, but swung
gracefully up and took a seat beside Louise.
"Been visiting?" he asked.

"Yes."

Louise replied so sharply that Len saw fit
to maintain a staid silence for some little time.

Louise could not get the picture out of her mind.
She had been thinking of it all along; and now
the matter oppressed her into its old-time annoy-
ance.

Here he was sitting beside her, and with that
picture next his heart. It was unbearable.

In the midst of her tumult of thoughts, with a
creaking and a creaking, the cumbersome coach
was started on its trip. Down the road it swung,
jolting its passengers and sending a cloud of
shrouding dust up behind it.

Louise engaged Pete the driver in conversation.

She felt she ought to mete out to Len Stroman
a well-deserved coldness. But even though she
was talking glibly with Pete, her mind was ever
upon Len and the picture. Had it ever really
been next his heart? Louise's claim was based
upon hearsay. But it was upon good authority
that she had been told Len Stroman carried a
picture next his heart. It could not be her
picture because Louise had never given him one.

And yet he had courted her. And with another
woman's picture next his heart!

Louise wondered if it were still there. What
would she not give to know?

For some time they went on at a furious
pace. The road was their own; they made the
most of it. Then, in the twinkling of an eye,
it all happened. Louise turned pale at sight of
the three men who had suddenly sprung from
somewhere like magic and were now ordering
"hands up!"

"All out!" the head bandit commanded. "All
out!"

No Wheel Chair In June

except the one announced this month in the Sisters'
Corner as given to Mrs. Mallory in June as the result
of the special efforts of the COMFORT Sisters.

Glory to the COMFORT Sisters; they have done a
fine thing in two months. This shows what these
enthusiastic workers can do for charity when they are
aroused for a definite purpose.

Now that they have got the chair for Mrs. Mallory, I
hope they will not cease in their efforts, but will keep
up the good work and send their subscriptions in to
the credit of the Wheel-Chair Club, which needs their
help.

Remember, there are 200 cripples on our waiting
list who are suffering for a wheel chair just as badly
as Mrs. Mallory was.

I regret that the subscriptions to the Wheel-Chair
Club fell down so in June as not to admit of my send-
ing a chair from this department.

Now please all hands take hold this month, COM-
FORT Sisters and all, and help boost the Wheel-Chair
Club so that we may have the pleasure and satisfac-
tion of seeing at least one wheel chair more announced
in August COMFORT.

I know you have not lost your interest in this noble
cause, so please do not weary or lag in well-doing
just because it is warm weather. Just think how the
poor shut-ins must suffer for a breath of fresh air in
the hot summer.

Below I print this month's Roll of Honor and am
sorry that it is less than half what it was last month.
Let us have it longer in August COMFORT.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of Comfort.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain,
that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in
either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to
COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which
they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to
some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a
large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but
I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.
Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the
Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those
who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of
the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Names	No. of Subs.
MRS. T. W. YATOM, Auler, Miss.	5
MRS. N. A. TICHENOR, Echols, Ky.	11
MRS. H. S. RAPP, Tunnell, Ky.	11
MRS. L. M. RICHARDSON, McLeods Station, Ky.	13
MRS. WM. CHILTON, Chilton, Idaho.	12
MRS. AZILE BAKER, McLeods, Ky.	17
MRS. IRA MANN, Ainsworth, Neb.	10
MRS. FLO. MAY SMITH, Louisville, N. C.	5
A SILENT READER, Crown City, Ohio.	5

There was no reluctance. The passengers filed
out and stood awkwardly about.

"Say, you two up there on the front seat, come
down," the desperado said. "You ain't no excep-
tion even if you are—spooners."

Len got down first. Then he helped Louise
to descend. When her feet struck the ground
she tried to assume an air of bravado. This at
once attracted the leader, who, smilingly said:
"We're only three. You might be a few too
many for us. So suppose, my Lady Lu, you go
through the pockets for us, and we'll just cover
with these." He indicated the revolvers they
carried.

For a moment Louise stood like a thing of
stone. Then she entered a feeble protest.

"Come, come," the highwayman said, almost
brusquely; "commence, commence. And suppose
you begin with—"

He hesitated, and with smiling lips indicated
Len Stroman.

"You'll be going through his pockets soon any-
way," the man went on, "if I am not very much
mistaken in picking you out as lovers."

Louise tarried. But the hold-up men stepped
closer to her and pointed the cold muzzle of his
revolver in the direction of her eyes.

Louise advanced to where Len Stroman was
standing. She pounced eagerly upon that pocket
in the neighborhood of his heart.

"No use looking there for money," the desper-
ado put in. "Men don't as a rule carry it
there. They—"

But Louise already had the picture in her
hand.

The man with the revolver looked over her
shoulder as she gave a momentary glance at the
photograph. He reached forth and gently took
it from her hand. Then his lips showed that
he was smiling; and had not the upper part of
his face been masked, a merry twinkle in his
eyes would have been revealed. As it was, the
man grunted, slapped his hand upon his knee,
and for a moment his fellow-bandits forgot their
mission. In that moment, when their revolvers
were lowered, there was an alert movement among
the stage passengers. A scuffling and scuffling fol-
lowed. And then three would-be highwaymen
found themselves in the power of those they were
going to rob.

It was a merry party which again clambered
into stage. There were three extra passengers,
and each was securely bound.

High up on the front seat, Len and Louise
were again sitting side by side.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Louise asked, after
a short preliminary conversation.

"You never gave me the chance," he returned;
"you just up and got huffy. How was I to
know what it was all about?"

"Well, you see," Louise explained. "I heard
you was a-carrying a picture next your heart.
How was I to know what picture it was? I
knew I never gave you mine. How did you get
it?"

"Well, that's another story," Len returned.
"I got it, anyway. And I've been carrying it
next my heart ever since."

Below, in the stage, the leader of the high-
waymen was bemoaning his fate.

"That's what a man gets for being sentiment-
al!" he commented.

DR. D. M. COONLEY'S
ORANGE LILY
SUPPOSITORIES

FREE A 50 CENT BOX OF ORANGE LILY
To Every Suffering Woman.

A remedy for the local treatment of all Diseases of Women, as Sup-
pressed, Irregular and painful Menstruation, Congestion, Inflamma-
tion and Ulceration of the Womb and Ovaries, Change of Life, Etc.

After years of suffering I was cured of diseases peculiar to our sex by
ORANGE LILY, the most reliable preparation of its kind on the
market. I am very anxious to help all suffering women, and therefore
make the above offer that you might start the treatment AT ONCE, FREE
OF CHARGE. Write me to-day. State your case. Medical advice free.

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RHEUMATISM

A CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT



In the Spring of 1898 I
was attacked by mus-
cular and inflammatory
rheumatism. I suffered
as those who have it
know, for over three
years, and tried almost
everything. Finally I
found a remedy that
cured me completely
and it has not return-
ed. I have given it to a
number who were ter-
ribly afflicted, and it effected a cure in every
case. Anyone desiring to give this precious
remedy a trial, I will send it free. Address,
Mark H. Jackson, No. 533 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true—Pub.

LADIES ONLY—on receipt of 10c. in silver I will send
a valuable secret, that cost me \$2.00, and
sample worth 10c. **BOX 208, HOLYOKE, MASS.**

LADIES make shields at home. \$10.00 per 100. Work
sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars
for stamped envelope. **Eureka Co., Dept. 25, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

POST CARDS. 30 fine Post Cards, only 10 cents.
Birthdays, Best Wishes, and Landscapes.
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to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer,
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Very well. **MAGNUS A. RESS CO., 213 Randolph St., Chicago.**

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Drugs, etc. **WEBSTER SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 25, Chicago.**

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Send 2c. stamp. **FAIRBANK SUPPLY HOUSE, B. C. 60 Wabash, Chicago.**

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return.
A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic.
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\$1.75 FREE TRIAL Just your name and we will send
you this fine **CAMPBELL** razor
prepaid for a free trial. At the end of
10 days if you are fully satisfied, send us only \$1.75 our
wholesale factory price for this \$5 VALUE. If unsatisfactory simply
return it. Black handle, 4 in. blade, extra hollow ground and made of the
finest steel by the world's largest razor factory. The best and safest shaving
razor ever made. **GUARANTEED 25 YEARS.**
FREE \$1 HOME WITH EACH RAZOR SOLD.
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A remedy for the local treatment of all Diseases of Women, as Sup-
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HOT-WEATHER KIDNEY TROUBLE

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean)

All readers who have sick friends suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble will be interested.

FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, discovers remarkable remedy.

At last a perfectly harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the New York University, New York, later of the famous Bellevue hospital, and now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very quick acting formula which has been approved by the best doctors.

Arrangements have been made by which Dr. Lynott offers readers of this paper a free treatment. Dr. Lynott, however, says that he proposes to give the free treatment only for a limited time to convince the public in every part of the United States of the positive wonderful efficacy of his treatment.

Furthermore Dr. Lynott wants to make it clear that he has no "cure-all." He is a specialist in kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, so please do not write to him unless you have one of these diseases. If you write at once, both the medical advice and the medicine are entirely free.

We feel that with such a free offer, anybody who stays sick with kidney trouble or rheumatism deserves to be sick.

We know that a good many free offers have been advertised where the public had to send money, but this free offer really IS A FREE OFFER. And remember that instead of getting an ordinary physician, you get the medical advice free direct from America's greatest of all specialists on these diseases. See Free certificate at bottom of this page and get relief right now.

STOP!

Stop that back breaking, twisting, terrible, terrible unbearable agony! Oh, that awful, awful digging soreness—the back all bent, the joints stiff, the heart-wringing pain—stop that pain RIGHT NOW!

Yes, Write For the Free Treatment—

a REAL Free Proof Treatment that will give you relief—relief at once—not next week, not tomorrow, but relief AT ONCE—immediately after starting the treatment. It is so simple, so mild, yet so scientific and so sure—this treatment for rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble. Write now, today.

See the Free Certificate below—sign it and send it today. No money—no obligation. At last you can get relief and, if you write at once, you get the treatment absolutely free. Just think—a genuine free treatment by America's and Europe's leading specialist—absolutely free—really and genuinely free to convince the public.

If you have Kidney or Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism (the cause of those pains), then it's your loss if you suffer any longer. When Dr. Lynott says free, he means free—not one cent to pay; and it is "up to you" whether you want the best medical advice and medicine all without a cent of cost. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. See the Free Trial Certificate at the bottom of this page.



LOOK at these poor sufferers all bent with nerve-racking pain—they are victims of kidney trouble; they think it is a rheumatic twitch. Friends say they grumble, but considering their awful pain, they bear up most bravely.

Oh, it is terrible that there should be such suffering, when you can be relieved so quickly, so surely, so simply, and right now, free of charge.



Writing of Dr. T. Frank Lynott, who gives the medical advice free, a brother specialist writes as follows:

"I have for years been considered an authority on urinary diseases; but I must confess my respect, my profound sense of esteem, for Dr. Lynott, whose wonderful success in treating urinary diseases has surprised us all. Dr. Lynott, by the way, is making a most remarkable free offer—the most genuine and generous offer ever made by a high grade physician. It seems to me the medical world ought not to be jealous of his success, but should praise him for what he has done and is doing for humanity."

Dr. T. Frank Lynott

whose photo is printed here, is, as you perhaps know, a great authority on kidney and bladder trouble and rheumatism. Rarely before has a physician of such high standing offered to treat patients by mail. But Dr. Lynott wants the people to get the benefit of this free treatment.

His cures have extended over America and Europe. In fact Dr. Lynott received a special diploma on urinary diseases from the great New York University—of which the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York, is now an honored part.

WATCH These Symptoms!

Trouble in the kidneys begins slowly, slowly. It creeps upon the unsuspecting patient like a thief in the night. Slowly, slowly, those stinging, racking pains foist themselves upon the sufferer; gradually, gradually the pains increase into a daily, nightly, constant, endless torture. Watch the symptoms, and cure yourself. Here are the principal symptoms of uric acid disease.

The Symptoms

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1—Pain in the back. | 10—Swelling in any part of the body. |
| 2—Too frequent desire to urinate. | 11—Palpitation or pain around the heart. |
| 3—Burning or obstruction of urine. | 12—Pain in the hip joint. |
| 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder. | 13—Pain in the neck or head. |
| 5—Prostatic trouble. | 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys. |
| 6—Gas or pain in the stomach. | 15—Pain or swelling of the joints. |
| 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness. | 16—Pain and swelling of the muscles. |
| 8—Constipation or liver trouble. | 17—Pain and soreness in nerves. |
| 9—Pain or soreness under right ribs. | 18—Acute or chronic rheumatism. |

NOW THEN, This Certificate is FREE

You get the treatment, the medicine and Dr. Lynott's personal attention absolutely free, if you write at once. Instant Relief for those terrorizing pains!

Send no money—read the certificate, note that it puts you under no obligation. Dr. Lynott is glad to see a sufferer cured—write at once and get the free treatment.

JUST

Your Name

and Address and the Symptoms

of your disease given by number. That is all Dr. Lynott wants. Read the free treatment certificate; read how it puts you under no obligations whatever, how it says specially and distinctly that you are not under any obligations whatever.

SEND NO MONEY—just write for the free treatment

REMEMBER:—This free treatment offer is limited. Only a certain number can be taken under Dr. Lynott's personal care. If you answer this offer the first time you see it you are guaranteed the free treatment. So better send the free treatment certificate today, at once, and remember, you need instant, immediate relief from those awful pains.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 3749 Occidental Bldg. CHICAGO

If you have a friend suffering with kidney or bladder trouble or other uric acid disease, such as rheumatism, don't you feel that you owe it to your friend to tell him or her of this free offer?

Free Certificate

What is Your Name? State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Your Address?

What Symptoms Have You? Give numbers from table above—that is all

What is Your Age? Married?

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. You are under no obligations whatever. The FREE proof treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and get INSTANT relief from those racking, rocking pains. Address personally

Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT

3749 Occidental Bldg.

CHICAGO, ILL.

P. S.—The human system is seldom in a more favorable condition to receive the benefit of medicine than in the summer, when the pores of the skin which are opened by the heat help to excrete the poisons. Therefore now is the time to try the free medicine offered above.